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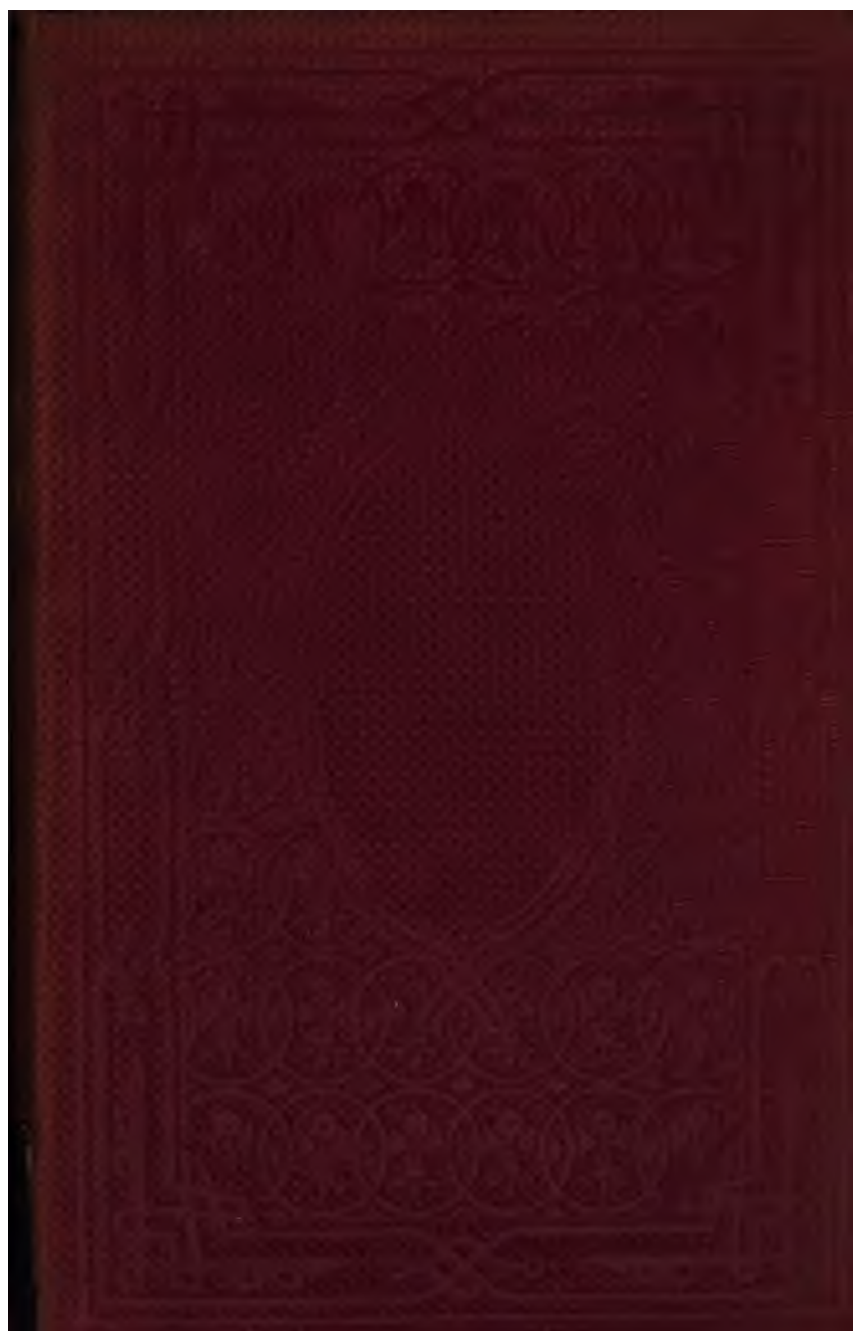
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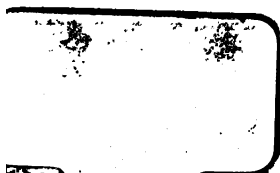








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THE  
ART OF ELOCUTION

AS AN ESSENTIAL PART OF

RHETORIC

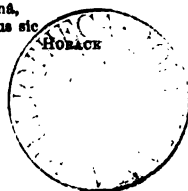
With Instructions in Gesture

AND AN APPENDIX OF

ORATORICAL, POETICAL, AND DRAMATIC EXTRACTS

BY GEORGE VANDENHOFF, M.A.

"Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,  
Nec rude quid possit video ingenium : alterius sic  
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice"



THIRD EDITION

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PREFACE  
TO  
THE THIRD EDITION

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THIS Work on Elocution has had an extensive probation as a Text-Book of practice, both in England and America ; and is now reprinted in compliance with a very general and long-expressed demand made by teachers of public reading and speaking, as well as by private individuals.

The instructions given in it are the result of much study and consideration, as well as of the large practice of the Author, as a teacher, as a speaker in the lecture-room, and as a public reader of Shakspeare, the orators, and poets. Scriptural reading has formed an important branch of the Author's practice ; and this work contains much matter, and some illustrations of scriptural and liturgical reading, which, he thinks, may be found of use to clerical candidates, and readers at the altar and in the pulpit : for special instruction on these heads, they are, however, referred to his work on CLERICAL ELOCUTION.

11 Orchard Street, Portman Square, W.  
21 October, 1861.





# ART OF ELOCUTION.

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## INTRODUCTION.

The value of ELOCUTION; particularly to the Orator—Elocution a necessary part of Oratory—"Can Elocution be taught?"—Answer to the Right Reverend Dr. Whately's (Archbishop of Dublin) objections to a *System* of Elocution—the arguments in his *Elements of Rhetoric* combated by his arguments in his *Elements of Logic*—Advice to the Student.

ELOCUTION, as its derivation (*eloquor*) indicates, is the art of speaking, or delivering language; and it embraces every principle and constituent of utterance, from the articulation of the simplest elementary sounds of language, up to the highest expression of which the human voice is capable in speech.

It has for object to give clearness and force to the meaning of what may be spoken, and full expression to the feelings under which it may be spoken. Perspicuity and energy are as essential to Elocution as they are to Rhetoric; of which Elocution is a part. For "in its primary signification Rhetoric had reference to public *speaking* alone, as its etymology implies."\* Elocution therefore is a most essential element of Rhetoric.

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\* Whately's *Elements of Rhetoric*—Introduction.

Of the importance, if not the necessity, of such an art to a perfect system of education, one would think there could not be two opinions. We must all *speak*; it must therefore be desirable to speak with propriety and force; as much so as regards the *utterance* of our language as its *grammatical accuracy*. And though any *language*, however meagre and however mean, and any *utterance*, however imperfect and inelegant, so that it be barely intelligible, may be sufficient for the commonest purposes of speech, yet something more refined is surely necessary even to the ordinary conversation of the gentleman and the man of education.

Most of us are called upon occasionally in public, even though we may not belong to any of the learned professions, to express our opinions, to state our views, to offer our advice, or to justify some course we may have pursued in relation to affairs in which others besides ourselves are interested; and on such occasions the advantage of a natural, elegant, and easy delivery cannot but have its effect in securing the ready attention and favour of the audience. Let me add, that a good Elocution will make itself felt in the reading aloud of even a paragraph from a newspaper; and will lend a charm to the tone of voice, and a polished ease to the common utterance of the man who has cultivated the art merely as a gentlemanly accomplishment.

But to him who desires to make a figure in the Pulpit, in the Senate, or at the Bar, a good delivery,

a nervous and elegant style of Elocution, are as essential, almost, as force of argument and grace of language. How many a good story is marred in the telling: how many a good sermon is lost in the preaching: how many a good speech, excellent in matter, argument, arrangement, language, falls listless on the ear, from the apathetic, inelegant, and powerless manner of the speaker! Elocution is indeed a part of oratory essential to its *perfection*. He who would touch the heart, "and wield at will the fierce democracie," must have

—— "wit, and words, and worth,  
*Action and utterance, and the power of speech,*  
To stir men's blood!"

And how is this power and grace of delivery to be acquired?—for acquired it must be—it is born with no man: it is indeed to this part of oratory that the saying "*orator fit*" is peculiarly applicable. It is an art; and is to be attained by rule, by training and discipline, by constant and well regulated exercise, by using the mental faculties to a quick power of analysis of thought, and by the cultivation of the ear and vocal organs for a ready appreciation and execution of tone.

Let me here take the opportunity of answering the objections of those who are in the habit of promulgating the opinion, that Elocution cannot be taught—that is, that it is not an art; for to deny that it admits of rules, and principles, is to deny it

the place of an art. The name of the Right Rev. Dr. WHATELY, Archbishop of Dublin, is the greatest that I find among the list of these objectors; and in answering his objections to all or any *System of Elocution*, I shall be able, I think, to dispose of the whole question—"Can Elocution be taught?"

Dr. Whately, in his *ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC* (Part IV. c. 2.), while he admits, and indeed insists on the importance of a good Elocution, emphatically *protests against any system for its attainment*; his own directions being that every person should read and speak *in a natural manner*; and he says (§ 3. p. 356.), "that in reading the Bible, for example, or anything which is not intended to appear as his own composition, it is desirable that he should deliver it as if he were reporting another's sentiments, which were both fully understood and felt in all their force by the reporter." Admitted: this is one of the objects of Elocution: and how is it to be attained? He tells us—"the only way to do this effectually, *with such modulations of voice, &c. as are suitable to each word and passage, is to fix the mind earnestly on the meaning, and leave nature and habit to suggest the utterance.*" and for this plan "he lays claim to some originality of his own" (Part IV. c. i. § 1.), though he says (c. ii. § 2.) that "it is not enough that the reader should himself *actually* understand a composition; it is *possible, notwithstanding, to read it as if he did not*; and, in the same manner, it is not sufficient that he should himself feel and be impressed with the force of what he utters; *he may, notwithstanding, deliver it as if he*

*were unimpressed.*" Now, can anything be so vague and so contradictory as such directions as these? "*Don't use any system of Elocution; it will give you a false style; but read and speak naturally, as if you understood and felt what you are reading and speaking; nature and habit will show you how; though, at the same time, however clearly you may understand, and however deeply you may feel what you are delivering, it is quite possible that you may, notwithstanding, deliver it with an utter absence of understanding and feeling.*"

And why? Clearly *for the want of a system*, which by rules and principles of art shall render such a contradiction next to impossible.

The right reverend and learned Doctor (c. ii. § 2.) lays it down that, "To the adoption of any such artificial scheme of Elocution—(that is, by a peculiar set of marks for denoting the pauses, emphases, &c.)—there are three weighty objections:" and the reverend and learned logician states the objections to be,—

- "1st. That the proposed system must necessarily be *imperfect*;
- "2dly. That *if it were perfect*, it would be a *circuitous path* to the object in view: and,
- "3dly. That *even if both these objections were removed*, the object would not be effectually obtained."

That is, even if the system were *perfect*, and not only *perfect*, but *direct*, still it would not be effectual! To the learned Doctor, who is a master of the syllogism, and of every form of argument, this

may be clear; but I confess it puzzles my duller apprehension to understand how *inefficiency* can follow from the *perfection of means* working *directly* to their end. However, let us examine how the learned and reverend Doctor proceeds to prove the validity of his objections to this artificial system of Elocution. He says in the same section, "First, such a system must necessarily be imperfect, because, though the *emphatic* word in each sentence may easily be pointed out in writing, no variety of marks would suffice to indicate the different *tones* in which the different emphatic words should be pronounced: though on this depends frequently the whole force, and even sense of the expression."

As an instance, he gives the following passage, (Mark iv. 21.): "Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel or under a bed?" And he adds, "I have heard this so pronounced as to imply that there was *no other alternative*, and yet the *emphasis* was laid on the right words!"

*What emphasis?* The Doctor (with respect I speak it) clearly is not versed in the distinction between *inflection* and *emphasis*, or in the difference between one species of emphasis and another. I reply to him, that a pupil who had had three lessons only in Elocution, on a good analytical system, could not have been guilty of the gross perversion of sense, by false reading, instanced above; for he would have learnt very early in his course the inflection due to a simple *interrogative*,—that apposition of meaning requires apposition of inflection—and that, to make *antithetical inflections* and

*emphasis* on words having apposition of *meaning*, is such a total subversion of every rule of Elocution and common sense, as to excite wonder at the possibility of any rational being falling into so absurd an error.\* And the same pupil, if called upon to mark to the eye the correct reading of the above sentence, could immediately do it, so as to preclude the commission of so gross an error—equal, in its absurdity, to that of the aspiring youth, who, reckless of pause, inflection, or emphasis, stated that

“His name was Norval on the Grampian hills,”—

leaving the hearer to imagine that in the lowlands he went under another cognomen.

The right reverend Doctor proceeds to say, that such a system, if perfect, must be *circuitous*, because it professes to teach the tones, emphasis, &c., which *nature*, or custom, which is a second nature, *suggests*—that is, because its principles must be *founded on nature*. And he asks triumphantly—“Then, if this be the case, why not leave nature to do her own work?”

The answer is obvious : because were we to leave nature to do her own work, we should never emerge from a rude state of nature ; her work would be . “ferox, dura, aspera.”

It is natural to man to walk erect ; but the infant is assisted in its earliest efforts : and though every person can walk, it is not every person, by any means, who carries himself firmly, easily, and

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\* Vide APPPOSITION. pp 115. 116.



gracefully. We see a stooping carriage, rounded shoulders, a shuffling gait, an uneven, uncertain step: yet all *walk*, and walk as their nature, or custom (which, as Dr. Whately says, is second nature) leads them; and every time they indulge this their nature, *they confirm themselves in the practice of a vicious habit*. Hence, it is not thought preposterous, or unworthy of a gentleman, to *learn to walk*, or at least to improve his personal carriage, under the directions of a drill-serjeant and a fencing-master; and to acquire by art and exercise the bearing and manly step which distinguish the gentleman from the uncultivated hind. Thus, it is clear, that it is not always enough to leave nature to herself: when so left, she frequently degenerates and becomes vitiated; and we are obliged to go back to certain principles, drawn even from herself, to restore her to her perfect form, complexion, and condition.

——“Nature is made better by no mean,  
But nature makes that mean; so o'er that art,  
Which you say adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes.”

“Lastly,” says the right reverend Doctor, “if a person could learn thus to read and speak, as it were *by note*, with the same fluency and accuracy as are attainable in the case of singing, still the desired object of a perfectly *natural* as well as correct elocution, would never be in this way attained. *The reader's attention being fixed on his own voice*, the inevitable consequence would be, that he would betray more or less his studied and artificial de-

livery ; and would, in the same degree, manifest an offensive affectation."

Now, the very object of a system of Elocution, such as the right reverend Doctor so strenuously condemns, is to give, by practice on just principles, *an habitual power* of vocal intonation, inflection, and expression, suited to every condition of sense, every style of composition, every variety of feeling, every vicissitude of passion : and the Elocutionist who is thoroughly master of his art, no more *fixes his attention*, while speaking, *on his own voice*, or on the rules by which he is producing his effects, than the Rhetorician, in the course of a composition or an oration, is thinking minutely of every rule of grammar, logic, or rhetoric, by which to construct his sentences, to round his periods, to divide his discourse, or to conduct his argument. The skilful fencer, whom practice has made master of his weapon, uses it rapidly and with effect, without thinking of the *names* of the *guards* or *parades* that he is executing.

"When one is learning a language, he attends to the sounds ; but when he is master of it, he attends only to the sense of what he would express."—*Reid on the Mind.*

So, in pursuing a system of Elocution, the pupil acquires *an easy habit*, or style of delivery, by exercising himself, on rule, in giving voice and expression to the language of others, or to his own premeditated and pre-written effusions,—till, from practice, what he has done continually by rule and art, in set and studied speech, he comes at last to execute easily and naturally, and without

thought of the means, in spontaneous and original effusions.

Just in the same manner the young rhetorician will find in Dr. Whately's Elements valuable directions for composition, for the construction of periods, for perspicuity, energy, and elegance, and on every point that can tend to clearness and elegance of style. In these rules and instructions he will exercise himself deliberately in *written* compositions, and frequent practice will give him facility and readiness in their application; he will soon come to *write* on strict principles of Rhetoric without once *thinking* of the rules that guide him, and which by habit he will come to follow almost instinctively; and, if he have "wit and words" and knowledge, he will doubtless arrive at last at the grand object of Rhetoric, the fluent, clear and forcible *vivâ voce* and extemporaneous expression of his opinions, sentiments, and feelings, so as to sway the minds and passions of his hearers. And yet he will have arrived at this result *by following certain rules*; but without *fixing his attention on them* at the moment that he is carrying them into effect. He will, in fact, be practising an art of which education has made him master.

His power as an orator will be doubled if to the skill of the Rhetorician he shall add the art of the Elocutionist, an art also to be acquired by rule and practice.

I shall conclude my answer to Dr. Whately's objections by an extract from his preface to his own **ELEMENTS OF LOGIC**: the remarks in which, in de-

fence of a *System of Logic*, are, *mutatis mutandis*, exactly applicable to his own objections to a *System of Elocution*; so that I am happy to have it in my power to be able to bring against him a much higher authority than myself—*his own*; and to let the just reasoning contained in his “*Elements of Logic*” refute the false positions put forth in his “*Elements of Rhetoric*.” He thus ably and happily maintains the utility of Logic, and shows the importance and necessity of a system for its attainment:—

“One preliminary observation it may be worth while to offer in this place. If it were inquired, what is to be regarded as the most appropriate intellectual occupation of *man*, as man, what would be the answer? The statesman is engaged with political affairs; the soldier, with military; the mathematician, with the properties of numbers and magnitudes; the merchant, with commercial concerns, &c.: but in what are *all* and each of these employed?—employed, I mean, as men. Evidently in *reasoning*. They are all occupied in deducing, well or ill, conclusions from premises; each concerning the subject of his own particular business. If, therefore, it be found that the process going on daily, in each of so many different minds, is, in any respect, the *same*, and if the principles on which it is conducted can be reduced to a regular system, and if rules can be deduced from that system, for the better conducting of the process, then, it can hardly be denied, that such a system and such rules must be especially worthy the attention—not of

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the members of this or that profession merely, but —of every one who is desirous of possessing a cultivated mind. To understand the theory of that which is the appropriate intellectual occupation of Man in general, and to learn to do that *well*, which every one will and *must* do, whether well or ill, may surely be considered as an essential part of a liberal education."

This is most true, apt, clear, and conclusive ; and it is as applicable to Elocution as to Logic. *Speech*, as much as reason, distinguishes man from the brute ; *all* men *must* use it, whether well or ill, in the daily concerns of their lives, or in more public affairs, and in a more extensive arena : and the advantages of a system for doing it well are equally apparent.

The following passage from the same preface is a direct answer to the right reverend Doctor's own objections to an artificial system of Elocution :

"It has usually been assumed, however, in the case of the present subject, that a theory which does not tend to the improvement of practice is utterly unworthy of regard ; and then, it is contended that Logic (*Elocution*) has no such tendency, on the plea that men may and do reason (*speak*) correctly without it : an objection which would equally apply in the case of Grammar, Music, Chemistry, Mechanics, &c., in all of which systems the practice must have existed previously to the theory."

How alive the right reverend Doctor is to the weakness of the argument against a system for *his*

favorite art, and yet with what triumph he uses the same defeated argument against another,—exclaiming, “Then why not leave nature, or custom, which is second nature, to do her own work?”

He proceeds, and I go with him heartily:—

“But many who allow the use of systematic principles in other things, are accustomed to cry up common sense as the sufficient and only safe guide in reasoning.” *This is exactly what the reverend Doctor himself does in the case of Elocution*,—and therefore let him give the *coup de grace* to his own position.

“Now, by common sense, is meant, I apprehend (when the term is used with any distinct meaning), an exercise of the judgment unaided by any art or system of rules; such an exercise as we must necessarily employ in numberless cases of daily occurrence; in which, having no established principles to guide us—no line of procedure, as it were, distinctly chalked out,—we must needs act on the best extemporaneous conjectures we can form. But that common sense is only our *second* best guide—that the rules of art, if judiciously framed, are always desirable when they can be had—is an assertion for the truth of which I may appeal to the testimony of mankind in general; which is so much the more valuable, inasmuch as it may be accounted the testimony of *adversaries*. For the generality have a strong predilection in favour of common sense, except in those points in which they respectively *possess the knowledge of a system of rules*; but in these points they deride any one

who trusts to unaided common sense. A sailor, *e. g.*, will perhaps despise the pretensions of medical men, and prefer treating a disease by common sense; but he would ridicule the proposal of navigating a ship by common sense, without regard to the maxims of nautical art. A physician, again, will perhaps condemn systems of political economy, of logic, or metaphysics, and insist on the superior wisdom of trusting to common sense in such matters; but he would never approve of trusting to common sense in the treatment of diseases. Neither, again, would the architect recommend a reliance on common sense alone in building, nor the musician in music, to the neglect of those systems of rules, which, in their respective arts, have been deduced from scientific reasoning, aided by experience. And the induction might be extended to every department of practice. Since, therefore, *each gives the preference to unassisted common sense only in those cases where he himself has nothing else to trust to, and invariably resorts to the rules of art wherever he possesses the knowledge of them*, it is plain that mankind universally bear their testimony, *though unconsciously, and often unwillingly*, to the preferableness of systematic knowledge to conjectural judgments."

Now, could any one have furnished a clearer, more logical, or more satisfying answer than the above, to the learned and right reverend Doctor's own objections to a *system of Elocution*; and to his doctrine, in his *Elements of Rhetoric*, in favour of "unaided common sense," against "the rules of art"

in *delivery*, viz. : "The practical rule to be adopted is not only to pay no studied attention to the voice, but studiously to withdraw the thoughts from it, and to dwell as intently as possible on the sense ; trusting to nature (*i. e.* common sense) to suggest spontaneously the proper emphases and tones !"

I am contented that the learned prelate's doctrine should be adjudged on his own arguments, and that his objections to a system of *Elocution*, which he does not profess, should be answered by his able defence of a system of *Logic*, of the rules of which he is master.

I have dwelt thus long on the right reverend prelate's opposition to Elocution as an art, because I have felt that his testimony might be of great weight in deterring many from a study pronounced useless or impracticable by so high an opinion, — and one deserving great consideration and respect, from the station, erudition, and attainments of its author : and it is therefore a source of satisfaction to me, to find that he has himself — in his *Elements of Logic*—furnished arguments *against* himself—in his *Elements of Rhetoric*—of a clearness and force that no effort of mine could have attained to.\*

I will once more take advantage of the same admirable preface, to adopt for my own purpose the language of the right reverend Doctor :

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\* GÖTTE, in his *Memoirs*, says : —

"In *Logic*, it struck me as strange that I was so to pull to pieces, dismember, and, as it were, destroy those very opera-



"I am not so weak as to imagine that any system can ensure great proficiency in any pursuit whatever, either in all students, or in a very large proportion of them: 'We sow many seeds to obtain a few flowers.'"

But I am happy to be able to add, that I have been gratified by finding my efforts rewarded by the marked improvement in voice, delivery, expression and gesture, of many pupils who have attended my course of instruction for but a short period: and in the still greater advance of those who have patiently, and steadily, and laboriously carried out the system that I have laid down.

I have added to the system a full practice in reading and declamation, extracted from the works of the best authors in prose and verse, and in every variety of style. The mere reading *aloud* of

tions of the mind *which I had gone through with the greatest ease from my youth*, in order to perceive the proper use of them."

And BUTLER writes:—

"And all a *Rhetorician's* rules  
Teach nothing but to name *his tools*."

HUDIBRAS.

I quote the above by way of protest against the authority of Dr. Whately's name being allowed to decide the question of the value of a system of *Elocution*. Goethe scoffs at *Logic*, and Butler mocks at *Rhetoric*, as mere useless lumber and cumbersome machinery. But I imagine neither Dr. Whately's *Elements of Logic* nor his *Elements of Rhetoric* will be the less consulted for the scoff of the poet, or the ridicule of the satirist.

these extracts, as a practice in reading and declamation, after a careful study of the rules and principles laid down in the system, even without an instructor, will be of great advantage to the student. He will reap at least the benefit of accustoming his ear to the flow of the language, and so, insensibly, catching something of the strength and spirit of their diction.

If he go a step further, and read them under the direction of a guide who can point out to him the peculiar merits of each, and show him, analytically, how every beauty may be heightened and brought out into strong relief, by the power of Elocution,—if he will practise himself with such an instructor on such models, disciplining his ear, his action, and his voice,—he may hope to attain a style of oratory clear, manly, forcible, and elegant.\*

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\* It will be observed that frequent reference is made in the course of this work to Dr. Whately's admirable Treatise on Rhetoric, with a view to elucidate the principles of *Elocution* as a necessary "Element of *Rhetoric*," and without which the latter is maimed and imperfect, robbed of one of its limbs, and shorn of half its dignity, its grace and strength.



## PART I.

## ELEMENTS.

*Articulation.—Pronunciation.*

THE end of oratory is to *persuade*. We cannot persuade without being first *clearly understood*; we cannot be clearly understood without distinct utterance,—that is, a clear

## ARTICULATION.

This is the first requisite in reading, and speaking. Both prose and poetry are maimed if it be neglected. Without it, the metre and rhythm of verse are destroyed; many words are not distinguishable in sound from others of somewhat similar form, though of widely different signification; and the whole delivery is confused and inelegant. With a distinct articulation, a speaker of only moderate power of voice is heard in any place or assembly, much more easily, and with less effort to himself, than one of much greater power of organ, whose articulation is imperfect: for it has been observed, that loud, confused *noise*, even though much greater

in degree, does not travel as far as pure and musical sound. Hence the necessity, before all other things, of a clear, pure articulation.

To acquire this perfectly, it is necessary to recur to the first *principia*,—that is, the **ELEMENTARY SOUNDS** of our language.

Speech is *articulate vocal sound*. That sound is represented to the *eye* by *signs*: these signs are *letters*,—combined into *syllables*, which syllables are combined into *words*—the perfect signs of things; and the vocal utterance of these signs is *speech*.

Brutes have *vocal sounds*, but not *speech*: for the sounds they utter are not *articulate*. It is given to Man alone to shape his voice into intelligible articulate sound, which can communicate thought, desire, passion, to his fellow-men.

Perfect articulation, then, depends on the clear enunciation of certain *elementary sounds*, whose combination forms words.

The signs or letters representing these sounds, and forming the alphabet of our language, have been classified by grammarians, principally as *vowels* and *consonants*; and they define a *vowel* as a simple sound, perfect in itself,—and a *consonant*, as a sound that cannot be uttered without the addition or help of a vowel.

But this nomenclature and definition is imperfect as a guide and mark of the *articulate sounds*, whatever may be its value as a classification of the *alphabetical signs* of our language. It is true, indeed, that a *consonant* (so called from its supposed dependence

for its sound on an attendant vowel) cannot be individually *named* without the help of a vowel: that is to say, the sign or letter B is named *be*, C *se*, D *de*, and so on; but these consonants, in their combination with other signs, do not require for their perfect utterance the aid of a vowel at all; so that their *names* as *signs* are as distinct from their power as *sounds*, as the names *alpha*, *beta*, *theta*, of the Greek alphabet, are distinct from the value or power of the *sounds* of  $\alpha$ ,  $\beta$ ,  $\theta$ , when combined into syllables and words.

For, if a consonant required, of necessity, an attendant vowel before it could be uttered, we never could enunciate at all such words as *black*, *brandy*, *claim*, *draw*, *flow*, *grow*, *throw*, *strike*, and other words commencing with *two or three successive consonants* without the interposition of any vowel: for it will be clear to any one who will commence the utterance of any such word, and break off *before arriving at the vowel*, that he can and must complete the sounds of the consonants without its assistance.

Thus let any one begin to utter the word *brandy* (*br*-andy), and suddenly arrest his voice upon *br*, and he will perceive that he has uttered a *sound* and *tone* without the aid of a vowel; and so of *cl*-ose, *th*-row, *fl*-ow, *cr*-owd, *sh*-ame, *p*-ray, &c.; and it is really the same with words commencing with a single consonant only, as *b*-ad, *c*-old, *r*-ide, *m*-ake, &c. Each sign, whether a vowel or a consonant, has its proper elementary sound or sounds,

however different in quality or degree of tone those sounds may be.

Again, the SEVEN VOWEL SIGNS in our language,

A, E, I, O, U, W, Y,

represent many more sounds, monothongal and diphthongal, as will be found in the utterance of the following common words :

*A*-ll, *a*-rm, *a*-t, *a*-le, *e*-ve, *e*-nd, *i*-n, *i*-sle,  
*o*-ld, *o*-n, *d*-o, *u*-s, *u*-nion,

in which the sign *A*, alone, represents *four* distinct sounds.

And there are many consonant sounds which are not represented by any *single* sign or letter, but require the combination of several letters to represent their power : as the sounds *ch* in *church*, *th* (soft) in *truth*, *thin*, and *th* (hard) in *that*, &c.

Yet these are elementary sounds; and this shows the necessity of clearly distinguishing between the mere *alphabetical sign* and the *elementary sound*, or *sounds*, which it represents.

Now, as the perfect appreciation and utterance of the elementary sounds are necessary to the attainment of a clear and distinct articulation of the language, which their combination forms, it is essential to adopt a classification and nomenclature which shall convey a clear and distinct idea of their value in speech. For that end, none can be found more definite and exact than that propounded by Dr. Rush, in his eloquent and philosophical work on the human voice.

He divides the elementary sounds of our language into

1. TONICS—2. SUB-TONICS—3. ATONICS ;  
which may be thus briefly defined :

1. TONICS (having tone) — those elementary sounds which have a distinct and perfect *tone* or *vocality*, proper to themselves, and capable of being held or prolonged by the voice indefinitely.

Such is the sound of *a* in *a-rm*, *a-ll*, &c., of *e* in *e-re*, of *o* in *o-ld*, &c.

By *vocality* is meant that *full*, or (as Dr. Rush defines it) “that *raucus* quality of voice, which is contradistinguished from a whisper or aspiration.” This distinction may be illustrated by uttering the exclamations “*um !*” as an expression of *doubt*, *inquiry*, &c., and “*sh !*” (for *hush !*) as enforcing silence: in the first of which (*um !*) there is *vocality*, and in the second (*sh !*) merely a whispered aspiration, without *tone* or *vocal sound*.

2. SUB-TONICS—whose sound has also *tone* or *vocality*, but *inferior* to that of the *tonics* in fulness and power of sustainment.

Such is the sound of *b* as heard in *b-ad*, *d* in *d-ear*, *l* in *l-one*, *m* in *m-ode*, *n* in *n-ose*, &c.

3. ATONICS — whose *sound* is *without tone* ; that is, an impulsion of *breath* without *vocality*.\*

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\* Mr. Knowles, in his Grammar, talks of “*voice without breath*,” as the distinctive mark of the pure semi-vowels. Voice without breath! This is an organic impossibility. Voice cannot be produced without breath, though *breath alone*



Such is the sound of *p* heard in *p-ad*, *t* in *t-ime*, *s* in *s-igh*, *f* in *f-ade*; the utterance of which is in the nature of an *explosive whisper*.

## TONICS.

The following is a list of the *pure Tonics*; their sound is given in the separated *italic* of each word, according to its ordinary pronunciation.

1 <u>A-ll</u> <u>Ō-n</u>		A-rm	A-t	A-le
5 <u>Th-ē-re</u> <u>Ē-nd</u>		6 <u>Ē-ve</u> <u>I-ll</u>		7 O-ld
8 <u>D-ō</u> <u>B-ŭ-ll</u>		9 <u>Ū-rn</u> <u>Ū-s</u>		

1. The tonic sound of *a* in *a-ll*, and of *o* in *o-n*, is organically the same; with this difference in quantity, that in <sup>1</sup>*a-ll* it is long, in <sup>1</sup>*ō-n* it is short; they are accordingly here marked, under the same *numeral*, with the distinctive mark – *long*, or *∞*, *short*.

6. So the tonic of *e* in *ē-ve*, and of *i* in *ī-ll*, is *organically* the same, differing only in *quantity*; *numbered* and *marked* accordingly.

does not, without the assistance of the vocal organs, produce voice: as, in uttering the letter *S*, a mere *sibilation* of the breath takes place without *vocality*; for the hissing of a serpent is not a *vocal* sound; though the word *hiss* cannot be uttered without the serpent-like sibilation. Voice without breath is *flame without fire*.

5. The same of *e* in *thère*, and *e* in *ënd*.
8. The same of *o* in *d-ō*, and *u* in *b-ū-ll*.
9. And of *u* in *ū-rn*, and *u* in *ū-s*.

We have in the above scheme *nine distinct* pure tonic elements, whose sound is *monothongal*; that is, capable of being produced by one simple process of articulation, and of being prolonged to an indefinite time, without any change of tone, or alteration of the vocal organs, from the commencement to the close of its sound.

The term *monothongal* is used in contradistinction to

#### MIXED OR DIPHTHONGAL TONICS,

which are

*Äi-l,\* I-sle, Ou-r, Oi-l, U-nion.*

The above two lists of pure and mixed tonics contain *all* the *tonic* sounds, monothongal and diphthongal, that are found in our language.†

\* <sup>4</sup>*Ä-le, Äi-l*.—The authority of Dr. Rush is in favour of considering these sounds identical; that is, he classes the <sup>4</sup>*ä* in *a-le* as *diphthongal*; but after a very nice examination by a good ear, I think a distinct sound may be traced in *äi-d*, from that which is found in *fa-de*—in *päi-n*, from *pa-ne*. For this reason I have classed them as separate *tonic* sounds; the one *pure*, the other *mixed*.

† It is necessary to observe, that in adopting the nomenclature of the elementary sounds, propounded by Dr. Rush, I have thought it advisable to depart in some instances from his arrangement and definition of those sounds, and also to make additions thereto. I mention this, that that learned and philosophical writer may not, by any chance, have to bear the im-

Of course, in speaking here of *diphthongal tonics*, I discard the *grammatical* definition of a diphthong: for, according to that, the sound of *oo*, as in *ooze*, is called diphthongal, whereas it is really a *pure tonic* element; it is the sound of *o* in *d-o*. In articulation, a diphthong is the *union* of two *tonics*, in which the actual utterance of each takes place: the *radical* or commencing sound, being different from that which is heard at its *close* or *vanish*; thus the sound of the *name* of the letter *u* (as heard in the word *u-nion*) is compounded of the <sup>e</sup> in *e-ve*, and the <sup>o</sup> in *d-o*: that is, its *radical* (or root) is <sup>e</sup>, its *vanish* is <sup>o</sup>, making <sup>eo</sup>, or <sup>ü</sup>, as in *u-nion*.

The following table shows at one view the whole system of Tonic Elements, pure or monothongal, and mixed or diphthongal.

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putation of any errors which may appear in my arrangement or definition of those elementary sounds, or of their power and value in speech.

### TABLE OF TONIC ELEMENTS.

1 ā-l    ē-n	2 a-rn	3 a-t	4 a-le	5 th-ē-re    ē-nd
6 ē-ve    ī-ll	7 o-lđ	8 d-ō    b-ā-ll	9 ū-rn    ū-s.	
VOWEL SIGNS.	No. for reference to the above.	EXAMPLES.		
<b>A</b> has <i>four</i> pure tonics, <i>proper</i> to itself, and <i>one borrowed</i> or common - -	1( - ) 2 3 4 5( - )	all-war-call-pall. arm-father-rather-card at-ask-cat-apple-lap. ale-cane-ace. care-lair-mare-dare.		
<b>E</b> has <i>three</i> tonics—two pure and <i>proper</i> , one <i>borrowed</i> or common	5( - ) 5( √ ) 6( - ) 9( √ )	} ere—there—ne'er. } end—bet—mess—ever. eve—me—fee—leave. err—learn—fern—mercy.		
<b>I</b> has <i>three</i> tonics—two <i>borrowed</i> , pure; one <sup>9 8</sup> <i>mixed</i> or diphth. (ui)	6( - ) 6( √ ) 9( √ ) diph. 9. 6.	} fiend—field—wield. } ill—in—it—list. fir—first—thirst. I—sigh—mine—lie.		
<b>O</b> has <i>four</i> tonics—one pure and <i>proper</i> , and three <i>borrowed</i> -	7 1( √ ) 8( - ) 9( √ )	old—no—bold—go. on—rot—for—lord—cough. do—whom—boot—fool. son—none—come—other.		
<b>U</b> has <i>three</i> tonics—one pure and <i>proper</i> , one <i>borrowed</i> , one <i>mixed</i> or diphthongal (6. 8.)	9( - ) 9( √ ) 8( - ) 8( √ ) diph. 6. 8.	} urn—burn—curd—purse } us—bun—cut—blush. } true—rude. } bull—bush. Ū—union—tune—duke.		
<b>Y</b> has <i>two</i> tonics, both <i>borrowed</i> —one pure, one diphth. (9. 6.) -	6 diph. 9. 6.	pity—army—nymph. Y—by—my—dye.		
<b>W</b> has <i>one</i> tonic sound, <i>borrowed</i> - -	8( - )	now—cow—bow.		

## NOTES ON THE MIXED OR DIPHTHONGAL TONICS.

**I.**—The diphthongal sound of *i* has been by some writers resolved into the tonic sounds of <sup>1</sup>*a* and <sup>6</sup>*e*; <sup>1</sup>*a* being given as the *radical* or opening, and <sup>6</sup>*e* as the *vanish* or close of the sound. But this combination (<sup>1 6</sup>*ae*) would produce the diphthongal sound *oi*, as in *voice*; which is, in fact, a *provincial* pronunciation of the diphthongal sound of *i* (in such words as *find*, *mind*, &c.) prevalent among the vulgar in some of the northern counties in England, where we may hear *foi*nd for *fi*nd, *koi*nd for *ki*nd, &c. The true radical of *i* is <sup>9</sup>*u*, as in *us*, and its vanish <sup>6</sup>*e*, as in *eve*. This will be manifest by articulating these two sounds, separately and slowly at first, and gradually blending them by a closer and more rapid utterance, till the two tonics run together, and are lost in each other, thus:

<sup>9</sup>u——<sup>6</sup>e; <sup>9</sup>u——<sup>6</sup>e; <sup>9 6</sup>u—e; <sup>9 6</sup>u—e; <sup>9 6</sup>ue; or *z*.

**Ü.**—The diphthongal sound of *u*, as in *union*, *tune*, has for its radical, <sup>6</sup>*e*, and for its vanish, <sup>8</sup>*o*; that is, is produced by the blending of the <sup>6</sup>*e*, in *eve*, with the <sup>8</sup>*o*, in *do*, thus:—

<sup>6</sup>e——<sup>8</sup>o; <sup>6 8</sup>e—o; <sup>6 8</sup>e—o; <sup>6 8</sup>eo; *ü*.

**Y.**—The diphthongal sound of *y*, as in *by*, *try*, is resolvable into the same elements as that of *i*, as above given.

**W.**—The character of the sound of this sign, as in the above examples, is clearly diphthongal, though its elements are difficult to trace with exactitude; perhaps its radical is <sup>1</sup>*a*, its

vanish <sup>8</sup>o. This sign is also frequently *mute* in its diphthongal figure, as in *awe*: here are *three vowel signs* with *one elementary sound*, viz. the tonic sound heard in *all*. Again, in *low*, the *w* is mute, and also in *bow* (arcus), though heard, in the verb *to bow*.

We shall see hereafter the *sub-tonic* character of W and Y.

AI.—this diphthong is composed of <sup>4</sup>*a* and <sup>6</sup>*i*, as in *pain*, *ail*, which are distinguishable to a fine ear from the pure tonic in *ale*, *pane*, &c.; but the distinction is really very slight—still it exists.

OI—as in *boy*, voice, is <sup>1 6</sup>*a i*.

OU—as in *our*, *out*, &c., is of a complex nature, and appears to be triph-thongal. It seems to my ear to be compounded of <sup>2 1 8</sup>*au*; but I am not quite clear as to its elements. For reference to the eye, I shall distinguish it thus, *ou* (to denote its triph-thongal character) in the following

### EXERCISE ON THE TONICS.

<sup>1</sup>All <sup>2</sup>art <sup>3</sup>as <sup>4</sup>nature <sup>5 9</sup>better understood.

<sup>3</sup>And <sup>3</sup>that <sup>5</sup>there <sup>6</sup>is <sup>1</sup>all <sup>4</sup>nature <sup>3</sup>cries <sup>3</sup>aloud <sup>3</sup>through  
<sup>1</sup>all <sup>9</sup>her <sup>9</sup>works.

<sup>1</sup>All <sup>4</sup>pale <sup>6</sup>with <sup>6</sup>pain <sup>6</sup>he <sup>6</sup>fainted <sup>4</sup>in <sup>4</sup>the <sup>4</sup>place.

<sup>3</sup>And <sup>6</sup>Eve <sup>6</sup>in <sup>5 9</sup>Eden <sup>3</sup>ever <sup>6</sup>happy <sup>5</sup>there.

<sup>6</sup>If <sup>6</sup>infidelity <sup>6</sup>first <sup>9</sup>victims <sup>6</sup>find.

Oh holy hope, to live beyond the tomb.

The wonder and the worship of the world.

For fortune frowned upon his cause forlorn.

The torrent roared impetuous in its course.

My hoarseness forces me to stop my horse.

The doors are open,

And the surfeited grooms do mock their charge  
with snores.

Full often underrates the future good.

Now law shall bow before the power of arms.

Our wounds cry out for help.

And burning blushes spread o'er all her cheek.

Let the pupil now go through the *Table of Tonic Sounds*, giving to every element its *perfect* sound, in a *full, loud* tone of voice, but without strain or painful effort. This, more than any practice, will tend to strengthen and bring out his voice (see "VOCAL GYMNASTICS"); and next let him go carefully through the *Exercise on the Tonics*, until he shall read them with perfect purity of *tonic* sound. The careful doing of this at the outset will save the pupil much after-trouble in the matter of articulation.

We now pass to the

#### SUB-TONICS (15)—ATONICS (10).

TABLE OF SUB-TONICS AND ATONICS.

	SUBT. AT.	ORGANIC FORMATION.	EXAMPLES.
1	B —P	Pure Labial	B-ad. P-ay.
2	D —T	Lingua-dental ( <i>teeth closed</i> )	D-ash. T-ask.
3	G —K	Palatine	G-um. K-ill.
4	V —F	Labia-dental	V-at. F-ight.
5	Z —S	Dental sibilants ( <i>teeth open</i> )	Z-eal. S-ame.
6	J —Ch	Lingua-palatine sibilant	J-udge. Ch-urch.
7	Zsh —Sh	Palatine sibilant	A-z-ure. Sh-ame.
8	Th —Th	Lingua-dental ( <i>teeth open</i> )	Th-en. Th-in.
	( <i>hard</i> ) ( <i>soft</i> )		
9	Y —H	Palatine aspirates	Y-et. H-it.
10	W —Wh	Labial aspirates	W-ild. Wh-en.
11	R —	Lingua-palatine ( <i>vibrating</i> )	R-ome. R-ide.
12	L —	Lingua-palatine	L-ull. L-ily.
13	M —	Nasal-labial	M-um. M-ind.
14	N —	Nasal—lingua-palatine	N-u-n. N-o-w.
15	Ng —	Nasal—palatine	E-ng-land. Th-ng.

**DIRECTION.**—The pupil, or teacher, must pay particular attention to the *organic formation* of the sub-tonics and atonics, as it will enable him easily to correct defects of articulation.

## OBSERVATIONS.

It will be observed that the *A-tonics* have each their appropriate *Sub-tonics*, to which they belong, and of which they are the *vanish*, or last fading sound: thus B, when sounded, after its *tone* or *vocality* ceases, fades into P; D into T; G (*hard*) into K, &c.; as may be perceived by sounding the syllables *Bab*, *Did*, *Gig*, &c.

9. and 10. —Y and W, when initials, lose their *full tonic* character which they have when final; and become sub-tonic aspirates in their connection with a succeeding tonic, as in



ye, yet, we, won. When *w* is followed by an *h*, the aspiration is doubled, as *wh-o*, *wh-en*, *wh-y*. The aspiration is made by the flow of breath—in *Y* over the tongue; in *W*, through the protruded lips.

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## H.

This aspirate deserves a whole chapter to itself, with a view to repairing the neglect and outrages that are hourly offered to it.

The omission of this aspirate in its proper place is a gross vulgarism in speech, a mark of inferior education, and is calculated to produce a great prejudice against the offender in the minds of all persons of refinement. How painful it is to hear any one speaking of his "*'ouse*," or his "*'orse*," or telling one "*'ow 'ard* it is to find a good '*orse*!"

This is a point of vulgarity on which our friends in the United States justly ridicule English people as deficient in the due pronunciation of their native language. It is an error that Americans are never guilty of; at the same time, I must remark that their aspiration of the *h* is somewhat *too* strong, (they are indeed a people of strong aspirations!) verging on a fault in the other extreme. They incline to give a nasal, or, more correctly speaking, a *naso-guttural* tone, as well as an aspirate, to the *h*, which gives it nearly the sound of *k*, in their enunciation of such words as *house*, *home*, *happy*, &c. Now, the aspiration should be decided, but light; not forced, though distinct to the ear.

" 'Twas whisper'd in heaven, 'twas mutter'd in hell,  
And echo caught softly the sound as it fell."

There is, however, a still greater and more unpardonable sin against this much-abused aspirate—a vulgarism of even a deeper dye than its total omission; that is, the pressing it into service where it has no right or call to be, and even

where it does not appear in the spelling of the word to which it is forcibly prefixed by the arbitrary aspirator. Such a habit is a fatal blot in ordinary conversation, and in public speaking would deform and vulgarise the finest discourse or oration ever delivered.

Both these sins of commission and omission are unfortunately too prevalent; and when they are combined in the practice of one and the same individual, how painful to the ear is the perpetually recurring vulgarism! No care, no labour, can be too great to eradicate it.

It should be first of all remembered, that in the English language *h* is always an aspirate, with very few exceptions: as we say *an hour*, not *a hour*; *an honour*, not *a honour*; and practice is divided between *a humble man* and *an humble man*; *an herb*, and *a herb*; *a hotel*, and *an hotel*.

Next, bear in mind, that the definite article *the* is pronounced *thū*<sup>9</sup> (almost like the *ū* in *us*) before a consonant or an aspirate; and *the* (as in *thee*) before a vowel or silent *h*; thus we say, *thū*<sup>9</sup> man, *thū*<sup>9</sup> horse, *the*<sup>6</sup> angel, &c.

Now, keeping this steadily in view, let any person who feels conscious of error with regard to this aspirate, diligently and repeatedly practice the following tables, enouncing each cluster of words without pause or rest of breath:—

The horse.	The hind.
The ass.	The inn.
The house.	The heart.
The hour.	The art.
The harp.	The horror.
The herb.	The honour.
The home.	The happy.
The ape.	The easy.
The horrible.	The humble.
The honourable.	The humbug.
The hospital.	The handsome.
The onerous.	The audacious.

And next, practice, over and over again, till they can be repeated with unerring correctness, such phrases as the following :—

The eagle eye of intellect.  
 The happy home of husbands.  
 The handsome Harry Ames.  
 The horse's horny hoof.  
 Uphold an honoured name.  
 Behold a high hill.

Unhoused, unhappy, and unhonoured, &c. &c.

NOTE.—In adjectives commencing with *h*, where the accent is on the second syllable, it is allowable, for *euphony*, to drop the aspirate ; as we may say *an historical* fact, *an habitual*, &c., though we must say *a history*, *a habit*.

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## EXERCISE

### ON THE

### SUB-TONICS AND ATONICS.

1. Black bubbling brooks break brawling o'er their bounds  
 The painted pomp of pleasure's proud parade.
2. Decide the dispute during dinner-time, by dividing the  
 difference.  
 Tourists thronged, from time to time, to traverse the Thames  
 tunnel.
3. Gregory, going gaily, galloped gallantly to the gate.  
 Crazed with corroding cares, and killed with consuming  
 complaints.

4. Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity.

Frank Feron flattered his friends, but failed not to find fault with his foes.

5. His zeal was blazoned from zone to zone.

Serpents and snakes were scattered on the sea.

6. Judge and jury adjourned the judgment.

Chosen champion of the church, he cherished her children.

7. The azure sea is shining with ships, that shape their course for home.

8. This thread is thinner than that thistle there.

9. Year after year the o'er-ripe ear is lost.

Ye heard him hurry yelling o'er your head.

Up a high hill he heaved a huge, hard stone.

10. We wildly wish, while wiser workmen win what'er will worth reward.

11. And rugged rocks re-echo with his roar.

12. Lamely the lion limped along the lawn.

13. Many men of many minds, mixing in multifarious matters of much moment.

14. None know, nor need to know his name.

15. England's king lay waking and thinking, while his subjects were sleeping.

## VALUE OF THE ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

All deficiencies of articulation not proceeding from organic defect are merely an imperfect or difficult utterance of the elementary sounds—*tonics*, *sub-tonics*, and *atonics*—of which our language is composed; for it is manifest, that if the parts be perfect, the whole must be perfect also: and therefore, if our articulation of the elemental sounds be just, our articulation of all the syllables and words which their combination forms must also be just.

What is lisping, or stammering? An imperfect or faulty utterance of certain elemental sounds. Show the person who lisps or stammers (always excepting the case of organic defect) the organic *process of articulation* of the particular sound in which his utterance is imperfect, and make him practice that process of articulation, and there is no doubt of the result; his defect, if not organic, will be removed, and he will speak clearly and distinctly.

Slovenly articulation is *mis-spelling* to the ear; and is as great a blemish to speech as false spelling is to a written letter: one fault should be as carefully guarded against as the other in early education. This can only be done by justly distinguishing between the *sign* and the *sound*, and practising the pupil on all the elementary sounds of which his language is composed, until he is perfectly master of them in all their combinations.

The necessity of a distinct articulation will be made apparent at once by reading the following

## EXAMPLES.

1. A *serious* man was never before guilty of such a *series* of follies; in which every species of absurdity was accompanied by a *specious* gravity, which rendered it infinitely amusing.

In this passage, unless the syllables *ies* and *ious* be correctly distinguished by the reader, in the words *serious* and *series*, *species* and *specious*, it must be quite evident that confusion and uncertainty will result to the hearer.

2. The duke paid the money *due* to the Jew before the *dew* was off the ground; and the Jew, having *duly* acknowledged it, said *adieu* to the duke for ever.

This example may help to correct a carelessness very common—that of confounding the consonants *d* and *j* when followed by the sound of *u*, a process which changes *adieu* into *a jew*, *duke* into *juke*, &c. “That’s villanous; reform it altogether.”

A ludicrous instance of this kind of carelessness occurred to me in a town in one of the northern counties of England. I was looking at some apartments which were shown to me by the landlady of the house. They did not exactly *suit* me, and I said so. She, with all the *hauteur* of a disappointed and irritated *proprietress*, replied, “Well, sir, then you can *shoot yourself elsewhere*.” I took my leave, assuring her that I had no such *suicidal* intention.

However, I followed the advice she *meant* to give, and did *suit* myself elsewhere.

How commonly do we hear, in ordinary conversation,—

A *p'tik'lur* man, instead of a *par-tic-u-lar* man.

A *faile* error, for *fa-tal* error.

A *purson* of emenunce, for *per-son* of em-i-nence.

*Voilet*, or *vielut*, for *vi-o-let*.

*Pe'fection* instead of *per-fection*, &c.

To correct these, and similar errors of articulation, arising from a careless utterance of the elementary sounds, the tables of articulation in the "PRACTICE," are prepared for the reader. Their object is, by frequent practice, to give a habit of clear articulation of certain sounds, syllables, and combinations that are generally *slurred* over.

In practice, I find the greatest carelessness prevailing in the utterance of the following sounds, which I therefore single out for exercise: the numerals indicating the required sound have reference to the Table of Tonic Elements.

<sup>3</sup>  
a.—The tonic sound of *a*, as in <sup>3</sup>*at*, in the

#### SYLLABLES AND TERMINATIONS.

*al—ant—able*  
*ar—ance—ative.*

#### EXAMPLES.

Articulate—

*fatal*, . . . . *fa-tal*, . . . . not *fa-tle*.

particular, . .	par-tic-u-lar, . .	not	par-tic-u-lar.
arrogant, . .	ar-ro-gant, . .	not	ar-ro-gant.
arrogance, . .	ar-ro-gance, . .	not	ar-ro-gance.
honorable, . .	hon-o-rable, . .	not	hon-o-rubble.
restorative, . .	res-to-ra-tive, . .	not	res-to-rative.

[See Table of Articulation, No. 1.]

NOTE.—The indefinite article *a* should *never* have the long slender sound of the vowel, as in <sup>4</sup>*ale*, but the open sound, as in <sup>3</sup>*at*. It is exceedingly bad, and at the same time very common, to say, <sup>4</sup>*a* man, <sup>4</sup>*a* book.

<sup>5</sup>*e*.—The short sound of *e* as in <sup>5</sup>*met*, in the

#### TERMINATIONS

*el—et—ent—ence—ess—ety.*

#### EXAMPLES.

#### Articulate—

rebel, . . .	réb-el, . . .	not	reb-ble.
sarcenet, . .	sarse-net, . .	not	sarse-nut, nor sarse-nit.
prudent, . .	pru-dent, . .	not	pru-dunt.
prudence, . .	pru-dence, . .	not	pru-dunce.
contentedness, . .	con-tent-ed-ness, not		con-ten-ted-nuss.
sobriety, . .	so-bri-ety, . .	not	so-bri-utty.

[See Table No. 2.]

*er*.—The borrowed sound of the <sup>9</sup>*é* joined to the liquid *r*, making the syllable <sup>9</sup>*ér*.



This sound is *between* the *e* in *met* and the *u* in *curl*. It is a vulgarity to sound *verse* as *yurse*, *mercy* as *murcy*.

The correct sound of *ē* is attained by striking the *accent* lightly, and without dwelling on the *r* ; whereas, in *ūr*, as in *curd*, the sound is more open, and heavier.

[See Table No. 4.]

NOTE.—The definite article *the* must never have the long sound of *e*, as in *thee*, except before a vowel or a silent *h*.

1.—The short sound of *i*, as in *sin*, *ci-ty*, in the

#### TERMINATIONS

*in—ity—il-ity—itive—ible*, and others of similar form.

#### EXAMPLES.

##### Articulate—

province . . .	prov-ince, . . .	not	prov-ence.
capacity, . . .	ca-pa-ci-ty, . . .	not	ca-pa-ce-ty.
ability, . . .	a-bil-i-ty, . . .	not	a-bil-e-ty.
lenitive, . . .	len-i-tive, . . .	not	len-e-teve.
plausible, . . .	plaus-i-ble, . . .	not	plaus-e-ble.

[See Table No. 3.]

1r.—The borrowed sound of *i* joined to the liquid *r*, making the syllable *ir* distinct from *ur*, as in *sir*, which is a lighter and closer sound than *cur*.

Virtue must not be called *vurtue*, nor third *thurd*, &c.

[See Table No. 4.]

<sup>7</sup>  
o.—The full and round, open sound of *o* in the

## SYLLABLES

o—ow—(unaccented).

## EXAMPLES.

## Articulate—

opinion, . . . o-pin-ion, . . . *not* up-pin-ion.  
 potato, . . . po-ta-to, . . . *not* put-ta-ta.  
 fellow, . . . fel-la, . . . *not* fel-la.  
 innovate, . . . in-no-vate, . . . *not* in-nuv-ate.

[See Table No. 5.]

<sup>1</sup>  
or.—The *intermediate* sound of *o*, with *r* in the termination  
<sup>1</sup>  
or, unaccented, which must be kept distinct from <sup>9</sup>  
 ur.

## EXAMPLES.

## Articulate—

orator, . . . or-a-tor, . . . *not* or-a-tur.  
 conspirator, . . . con-spi-ra-tor, . . . *not* con-spir-a-tur, &c.

<sup>68</sup>  
u.—The *diphthongal* sound of *ū*, like *iu*, as in *pure*, has the same sound as *iew* in *view*, in the following

## SYLLABLES AND TERMINATIONS :

ue—uit—ude—uce—use—uke—ume—une—ure  
 (accented)—ual—unar—ular—uble.

## EXAMPLES.

## Articulate—

due, . . . . *diew*, . . . . *not* *doo*.

duty, . . .	diuty, . . .	not	dooty.
conclude, . .	conclewd, .	not	concllood.
produce, . . .	prodewce, .	not	prodooca.
duke, . . .	diuke, . . .	not	dook.
presume, . . .	presiume, .	not	presooome.
tune, . . .	tiune, . . .	not	toone, &c.

[See Table No. 6.]

## EXCEPTIONS.

When any of the above combinations are compounded with *r*; and when *ure* is compounded with *s*, as in *sure*, and its derivations; in which cases the pure tonic sound of the *u* prevails, like *oo* in *poor*, but less *broad* somewhat, and more *rapidly* accented, as

ruler, . .	rooler.	truce, . .	troose.
true, . .	troo.	abstruse, .	abstroosa.
ruin, . .	rooin.	sure, . .	shoor.
protrude, .	protrooda.	insure, . .	inshoor.
ruminate, .	roominate.	assurance, .	ashoorance, &c.

[See Table of Exceptions.]

## DOUBLE VOWEL SOUNDS

must be carefully distinguished from *diphthongal* sounds, and the sound of each vowel be duly given, as

*ea*, as in *area* (air-*y-a*).

*ies*, as in *species* (*speeshy-es*), *series* (*seery-es*).

*io*, as in *violate* (*vi-o-late*), *vi-o-lence*, &c.

Having gone through the Tables of Practice on the above

sounds, let the reader practise the CONTRAST TABLES, to make the distinction between them clearer to the ear.

The above terminations and syllables are those on which the greatest carelessness exists in the articulation of the tonic sounds, and therefore I have selected them for practice; but it is equally necessary to observe the due sounds of the tonics, whether they occur in commencing, middle, or terminating syllables.

In reading the tables, be particular first to get the correct tonic sound of the vowel, as given in the *key-word*, and bear in mind that *articulation* of a sound does not imply *accentuation* of the *syllable*; that is part of

## PRONUNCIATION.

Pronunciation distinguishes the educated gentleman from the vulgar and unpolished man.

Pronunciation is made up of *articulation* and *accentuation*; when *both* are perfect, the individual has a correct and elegant pronunciation.

*Custom*,—as Horace has truly said, "*quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi*"—custom is the arbiter and criterion of what is correct in speech; but then it is the custom of the polite and elegant part of the world, not of the mere vulgar, that must guide us; and of which the Roman poet, writing, as he did, to the cultivated intellects of the Augustan age, must be understood to speak.

The custom of *vulgar thousands* cannot sanctify their errors; nor can the daily practice of thou-

sands change folly into wisdom, any more than it can corrupt

mischievous	to	mischiev'-ous, or ev'-ious,
horrible	to	horrible,
yellow	to	yallow, &c. &c.,

or give authority to any similar improprieties.

The pulpit, the senate, and the bar, *ought*, from the advantages of education generally possessed by their members, and from their social position, to be the standard authorities to which we might appeal with certainty (for our language is continually undergoing change, addition, and improvement); but, unfortunately, the gentlemen of the learned professions are frequently so careless in their own pronunciation as rather to require admonition (*medice, sana te ipsum*), than to be looked to as authorities; so that they may, from their own inaccuracies, be considered a Court of *Error*, but not of *Appeal*. We must, therefore, rely upon such lights as we have, and the assistance of those who, well educated in other respects, make their own language their *particular study*.

The following are a few very common examples, which it is absolutely necessary to correct, of

#### ERRONEOUS PRONUNCIATION

by mal-articulation or false accentuation

#### OMISSION OF SUB-TONICS OR ATONICS.

*g* in *ing*, as in *comin'* for *coming*, *speakin'* for *speaking*, &c.  
*in sts*, as *insis'* for *insists*, *persis'* for *persists*, &c.

## OMISSION OF A MIDDLE OR DOUBLE SUB-TONIC.

*m* in *mm*, as *imaculate* for *im-maculate*, &c.

*n* in *nen*, as *proneess*, for *prone-ness*, &c.

## FALSE ACCENTUATION.

ar'-o-ma	.	.	.	.	for	a-ro'-ma.
as'-pir-ant	.	.	.	.	for	as-pi'-rant.
ab'-domen	.	.	.	.	for	abdo'-men.
fi'-nance	.	.	.	.	for	fi-nan'ce.
opp'onent	.	.	.	.	for	op-po'-nent.
per'-fume	.	(v.)	.	.	for	per-fu'ma.
per-fu'me	.	(n.)	.	.	for	per'-fume.
pre-ce'-dent	.	(n.)	.	.	for	pre'ce-dent.
pre'-ce-dent	.	(adj.)	.	.	for	pre-ce'-dent.
mischie'v-ous	.	.	.	.	for	mis'-chiev-ous.
adverti'se-ment	.	.	.	.	for	adver'-tishment.
&c. &c.						

Such are a few points which I particularly notice, because it is in them that errors most prevail. The nature of this book does not pretend to go into the whole theory of pronunciation: my object is, practically to correct certain prevalent faults of articulation and pronunciation.

## PRACTICE. — FIRST DIVISION.

## TABLES OF ARTICULATION.

## TONIC SOUNDS.

<sup>1</sup>a-ll <sup>1</sup>-<sup>2</sup>o-n <sup>2</sup>-a-rr <sup>3</sup>-a-t <sup>4</sup>-a-le <sup>5</sup>-th-<sup>5</sup>e-re <sup>5</sup>-<sup>6</sup>and <sup>6</sup>-<sup>6</sup>e-ve <sup>6</sup>-i-ll—  
<sup>7</sup>o-ld <sup>8</sup>-d-<sup>8</sup>o-b <sup>8</sup>-<sup>9</sup>u-ll <sup>9</sup>-<sup>9</sup>u-rr <sup>9</sup>-<sup>9</sup>u-s.

TABLE I.

<sup>3</sup>a.—The tonic sound of *a*, as in <sup>3</sup>*at*, in the

## TERMINATIONS.

al	ant—ance	ar
<i>fa-tal</i>	dis-so- { nant	<i>ar-tic-u-lar</i>
<i>na-tal</i>	{ nance	<i>o-rac-u-lar</i>
<i>mor-tal</i>	con-so- { nant	<i>au-ric-u-lar</i>
<i>pas-chal</i>	{ nance	<i>par-tic-u-lar</i>
<i>his-to-ri-cal</i>	ar-ro- { gant	<i>per-pen-dic-u-lar</i>
<i>pas-to-ral</i>	{ gance	<i>joc-u-lar</i>
<i>més-i-cal</i>	el-e- { gant	<i>mus-cu-lar</i>
<i>su-i-ci-dal</i>	{ gance	<i>ve-hic-u-lar</i>
<i>hom-i-ci-dal</i>	tol-er- { ant	<i>con-su-lar</i>
<i>pic-to-ri-al</i>	{ ance	<i>in-su-lar</i>
	tem-per-ance	
	re-li-ance	
	de-fi-ance	
	va-ri-ance	

<b>a-cy-a-tive</b>	<b>a-ble</b>
im-per-a-tive	a-mi-a-ble
in-dic-a-tive	hon-or-a-ble
pal-li-a-tive	res-pect-a-ble
purg-a-tive	in-val-u-a-ble
pre-rog-a-tive	nav-ig-a-ble
res-tor-a-tive	reass-on-a-ble
lax-a-tive	a-vail-a-ble
pro-vo-ca-tive	sale-a-ble
pi-ra-cy	re-mark-a-ble
con-spir-a-cy	ter-min-a-ble

TABLE II.

<sup>s</sup>  
e.—The short sound of *e* as in *met*, in the <sup>s</sup>

## TERMINATIONS

## ent—ence

pru-dent-ence	in-con-ti-nent-ence	som-no-lent-ence
em-i-nent-ence	dif-fi-dent-ence	im-per-ti-nent-ence.

<b>ess</b>	<b>ety</b>	<b>et</b>
prone-ness	pi-ety	par-a-pet
bless-ed-ness	so-bri-ety	vi-o-let
cost-li-ness	sa-ti-ety	mar-ti-net
laz-i-ness	so-ci-ety	sarce-net
con-tent-ed-ness	con-tra-ri-ety	tab-i-net
su-pine-ness	va-ri-ety	cor-o-net



TABLE III.

<sup>6</sup>  
<sup>6</sup> <sup>6</sup>  
 i.—The short sound of *i*, as in *sin*, *city*.

## TERMINATIONS.

ity	i-ble	i-tive
ami-a-bil-ity	feas-i-ble	len-i-tive
res-pon-si-bil-ity	plau-si-ble	in-fin-i-tive
affa-bil-ity	di-vis-i-ble	sen-si-tive
hos-til-ity	ris-i-ble	de-fin-i-tive
du-pli-city	in-com-pat-i-ble	in-qui-si-tive
di-vin-ity	ter-ri-ble	

TABLE IV.

<sup>9</sup> <sup>9</sup>  
 er-ir.—The borrowed sounds of *e* and *i*, joined to *r*, making <sup>9</sup>*er* and <sup>9</sup>*ir*, as in *her*, *sir*, distinct from the sound of <sup>9</sup>*ur*, as in *cur*, *curl*.

Read the following table across in *triple* column.

er	ir	ur
verse,	first,	curst.
mercy,	thirsty,	durst.
per-verted,	vir-tue,	bursting.
revert,	shirt,	pursed.
pert,	dirty,	nurseling.
heard,	bird,	word.
early,	firmly,	burly.
preferred,	third,	sturdy.

NOTE.—This distinction is easily made by making the *er* and *ir* shorter and lighter (by dwelling less upon them in utterance, and accenting them more rapidly) than *ur*, which has a broader and more open sound.

TABLE V.

7 7

**o-ow.**—The full and round sound of the vowel *o* (as in low) in the vowel *o* and diphthong *ow*, unaccented.

potato,	fol <sup>l</sup> 'ow	will'ow,	fol <sup>l</sup> 'ow-ing.
o-pinion,	fall'ow,	bill'ow,	bell'ow-ing,
o-vation,	fell'ow,	pill'ow,	mell'ow-ing,
in-no-vate,	mell'ow,	holl'ow,	pill'owed,
per-o-ration.			holl'owed.

TABLE VI.

\* <sup>68</sup> **u.**—The diphthongal sound of *ū* (*eu*), as in pure.

## SYLLABLES AND TERMINATIONS.

<b>uce</b>	<b>ume</b>	<b>ue</b>	<b>ual</b>
<b>use</b>	<b>une</b>	<b>uit</b>	<b>unar</b>
<b>uke</b>	<b>ure</b>	<b>ude</b>	<b>uble</b>
pro-duce.	pre-sume.	due—duty.	lu-nar.
ab-use.	tune.	suit.	con-su-lar.
duke.	en-dure.	ex-ude.	vol-u-ble.
re <sup>f</sup> -use.	al-lure.	pre-clude.	joc-u-lar.
ob-tuse.	for'-tune.	pur-sue.	an-nu-al.
re-duce.	con-sume.	con-clude.	rit-u-al.
dif-fuse.	im-por-tune.	im-bue.	for-mu-la.
re-buke.	re-lume.	pur-suit.	sin'g-u-lar.

## EXCEPTIONS TO TABLE VI.

When any of the above syllables are compounded with *r* ; in which cases the pure tonic sound of the <sup>8</sup> *u*, like *oo* in *poor*, prevails, as in *true* ; as,—

truce.	as-su-rance.	tru-ism.
ab-struse.	in-sured.	ru-ler.
pro-trude.	im-brued.	rude-ly.
ru-minate.	ru-in.	crude-ly.
ru-mour.	truth.	in-tru-ding.

And when *ure* is preceded by *s*, it makes *shoore*.<sup>8</sup>

---

#### CONTRAST TABLES.

To render the *distinction* between the above sounds clearer. to the ear, read the following Tables in *double* column for contrast, giving the vowel sounds to each, as in the preceding Tables.

a-tive	i-tive	ant	ent
imper-ative,	len-itive.	arro-gant,	con-ti-nent.
lax-ative,	sen-si-tive.	conso-nant,	somno-lent.
indic-ative,	in-fin-itive.	ele-gant,	emi-nent.
deriv-ative,	defin-itive.	toler-ant,	diffi-dent.
restor-ative,	inquis-itive.	disso-nant,	dili-gent.
		rele-vant,	pru-dent.
		cormo-rant,	immi-nent.

---

able	ible	ess	ous
reason-able,	plaus-ible.	prone-ness,	libidi-nous.
navig-able,	divis-ible.	supine-ness,	multitudi-nous.
avail-able,	feas-ible.	lazi-ness,	opprobri-ous.
respect-able,	incompat-ible.	costli-ness,	glori-ous.
termin-able,	ter-rible.	blessed-ness,	graci-ous.
valu-able,	sen-sible.	contented-ness,	desir-ous.
calcul-able,	intelli-gible.	zealous-ness,	labori-ous.
reason-able	discern-ible.	abstemious-ness,	magnitudi-nous

<b>es</b> <b>u</b>	<b>s</b> <b>u</b>	<b>es</b> <b>u</b>	<b>s</b> <b>u</b>
duke	book	consume	insure
rebuks	undertook	dilate	intrude
produce	abstruse	duplicate	trooper
preclude	protrude	endurance	assurance
denude	rude	confusion	obtrusion
voluble	quadruple	ablution	intrusion
pursue	construe	circular	ruler

<b>or</b>	<b>ar</b>	<b>i-ty</b>	<b>e-ty</b>
or-a-tor	par-ticu-lar	abil-ity	soci-ety
conspira-tor	insu-lar	viril-ity	sobri-ety
counsel-lor	consu-lar	mortal-ity	sati-ety
composi-tor	muscu-lar	dupli-city	contrari-ety
appari-tor	oracu-lar	infin-ity	vari-ety
sena-tor	jocu-lar	docil-ity	pi-ety
moni-tor	auricu-lar		

<b>ate</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>io-ies</b>	<b>ia-oi-ous</b>
vindi-cate	para-pet	vi-ol	vi-al
predi-cate	marti-net	vi-o-let	void-ance
vio-late	vio-let	vi-o-lence	vi-a-duct
adjudi-cate	tabi-net	vi-o-lable	vi-a-ry
poten-tate	sarce-net	se-ri-es	se-ri-ous
prel-ate	coro-net	spe-ci-es	spe-ci-ous

## PRACTICE ON PRONUNCIATION.

(See page 43.)

The *vi-o-let* bloom-*ing* on the *dew-y* ground fills the air with its *per'-fumes*, and the in-*no-cent lily*, amidst the gaudier flowers of the *gar-den*, is an emblem of unassum-*ing* modesty, remain-*ing* unpol-luted and uncontam-*i-nated* by the van-*i-ties* and vices of the world.

---

Honour was the *vir-tue* of the Pagan ; but Chris-ti-an-*ity* teaches a more enlarged and a nobler code—call-*ing* into activ-*ity* all the best feel-*ings* of our na-*ture*—il-lu-*ming* our path through this world with deeds of mer-*cy* and char-*ity*, mutual-ly done and received—and sustain-*ing* us amidst difficulties and temptations, by the hope of a glorious im-mortal-*ity*, in which peace shall be invi-o-lable and joy e-*ter-nal*.

---

Thirst, hunger, and naked-ness are ills inci-dent to hu-man-*ity*, which—however secure we may at present pre-sume ourselves to be from them—we may one day be reduced to experi-*ence*. Let us, therefore, not abuse prosper-*ity*, that we may not be ter-ri-fied at ad-ver-*sity*.

The Pre'sident of the company considered him-  
self bound by the pre'cedents before him; but  
these pre'cedents were prece'dent to the passing of  
the late act, under which prece'dence is given to  
the Pre'sident's nominees.

---

For a se-ri-ous man he was guilty of a se-ri-es  
of absurdities hardly credible.

---

Iras-ci-bi'l-i-ty of temper frequently ac-companies  
infirm-ity of health, but is no ev-i-dence of inhu-  
man-ity of disposition.

---

The horse and the ass ascended the hill at the  
same hour unhurt; and arrived at the Angel Inn  
in the High Street at half-past eight; then  
hastened home to their hay and oats, which the  
ostler had hardly had opportunity to get ready.

---

The vi-o-lence of his dis-po-sition will one day  
lead him into danger and difficulty. He has  
already fought a du-el; he is a reb'el against  
pa-ren-tal authority; his principal occupation is  
pleasure; his princi-ples are unfixed, and the pur-  
suits in which he delights lead him into so-ci-ety  
fa-tal to his respecta-bil-ity. His prone-ness to  
play is very preju-dicial to his health and happi-  
ness: his fi-nan'ces are low, and his credit is  
shaken.

An honourable and high-minded individual interested himself heartily in the happiness of an artist whose extraordinary ingenuity in every article of industry was handsomely acknowledged by the heads of the Academy of Arts

## PART II.

---

ELOCUTION, as an art, is *imitative*; it copies, it *mimics*—as it were—the inflections, tones and variations of the voice in ordinary unrestrained speech. Its rules—which are drawn from observation of these natural tones, inflections and variations—teach us to invest the language of others, or our own pre-meditated and pre-written effusions, with the same variations of voice, inflection, and tone, as we should use, were they the spontaneous and *extempore* outpourings of our immediate thoughts and feelings. And as, in *rhetoric*, we acquire a good *habit* or style of *composition* by a study and analysis of the styles and compositions of others;—so, in Elocution, we acquire an easy habit or style of *delivery*, by exercising ourselves in giving voice and expression to the language and sentiments of others;—till, from practice, what we have done continually by rule and art, in set and studied speech, we execute at last easily and naturally, in spontaneous and original effusions. After mere distinctness of articulation, and correctness of pronunciation, this is the *first* object of Elocution, —to read and speak *easily* and *naturally*.



And this we attain by

1. PAUSE — 2. INFLECTION — 3. EMPHASIS.

---

## 1. PAUSE.

### RHETORICAL PAUSES.

The *grammatical pauses* which are addressed to the *eye* of the *reader* are insufficient for the *speaker*; who addresses himself to the understanding "through the porches of the *ear*." He requires more frequent stopping-places, at more equal intervals, and of better regulated proportionate duration; both for his own ease and relief, to enable him to acquire fresh *impetus* on his journey; and for the convenience of those who follow his steps, that they may be able with facility to keep in his track.

We have, therefore, *rhetorical pauses*, which are independent of, though consistent with, and assistant to, the grammatical pauses. It is essential that the doctrine of rhetorical pause should be distinctly understood; as it not only marks the proper division of thought, and the condition and relation of one part of the sense to another, but its practice is indispensable to the perfect effect of the orator; *without* it, he must totter and stumble through every long and intricate sentence with pain to himself and his auditory: *with* its aid, his movements become regular, certain, and easy.

To prove this, let the student read aloud the three following sentences, without pause of any kind; for there is no *grammatical* pause marked in them. I give them as I find them printed in the several books from which they are taken.

1. Nothing is more prejudicial to the great interests of a nation than unsettled and varying policy.

2. You do not expect from the manufacturer the same dispatch in executing an order that you do from the shopkeeper and warehouseman.

3. There is no doubt that the perception of beauty becomes more exquisite by being studied and refined upon as an object of art.

The reader will feel that in each of these sentences some pause is required, both for his own ease in delivery, and to assist the ear and understanding of the auditor, who is otherwise liable to be confused by a jumble of rapidly uttered phrases thrown together without mark or division of sense and relation.

This shows that some system of pausing is requisite, in reading, and speaking, independent of, though auxiliary to, the grammatical pauses.

For this purpose I adopt *four rhetorical pauses*, viz.—

1. The *short Pause*, thus marked "´", equal, in duration of time, to the *Quaver-rest* in music.

2. The *middle Pause*, "´—", double the time of the *short pause*.

3. The *Rest*, —, or *full Pause*, double the *middle pause*, and equal to the *Minim-rest* in music.

4. The *long Pause*, | , double that of the *rest*, and equal to the *Bar-rest* in music.

Of all these, the first, or short pause ˘, is of the greatest importance, on account of its *continual use*, and its great assistance and relief to the orator, —being rather in the nature of a suspension of the breath, than an absolute pause.

---

### 1. SHORT PAUSE, ˘, or Quaver-rest.

In the first place, the short pause, or quaver-rest, may always be used when a *comma* is used or required in *grammatical* punctuation.

For rhetorical or elocutionary purposes it must have place —

AFTER, —

1. The *nominative phrase* (or it might be called the *subjective phrase*); that is, *several words* composing one phrase, and standing *as* the nominative to some verb: as,—

*The passions of mankind* ˘ too frequently obscure their judgment.

*To act virtuously* ˘ is to act wisely.

*To judge correctly of others* ˘ we should first well know ourselves ;—

for this is as if we said,—

*To judge others justly* ˘ requires us to know ourselves well

2. When the form of the sentence is *inverted*, this pause has place

*After the objective phrase ; as,—*

*By the violence of our passions*™ our judgment is frequently blinded.

*By acting virtuously*™ we act wisely.

*By virtuous conduct*™ we consult our own happiness.

So, when by inversion the *predicate*\* precedes the *subject*, there must be a short pause *after* the predicate; as,—

Sufficient for the day™ is the evil thereof.

The wisest of men™ was Solomon.

The most splendid temple of art™ is the Crystal Palace.

So, in every inversion, there will be a short pause after the first inverted phrase ; as,—

Like a loyal subject™ he defended his king.

Boldly and wisely™ he upheld the constitution of his country.

Brief and few™ were the words he spoke.

Cold and unmoved™ he faced the angry multitude.

The rights of the living™ he violated ; the ashes of the dead™ he desecrated and scattered to the winds.

---

\* By the "*predicate*" logicians mean what is said or *predicated* of a *subject*, as "John (subject) is a good boy" (predicate).

In years, a man<sup>™</sup> simplicity, a child.

On the bare earth<sup>™</sup> exposed he lies.

3. *After the emphatic word of force; and the subject of a sentence, though but one word, if requiring to be particularly marked: as,—*

*Virtue<sup>™</sup>* is the wisest philosophy.

Well, *honor<sup>™</sup>* is<sup>™</sup> the subject of my story.

4. *After each member of a series; as,—*

*Charity<sup>™</sup> joy<sup>™</sup> peace<sup>™</sup> patience<sup>™</sup>* are Christian ornaments of the soul.

(The middle pause has place after the last member of the series.)

*A good heart<sup>™</sup> a tender disposition<sup>™</sup> a charity that shuns the day<sup>™</sup> a modesty that blushes at its own excellence<sup>™</sup>* such are the accomplishments<sup>™</sup> that please in youth<sup>™</sup> and endure in age.

In the second place—the *short pause* is to be used—

BEFORE—

5. *The infinitive mood; as,—*

We are all called upon<sup>™</sup> to assist our fellow creatures in distress.

6. Before *prepositions*, when they govern a whole clause of a sentence; but not when they occur in the body of the clause or phrase \*: as,—

It is prudent<sup>™</sup> in every man<sup>™</sup> to make early provision<sup>™</sup> against the wants of age<sup>™</sup> and the chances of accident.

---

\* i. e. not when forming the *genitive case*.

Here the prepositions "*in*" and "*against*" govern respectively the words or clauses which they precede ; they form points of division or *land marks* of the meaning ; they consequently require a pause *before* them to indicate that division ; but the preposition "*of*" in the clauses "*wants of age*" and "*chances of accident*" is not to be marked with a preceding pause, for it is only part of a *phrase*, and forms no division of meaning : for in Elocution the phrases "*wants of age*" and "*chances of accident*" would be respectively read as one *word*, as if written and accented "*wánts-of-áge*" and "*chánces-of-ac'cident*."

7. Before *relative* pronouns ; as,—

These are the men<sup>™</sup> *who* desire your support.

Such are the errors<sup>™</sup> *which* you must avoid ; such the example<sup>™</sup> *which* you should emulate.

8. Before *conjunctions* ; and *adverbs* of *time*, *similitude*, and some others : as,—

Nations<sup>™</sup> *like* men<sup>™</sup> fail in nothing<sup>™</sup> *which* they boldly undertake<sup>™</sup> *when* sustained<sup>™</sup> by virtuous purpose<sup>™</sup> *and* firm resolution.

When the conjunctions "*and*," "*but*," "*or*," serve merely as connecting *links* to a phrase conveying a whole idea, or of words and ideas *closely* allied to each other, there should be *no* pause before them (analogous to the rule respecting prepositions) ; for pause is intended to mark the division of one clause, and one step in the progress of the meaning, from another : as,—

A virtuous life™ most surely conduces to peace *and* happiness.

Here there should be *no* pause before *and*; the ideas it links together are so similar and so allied to each other, as not to admit of being disjoined. But, if the sentence stood—

A virtuous life™ will secure peace to our youth™ and happiness to our age,—

a pause, as marked, would be required before the conjunction *and*, separating, as it does, two distinct clauses, conveying distinctly separate, though not dissimilar ideas.

9. The short pause has also place on an *ellipsis*, supplying the omitted word; as,—

Such is the example™ you are offered.

(Here the pause supplies the place of *which*).

A people™ once enslaved™ may groan™ ages™ in bondage,  
(instead of “*for* ages”).

NOTE.—Never pause between the *verb* and its *objective* case, in a *direct* sentence, unless other words intervene; except for the sake of emphasis.

## 2. MIDDLE PAUSE,™, or Crotchet-rest,

Frequently occurs in the middle of a sentence, —which it serves to divide, by separating the

opening, or what may be called the incomplete or *hypothetical* part, from the closing or winding up of the sentence, — where the *sense* is *perfected*.

## EXAMPLES.

If the world is not the work of chance —  
it must have had an intelligent Maker.

Although you see not many possessed of a good taste —  
yet the generality of mankind are capable of it.

Nations, like men, fail in nothing which they boldly undertake —  
when sustained by virtuous purpose and firm resolution.

## RULE 1.

The middle pause *precedes* and *marks* the *commencement* of the *climax* of the sense of a sentence.

And now, applying *all* the preceding rules for pause, let the student read aloud the three extracts, which he has already read without the rhetorical pauses; and he cannot fail to perceive the advantage he will gain in ease and effect.

They would be marked, as to rhetorical pauses, as follows:

1. Nothing is more prejudicial — to the great interests of a nation —  
than unsettled and varying policy.
2. You do not expect — from the manufacturer — the same dispatch — in executing an order — that you do — from the shopkeeper and warehouseman.
3. There is no doubt — that the perception of beauty — be-



comes more exquisite™ by being studied and refined upon™ as an object of art.

### RULE 2.

The middle pause also should be used after the *last* member of a series, before the verb or phrase which is common to all the members.

### EXAMPLES.

Charity™ joy™ peace™ patience™ are Christian ornaments of the soul.

To be courteous to one's equals™ respectful to one's superiors™ mild and condescending to one's inferiors™ these are sound points of conduct™ which distinguish the gentleman™ from the pretender to good breeding.

### RULE 3.

The middle pause is also used to mark a *parenthesis*, or any *parenthetical interruption* of the sense ; unless it be very slight ; in which latter case the short pause is sufficient.

### EXAMPLES.

1. Men of superior genius™  
     while they see the rest of mankind™ painfully  
     struggling™ to comprehend obvious truths™  
     glance™ themselves™ like lightning™  
     through the most remote consequences.
2. Genius™ the pride of man™  
     as man is of the creation™  
     has been possessed but by few.

The judicious use of the short pause and the middle pause, serves also to class and divide mem-

bers of sentences in logical and clear division, according as they are more or less immediately connected with each other in thought and construction ; hence follows, as a—

#### GENERAL RULE.

Clauses of sentences having immediate reference to each other, can be divided only by the *short* pause ; while they must be separated from other clauses with which they are less connected, by the *middle* pause.

#### EXAMPLE.

These are the men, " to whom, "—  
arrayed in all the terrors of government, " I would say, "—  
you shall not degrade us into brutes.

If, in this sentence, we make a short pause only after *to whom*, the next clause of the sentence, *arrayed in all the terrors of government*, would appear to refer to *the men to whom* ; whereas, being separated, as it is, from those words, by the middle pause, it is assigned to the pronoun *I*, to which it really belongs.

The middle pause is also frequently used in place of the grammatical *period* or *full stop*, between two sentences, which are closely allied to each other in relation to the sense which they bear out, — as will be presently shown.

### 3. THE REST, —, OR FULL PAUSE,

Marks the *perfection* of the sense, that is, the *climax* of its force ; as, *the close of a proposition*.

The *full-stop*, which is used in *grammatical* punctuation to mark the close of a *sentence* or *period*, is not a sufficiently distinct guide ; for it frequently closes a *sentence* which is intimately allied

by the *continuity* of the *sense*, with the *next*, and perhaps with *several* succeeding *periods*. In such cases, the *punctum* or full-stop which marks the grammatical close of a sentence, should be rejected in reading ; the *middle pause* should be used in its stead ; and the *rest* or *full pause* should not be introduced till the actual winding up of all the sentences which have a close relation to each other in continuing or carrying out the *sense* to its *climax* or *perfect close*.

Take the following sentences, with their *grammatical* punctuation, as an —

#### EXAMPLE.

Logicians may reason about abstractions, but the great mass of mankind can never feel an interest in them. They must have images.

Now here the *second* short sentence is intimately connected with, and, in its relation to the *sense*, forms *part* of the first ; in fact, it completes and closes the proposition which the first sentence opened and began. Yet it is divided from that first sentence (with which, in its relation to the *sense*, it is so intimately connected) by the *grammatical full-stop* or period ; and yet the close of the whole proposition contained in these two sentences admits, in *grammatical punctuation*, of *no greater* division from what may follow, in support and illustration of that proposition, than the same *period* or *full-stop*, which has been already used to separate the *two parts* of the *whole proposition*. This is *illogical*. The two sentences should thus be *relatively* marked and read with rhetorical pause :—

Logicians may reason about abstractions,™— but the great mass of mankind™ can never feel an interest in them™— They must have images. —

For further illustration, I give the following sentences, marked both grammatically and *rhetorically*, by which it will be seen that the *period* or *full-stop* is frequently used when the *middle pause* is sufficient, and indeed absolutely necessary, to keep up the continuity of the sense, or the carrying out of an idea ; and that, *at the full close* of the relation between the sentences so divided by the *middle pause*, and not till then,—the *full pause* should have place.

## EXAMPLE.

I have always preferred cheerfulness™ to mirth.™ The latter I consider as an act,™ the former™ as a habit of the mind.™ Mirth™ is short and transient,™ cheerfulness™ fixed and permanent.™ Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth™ who are subject to the greatest depression of melancholy:™ on the contrary™, cheerfulness™, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness™, prevents us falling into such a depth of sorrow.™ Mirth™ is like a flash of lightning™ that breaks through a gloom of clouds™ and glitters for a moment ;™ cheerfulness™ keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind,™ and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity. —

Now, each of the above sentences is intimately connected with the succeeding one. Each is only an amplification and illustration of the original proposition, which it serves to establish and carry completely out. They cannot therefore *logically* admit of a greater separation by pause than that which I have marked above: their final close alone can be marked with the *full pause*.

## 4. LONG PAUSE, |, or Bar-rest,

Marks the close of a subject, or of an important division of it.

*It precedes—*

*The change from one division of a discourse to another ;*

*A new train of ideas or course of argument ;*

*A return from a digression, or from excited declamation to calm statement and logical discussion.*

This pause affords an opportunity to *correct the tone or pitch of voice*, which may have reached a high range in the excitement of earnest argument or intense feeling, and will therefore require to be lowered for the relief both of speaker and hearer. In this latter regard the long pause is of great use and assistance to the reader and the orator.

The system of *Rhetorical Pause* deserves the student's best attention ; for its proper application will contribute greatly to the perspicuity and effect of his discourse, as well as to his own ease in delivery, by a just economy of breath.

Let him now read aloud the following *marked*

## EXERCISE ON PAUSE.

## SENSE™ TASTE™ AND GENIUS.-

USHER.

The human genius™ with the best assistance™ breaks forth but slowly™- and the greatest men™ have but gradually acquired a just taste™ and simple™ conceptions of beauty- At an

immature age the sense of beauty is weak and confused and requires an excess of colouring to catch the attention. It then prefers extravagance and rant to justness a gross false wit to the engaging light of nature and the showy rich and glaring to the fine and amiable. This is the childhood of taste but as the human genius strengthens and grows to maturity if it be assisted by a happy education the sense of universal beauty awakes it begins to be disgusted with the false and mis-shapen deceptions that pleased before and rests with delight on elegant simplicity on pictures of easy beauty and unaffected grandeur.

The progress of the fine arts in the human mind may be fixed at three remarkable degrees from their foundation to the loftiest height. The basis is a sense of beauty and of the sublime the second step we may call taste and the last genius.

A sense of the beautiful and of the great is universal which appears from the uniformity thereof in the most distant ages and nations. What was engaging and sublime in ancient Greece and Rome is so at this day and as I observed before there is not the least necessity of improvement or science to discover the charms of a graceful or noble deportment. There is a fine but an ineffectual light in the breast of man. After nightfall we have admired the planet Venus the beauty and vivacity of her lustre the immense distance from which we judged her

beams issued and the silence of the night all concurred to strike us with an agreeable amazement. But she shone in distinguished beauty without giving sufficient light to direct our steps or show us the objects around. Thus in unimproved nature the light of the mind is bright and useless. In utter barbarity our prospect of it is still less fixed it appears and then again seems wholly to vanish in the savage breast like the same planet Venus when she has but just raised her orient beams to mariners above the waves and is now descried now lost through the swelling billows.

The next step is taste the subject of our inquiry which consists in a distinct unconfused knowledge of the great and beautiful. Although you see not many possessed of good taste yet the generality of mankind are capable of it. The very populace of Athens had acquired a good taste by habit and fine examples so that a delicacy of judgment seemed natural to all who breathed the air of that elegant city. We find a manly and elevated sense distinguish the common people of Rome and of all the cities of Greece while the level of mankind was preserved in those cities while the plebeians had a share in the government and an utter separation was not made between them and the nobles by wealth and luxury. But when once the common people are rent asunder wholly from the great and opulent and made subservient to the luxury of the latter then the taste of nature infallibly

takes her flight from both parties™. The poor™ by a sordid habit and an attention wholly confined to mean views™ and the rich™ by an attention to the changeable modes of fancy™ and a vitiated preference™ for the rich and costly™ lose the view of simple beauty and grandeur -

It may seem a paradox™ and yet™ I am firmly persuaded™ that it would be easier™ at this day™ to give a good taste™ to the young savages of America™ than to the noble youth of Europe :

Genius™ the pride of man™ as man is of the creation™ has been possessed but by few™ even in the brightest ages- Men of superior genius™ while they see the rest of mankind™ painfully struggling™ to comprehend obvious truths™ glance™ themselves™ through the most remote consequences™ like lightning™ through a path™ that cannot be traced™ They see the beauties of nature™ with light and warmth™ and paint them forcibly™ without effort™ as the morning sun™ does the scenes he rises upon™ and™ in several instances™ communicate to objects™ a morning freshness™ and unaccountable lustre™ that is not seen in the creation of nature- The poet™ the statuary™ the painter™ have produced images™ that left nature far behind :

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## 2. INFLECTION.

The human voice is to be considered as a musical instrument—an organ ; constructed by the hand of the Great Master of all Harmony. It has its bellows, its pipe, its mouth-piece ; and when we know the “stops” “it will discourse most eloquent music.” It has its *gamut*, or scale of ascent and descent ; it has its keys, or pitch,—its tones,—its semi-tones, its bass, its tenor, its alt,—its melody, its cadence. It can speak as gently as the lute, “like the sweet south upon a bed of violets,” or as shrilly as the trumpet ; it can tune the “silver sweet” note of love, and “the iron throat of war ;” in fine, it may be modulated by art to any sound of softness or of strength, of gentleness or harshness, of harmony, or discord. And the art that wins this music from the strings is ELOCUTION. The niceties and refinements of this art are to be acquired, step by step, by well-directed practice.

At present, let us learn a *simple ascent* (or *rise*), and *descent* (or *fall*), of the voice ; of the range of—say one *tone* in music, upwards or downwards. This ascent or descent of the voice is called by Elocutionists, INFLECTION\*, and they have two—

## SIMPLE INFLECTIONS.

The *rising inflection*, marked with the acute accent thus —

The *falling inflection*, marked with the grave accent thus —

---

\* The correct term for this *slide* of the voice, or change of

The student may always, at will, strike these inflections with certainty by asking himself the following question, which can hardly be spoken without making the inflections distinctly, as they are marked :—

## EXAMPLE.

Did I <sup>rise</sup> or <sup>fall</sup> ?

In which the rising inflection occurs on the word *rise*, and the falling inflection on the word *fall*. It can therefore never be forgotten, and may serve as a *mnemonic* or *key* to these two simple inflections.

This and similar questions run on an ascending and descending scale of the voice, which may be thus indicated :—



In which the voice *descends* on "*Do I*,"—*ascends* on "*rise*," the pitch being at the highest on "*or*," when the voice immediately *descends* on "*fall*."

pitch from low to high, is doubtless *accent*. We derive the *grave* and *acute* accents from the Greeks, who, it is supposed, used them to denote the slides of the voice from grave to sharp, or low to high; so that it is believed by some that the speeches of their orators could be marked, almost as minutely as a musical score, for the direction of the voice. But the term *accent* has, by custom, now grown to be so constantly applied to *stress* upon a syllable, that I prefer to adopt the less technically correct, but equally intelligible term, *inflection*, to denote the slides of the voice; and to use the term *accent* in its present popularly received sense.

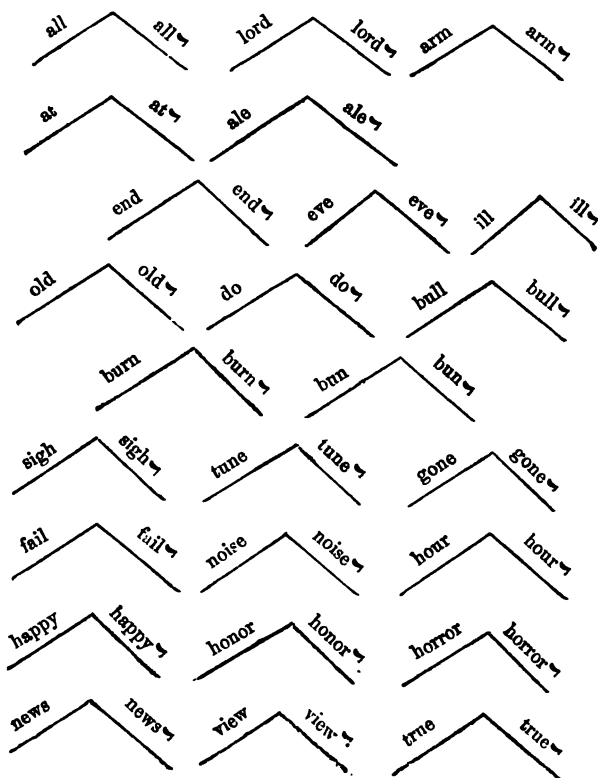
This ascent of the voice, or rising inflection, varies in its ordinary range from *one* tone to *three*. The pitch increases as the force of the speaker increases. In ordinary speech, where no particular force is given—in a perfectly indifferent question, for example,—the rise would not be more than of *one* tone. Such a question, for example, as,—

“Will my brother come?”

asked quite *indifferently*, would receive an ascent of *one* tone: asked with *interest*, would receive an ascent of *three* tones; asked *eagerly*, would rise *five* tones; and asked with a *passionate expression*, or of *wonder*, would rise even an *octave*; but, in reading or speaking with any degree of force, the simple rising inflection is usually over an interval of three tones (*a third*); and the descent of the falling inflection is over the same interval. And the change of pitch is *discrete*; that is, the voice *leaps* directly and abruptly from tone to tone; whereas, in the greater ascent of a *fifth*, and an *octave*, it is *concrete*; that is, it *slides* over the interval, *slurring* the intermediate tones: this distinction will be more fully explained under the head of *compound inflections*.

To facilitate and familiarise to the pupil's ear and voice the distinction between the rising and falling inflection, let him practise the tonic sounds, upon the following plan of rising and falling on each.

This practice will be of great service in improving the pitch of the voice, and giving it facility and pliability. The student should therefore practise it till he can strike the third, and falling, clearly, forcibly, and with certainty.



## INFLECTIONS TO MARK THE SENSE.

The popular or common direction — *drop your voice at the end of a sentence* — is illogical and false ; and is the cause of a very general bad habit with young readers, and one which they seldom shake off in after-life except under good instruction, — that of letting the voice *sink* in pitch and tone and fulness on the concluding word or words of every sentence ; the effect of which is, that the last words of a sentence which are essential to complete the whole sense, — and without which the auditor can only guess at the speaker's meaning, — are not heard at all ; or, if even heard, are deprived of all force, by the listless manner in which they fall from the mouth. This is, of all things, to be avoided. The last words of a sentence are as important as the first, — indeed, they are generally more so : therefore let them have always full enunciation and weight in delivery ; or your meaning will be imperfect and uncertain.

The inflection proper to the close of a sentence depends upon the form or nature of that sentence : whether it be affirmative, — negative, or interrogative ; or whether the full sense be complete or suspended ; for, as a principle, the *rising* inflection is the mark of *incomplete sense*, as the *falling* inflection denotes the *close* or *completion* of the *sense* of a sentence ; and the inflection required is regulated by the *condition of the sense*.

## RULES.

## 1 AFFIRMATIVE sense.

A simple unqualified affirmative is marked with the *falling* inflection : as,—

I have just returned: I have been long absent.

Julius Cæsar conquered at Pharsalia.

## 2. NEGATIVE sense—

is marked with the *rising* inflection: as,—

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.

The quality of mercy is not strained.

This is not a time for adulation.

It is not a book I want.

*Note that the rising inflection is to be placed on the word or idea negated ; the negative particle not has usually a falling inflection, for force ; and when the denial is intended to be emphatic, it will be marked by the falling inflection : as,—*

I will *not* stay.

This book is *not* mine.

I denied you *not*.

From the above rules it follows, that,—

In a sentence containing an affirmative in one branch of it, and a negative or denial in the other,—

3. The affirmative part of the sentence receives the *falling* inflection, the negative part the *rising* inflection; whatever may be the construction of the sentence as to the precedence of the once branch or the other: as,—

I said good, not bad: virtuous, not vicious.

He was condemned for his crimes, not for his political opinions.

This book is not mine, but yours.

This letter is yours, not mine.

This is not a time for adulation; it is necessary to speak the plain truth.

You said you were coming home, but you did not come; you went another way.

No; I did not.

But an affirmative clause, *forming part of the whole negative*, shall receive the *rising* inflection: as,—

We shall not be condemned because we have spoken truth: *i.e.*, our having spoken truth will not condemn us.

He was not punished on account of his political opinions: *i.e.*, it was not on account of his political opinions that he was punished.

The *reading* would be quite different if the same clause were intended to be affirmative in meaning, though occurring in a negative sentence: as,—

We shall not be condemned because we have spoken truth: *i. e.*, our truth will save us.

He was not punished on account of his political opinions: *i.e.*, his political opinions saved him from punishment.

4. The IMPERATIVE sense—  
requires the falling inflection.

Swear not at all.

Agree with thine adversary quickly.

Thou shalt not steal.

Hence, horrible shadow!

Unreal mockery, hence!

Let me hear no more!

Speak, I charge you!

5. INTERROGATIVE sense—  
is marked by the *rising* inflection: as, —

Did he say he would come?

Will he be here to-day?

Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel, or under a  
bed? \*—(Mark iv. 21.)

#### EXCEPTIONS AND REMARKS.

Questions asked with an *interrogative pronoun or adverb*—  
*who, which, what, when, where, &c.*: as,—

Who said he would come? Why so?

What said he?

Whose house is this?

---

\* See Introduction to this work, in reply to the Rt. Rev. Dr  
Whately's Elements of Rhetoric, Part IV., c ii § 12.



When will he be here?

The *alternative* part of a question also requires the *falling* inflection: as,—

Will he live or die?

Did he say he would come or did he say he would not?

But the introduction of the disjunctive *or*, between two interrogative clauses, does not necessarily imply an *alternative*; *or* is frequently a *connecting* particle between similar and apposite ideas\*; in such cases, *both* clauses of the interrogative will take the rising inflection; and the second will be frequently higher and stronger than the first.

#### EXAMPLES.

Do men gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?

Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel, or under a bed?

Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust?

Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

In these examples *or* is rather *con-junctive* than *dis-junctive*; that is, it serves to unite like ideas, not to separate dissimilar ones; and the inflection on each clause must therefore be alike.

Even Elocutionists frequently overlook this distinction, and consequently mark and read passages falsely.

A *stated* or *quoted* question, occurring in an affirmative sentence, requires the falling inflection: as,—

The question is—shall we proceed?

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\* See APPPOSITION.

He desires me to ask you—will you persevere ?

*But,*

Such *stated* or *quoted question* occurring in a simple *interrogative* or *negative* sentence, will receive the *inflection* due to the sentence : as,—

Will you still go about and ask one another—what news?

I did not ask, what news?

For it is the condition of the *sense*—*i. e.*, whether finished or unfinished,—that governs the inflection due to a sentence.

Departures from the above general rules of inflection are occasionally made for force and effect under the power of *emphasis*.

### 3. EMPHASIS

Is a word of Greek origin and form, adopted into our language ; its derivation is *εν* (*on*) and *φημι* (*to speak*), or *φασις* (*speech*) : according to which, therefore, emphasis strictly signifies *a speaking (strongly) upon* ; or, as it is *popularly* called, a *stress of the voice* upon a certain word, or words, to which a particular meaning or force is attached, and particular attention desired : and this is called the *emphatic word* ; I denote it by this *line* — written under the word, thus :—

He spoke for religion, not against it.

<sup>—</sup>      <sup>—</sup>      <sup>—</sup>      <sup>—</sup>  
This book is mine, that yours.

In the utterance of the above sentences, the words marked as emphatic receive an impulse or explosive *force of sound*, which distinguishes their power and importance above the other words. Just in the same manner as what we call the *accented syllable* in any word is marked by *stress*, or stroke of sound, from the other syllables with which it is combined : as in the words—

v<sup>ir</sup>-tue, m<sup>er</sup>-ciful, p<sup>ol</sup>-icy, res<sup>ol</sup>u-tion, c<sup>on</sup>-stancy,

in which the *stress*, or impulse of sound, is thrown on to one particular syllable, which is popularly called the accented\*, but more properly, the *heavy syllable*, in contradiction to the *light*, or, as they are called, unaccented syllables ; which have no *weight* of sound, or *stress* upon them : so, in a sentence, the stress or emphasis being thrown, by an impulse of sound, on any particular word, that word is called *the emphatic word*. And, in fact, this *emphasis*, when applied to a word, falls always on the accented or heavy syllable of the word, *doubling* the *stress* upon it. We shall presently see that *emphasis* requires, to be complete, not only *stress*, but *inflection* ; and that that inflection is governed by the character of the emphasis.

But, first, it is proper to observe here the distinction between our language and that of the

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\* See INFLECTION, and note to p. 72.

Greeks and Romans, who measured the march of their language by *quantity*, or long — and short syllables : and all the words of their language had a *certain* and *fixed* prosodial *quantity* ; according to which their verses are supposed to have been constructed and scanned or measured. Our language, on the contrary, acknowledges no fixed and certain quantity to its syllables ; the distinction between which is of *light* and *heavy*, not of long and short : for the length or *time* of utterance to be given to a word or syllable in our language, is regulated not by any fixed prosodial rule (to which it is not amenable), but by other circumstances of a varying nature ; as, its force and value to the sense, or the amount of feeling that is to be conveyed by or upon it ; so that in our versification, it constantly happens that, in its relative proportion in a line, the same word is sometimes long, sometimes short ; and indeed, it will be manifest to any ear, that monosyllables, such as *care*, *there*, *loud*, *bold*, &c. may be prolonged *at will* to any indefinite *time*, so as to give to them the quantity of a *quaver*, a *crotchet*, a *minim*, or even a *semibreve*. This clearly does away with the idea of a settled rule of quantity in our language ; the *rhythmus* (or order) of which is governed by another principle, that of the regular arrangement of heavy and light sounds, or syllables ; and this it is, not *quantity*, which makes the rhythm of English versification. This will be more fully treated of under the head of “ *Time*,” in the chapter devoted to the *Reading of Verse*.

Here it is necessary to remark, that there is a

certain rhythmical, or measured, movement even in prose ; not so regularly preserved as in verse, but still requiring to be noted and marked in reading.

In some elaborate compositions, indeed, where the cadences are very regular, the rhythm and time are preserved with much exactness ; and it is a great beauty in elocution to mark them by the *pulsation* and *remission* of the voice, on the *heavy* and *light* syllables respectively, and by a due observance of *time* or measure.

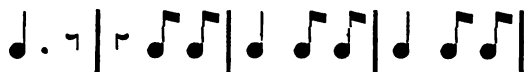
Take, as an example, the following, by Dr. Johnson, in common time : The notation is only to show the *time*, and the *barring* marks the *rhythmical accentuation* :—



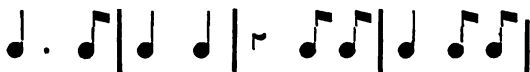
Sir the a- tro- cious crime of be- ing a



young man which the hon- our- a- ble gen- tle- man



has with such spi- rit and de- cen- cy



charged up- on me I shall neith- er at-

tempt to pal-li-ate nor do-ny;

but con-tent my-self with wish-ing

that I may be one of those whose

fol-lis may cease with their youth,

and not of that num-ber who are

ig-no-rant in spite of ex-pe-ri-ence.

In this example I have marked the accented or heavy syllables which require *pulsation* of voice; and it will be observed that the *first* note of the bar is always *accented*, or its place is supplied by a *rest* or *pause*, which, with the other notes, fills up the cadence, and completes the bar; for *rests* or *pauses* are as essential a part of the rhythm as the notes themselves, and, in verse especially, it is on their due and proportionate ob-

servance, as well as of the *heavy* and *light* syllables, that rhythm depends. All this is more fully explained hereafter: but I thought thus much, on the subject of *quantity* and *stress* (or *accent*) necessary to be remarked before proceeding with *Emphasis*, of which *stress* is an essential constituent.

The power of emphasis to strengthen or change the meaning of any sentence is very great; and its proper use in delivery adds greatly to the point and power of a discourse; hence some orators are called *emphatic* speakers, when it is intended that their style is *pointed* and forcible. But Emphasis is not *merely* stress or weight of voice: it is made up of *stress* and *inflection*; accordingly, —

EMPHASIS is *stress* and *inflection* of voice.

There are two principal kinds of Emphasis —

1. Emphasis of *sense*.
2. Emphasis of *force*.

1. Emphasis of *sense* is that emphasis which *marks* and *indicates* the *meaning* or *sense* of the sentence; and which being transferred from word to word, has power to change and vary the *particular* meaning of such sentence. In other words, it is the placing on the particular *word* which carries the main point of the sentence, or member of the sentence, the inflection *due to such sentence or member*, and giving *weight* or emphasis to such inflection: — the word so marked and distinguished is called *the emphatic word*.

RULE.

To make the *emphasis of sense* throw the *inflection* proper to the sentence, or member of it, on the *emphatic word*; and give *weight* or *stress* on that *inflection*; that is, let the ascent or descent, as the inflection may be rising or falling, take a greater range of pitch, high or low, with an *impulse* of voice.

Thus—

The following interrogative sentence requires the rising inflection. Now, by placing that inflection on any *one word* and at the same time giving *weight* or *stress* to that inflection—the sense will be emphasised on that particular word; and as the emphasis of sense is *changed* from word to word, the *point* of the sense will be varied accordingly.

Did you walk home to-day?

or,

Did you walk home to-day?

or,

Did you walk home to-day?

or,

Did you walk home to-day?

or,

Did you walk home to-day?

The emphasis of sense, therefore, points the inflection and meaning of a sentence, or member of it, on some particular word: and the inflection is *rising or falling* according to the rule applicable to the particular sentence, or member of it, in which that word occurs.



Now, suppose the above question were asked quite *indifferently*, without any point at all, merely "for something to say," the rising inflection at the end of the interrogative could not be higher than a *semitone*, or a full *tone* at most; but if the inquiry were made with a point on any of the words marked emphatic above, the inflection of interrogation transferred to that particular word would take an ascent of a *third*, or three tones, in ordinary conversation; or of a *fifth*, in a very earnest inquiry: and the greater the range of pitch given to the inflection, the greater the force of the emphasis.

There are branches of the emphasis of sense incidental to particular rules of inflection; as,—

*Antithetical Emphasis—*

Emphasis with *pronominal phrase*, &c.

of which I shall speak under the proper heads.

2. Emphasis of *force*, or, it might be called Emphasis of *feeling*, is that emphasis or stress which a speaker uses arbitrarily to add *force* to some particular idea or expression; *not* because the *sense* or meaning intended to be conveyed requires it,—but because the *force* of his own *feeling* or will dictates it.

**RULE.**

The emphasis of force is always made with the *falling inflection*.

## EXAMPLES.

Could you be so cruel ?

(Conveying *Is it possible ! I am surprised you could be, &c.*)

Could you be so cruel ?

(That is, so *exceedingly cruel*.)

I did not say so.

(That is, *I deny it most strongly*.)

These sentences—interrogative and negative—by ordinary rule, would have the *rising* inflection; but the emphasis of force being placed on the word *could or cruel*, and *not*, gives them the *falling* inflection, without at all affecting the *sense*—though it gives *force* to the *intention* of the *speaker*.

Emphasis of *force* placed on a conjunction, or other ordinarily trivial word, will give it an *intention* and particular significance ; as, —

You may follow your own course in this matter if you please, but you will take the consequence of your obstinacy.

The *force* thus placed on “but” gives it an admonitory significance; as if the speaker should say, “*Bear in mind, I warned you.*”

## RULE.

Emphasis of *force* introduced into a declaratory sentence in affirmative form, and placed on the verb, will govern (that is, require) a rising inflection on the objective or succeeding phrase.

For example,—

I make the simple declaration, as a truth that may be universally acknowledged, *viz.*

In the prosecution of a virtuous enterprise, a brave man  
despises danger and difficulty.

Thus inflected and pronounced the sentence is a mere truism; but if I myself, or a friend, be engaged in some scheme for the public good not devoid of danger and difficulty to himself or me, and doubts be made by an opponent whether we will proceed to the end, through all the dangers and difficulties that oppose us; then if, in the course of reply to such doubts, I were to express myself as above, I should certainly show my *contempt* of the idea of *cowardice* or want of resolution suggested, by placing an *emphasis of force* on the word "*despises*," and the sentence, then, would read thus: —

In the prosecution of a virtuous enterprise a brave man  
despises danger and difficulty.

So, if the form of the sentence be changed, the rising inflection will still close it, after the *emphasis of force*.

In the prosecution of a virtuous enterprise, danger and  
difficulty are despised by a brave man.

Again,—

A brave man despises danger and difficulty in the pro-  
secution of a virtuous enterprise.

Bear in mind, therefore, that this emphasis of force, when it is made, is independent of and para-

mount to all general rule of inflection; which it controls and *over*-rules.

Emphasis of force is sometimes *doubled*; as,—

Could you be so cruel?

In which the force is thrown on *two* words, and expresses as much as if the speaker said,—

Can it be possible that you are what I consider so shockingly cruel!

There is also CUMULATIVE or *accumulated* emphasis of force; that is, when the emphasis is *heaped* or accumulated on several words in succession; as,—

I tell you, I will not do it; nothing on earth shall  
persuade me.

This is the strongest expression of force by emphasis. I shall have occasion to illustrate it more fully hereafter.

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#### EXCESS OF EMPHASIS OF FORCE.

The continual use of this emphasis is to be avoided, not only as displeasing in its effect on the ear, but as tending, from repetition, to defeat its very object. Relief of *loud* and *soft*, *strong* and *gentle*, is as necessary to elocution as are light and shade to a picture: and he who is continually hammering the ear with reiterated strokes of emphasis, instead

of being really a powerful speaker, will weary and disgust the good taste of his auditors. *Non semper tendit arcum Apollo*: nor should the orator be always straining for force and effect: the "*use all gently*" of Shakspeare cannot be too often repeated, nor too reverently observed. Exaggeration is the *rock a-head* of the young and enthusiastic artist. "*Prythee! avoid it!*"

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## PERIODS AND LOOSE SENTENCES.

### SUSPENSION OF VOICE—INFLECTION.

DR. WHATELY defines a period to be "any sentence which is so framed that the grammatical construction will not admit of a close before the end of it; in which, in short, the meaning remains suspended, as it were, till the whole is finished. A *loose* sentence, on the contrary, is any that is not a period; any whose construction will allow of a stop so as to form a perfect sentence at one or more places before we arrive at the end."—*Elements of Rhetoric*, Part III., c. 11. § 12.

Adopting these definitions, it will be necessary to observe some general rules for the inflection of simple sentences, periods, and loose sentences, which shall make them not only easy of delivery to the speaker, but easy to be followed by the hearer.

"An unexpected continuation of a sentence," says Dr. Whately, "which the reader had supposed to be concluded, *especially if, in reading aloud, he had, under that supposition, dropped his voice*, is apt to

produce a sensation in the mind of being disagreeably baulked ; analogous to the unpleasant jar which is felt when, in ascending or descending stairs, we meet with a step more than we expected : and if this be often repeated, as in a *very* loose sentence, a kind of weary impatience results from the uncertainty when the sentence is to close."

Now, this is perfectly true ; and the illustration of the *false step on the staircase* is admirably expressive of the stumbling uncertainty of a *bad reader* floundering through the clauses of a loose sentence. Very loose sentences frequently occurring may be, no doubt, a great defect in style ; but it is in the power of a skilful reader or speaker so to deliver even the *loosest* sentence as to make it hang together with some consistency, and to soften down its jagged and broken effect.

I will take the following example which Dr. Whately gives of a *very* loose sentence ; in which, as, he observes, there are "no less than five places marked by dashes (—), at any one of which the sentence might be terminated, so as to be grammatically perfect."\*

Dr. Whately's *example* of a loose sentence :—

"We came to our journey's end—at last—with no small difficulty—after much fatigue—through deep roads—and bad weather."

Now, the above sentence, loose as it is, may be

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\* Elements of Rhetoric, Part III., c. 2. § 12. ; see also the sentence from the Liturgy, p. 133. of this work.

so read or delivered as to appear compact and smooth, "*teres atque rotundus*;" thus,—

"We came to our journey's end at last, with no small difficulty—after much fatigue—through deep roads and bad weather."

I should myself very much prefer the loose sentence, read as marked above, for its superior ease and naturalness, to the formal period into which it is converted by Dr. Whately; viz,—

"At last, after much fatigue, through deep roads and bad weather, we came with no small difficulty to our journey's end."

Every one, I think, must feel that this period is very much too set and formal for the matter, and has a pedantic tone. For my own part, I hold that loose sentences judiciously employed in a spoken oration, tend to give it force, and an appearance of spontaneity; while the perpetual use of the more formal period is apt to throw an air of premeditation and artifice over the whole. But it lies with the reader or speaker to impart ease and smoothness to the loosest sentence, so that it shall come "trippingly from the tongue;" by the aid of correct pause and just inflection.

Supposing that the "dashes" marked by Dr. Whately indicate a *pause* and *fall of the voice* at each dash, then we shall have the sentence delivered in the very *perfection of bad reading*, and the *false steps on the stairs* will be painfully felt; thus :—

" We came to our journey's end—at last—with no small difficulty—after much fatigue—through deep roads—and bad weather."

Now, there are persons who read just in that bungling, uncertain manner,—persons, too, who perfectly understand the meaning of what they are reading, but have not the least idea (for want of some *system*) of the mode of conveying that meaning to others ; and Dr. Whately's happy illustration of the effect of a loose sentence has reference to the *ear*, in the reading of it : a tacit admission that the good or bad effect of such a sentence may be diminished or increased by the manner in which it is read : from which it would seem to follow that some principles for the reading of periods and loose sentences must be of service.

Observe, then, in the first place, that there is a distinction between *suspension* of voice,—by which I mean holding the voice up, and *not letting it fall*—and a *rising inflection*, which, as we have seen, is *an ascent of the voice*.

Inflection marks and denotes *meaning*, and shows the *points* of the sense ; suspension of voice accompanies suspension of sense while it is in the *process of formation* ; and the *rising inflection* denotes the highest point of suspended sense ; and the full and perfect close of the sense is marked by the *falling inflection*.

In reading or speaking earnestly these inflections will be of three tones, ascending or descending respectively.



## GENERAL RULES.

## PERIODS.

1. The voice must be suspended till it takes an inflection under some rule,—indicated by the point of the meaning, or for *force*; and the last word of the suspended sense *immediately preceding* that on which the formation of complete sense begins, must be marked with a distinct *rising* inflection; the close of the sense with a falling inflection.

## EXAMPLE.

Those who have the fewest resources in themselves ~  
naturally seek the food of their self-love elsewhere.

2. The rising inflection at this *point of suspension* serves, with a pause, equally to divide a simple sentence of two clauses, separating and marking the opening or incomplete part, from the close, or perfect sense.

## EXAMPLES.

The feelings of a gentleman ~  
only denote a more refined humanity.

One touch of nature ~  
makes the whole world kin.

So, in a sentence opening with a *hypothesis*, the hypothesis must have the *rising*, the conclusion the *falling*, inflection: as:—

If the world is not the work of chance ~  
it must have had an intelligent Maker.

The following sentence (consisting simply, in the first instance, of what logicians would call the

"*subject*" and the "*predicate*") amplified by degrees and enlarged into a period, may serve practically to illustrate the above rules as to *suspension* and *inflection* : —

1. Grace of manners<sup>~</sup> is charming.
2. Grace of manners<sup>~</sup>  
is charming in every one.
3. Grace of manners<sup>~</sup>  
charming in every one<sup>~</sup>  
to princes is essential.
4. Grace of manners<sup>~</sup>  
charming in every one<sup>~</sup>  
is<sup>~</sup> to princes<sup>~</sup>  
as essential<sup>~</sup> as more solid  
accomplishments.
5. Grace of manners<sup>~</sup>  
charming in every one<sup>~</sup>  
is<sup>~</sup> to princes<sup>~</sup> as essential<sup>~</sup>  
as more solid accomplishments<sup>~</sup>  
are to private individuals.

LOOSE SENTENCES.

If the sense be completed before the close of the sentence, the falling inflection must mark it ; unless the clauses which follow are necessary to the whole proposition.

## EXAMPLE.

Unlimited power<sup>~</sup> is apt to corrupt the minds of those  
 who possess it<sup>~</sup>  
 and where law ends, tyranny begins.

This sentence evidently contains two distinct propositions ;  
 and though they are connected by the conjunction *and*, the  
 close of the first must be marked with the *falling* inflection.

## ANOTHER EXAMPLE.

Overtures for peace<sup>~</sup> were, however, rejected<sup>~</sup>—  
 and not merely rejected<sup>~</sup>  
 but rejected with insult.

Here the sense is complete in the first clause—the fact is  
 distinctly stated ; it is therefore marked with a falling inflec-  
 tion : for what follows is an *addition* not necessary or essential  
 to its full force, though it contains an accumulated and  
 aggravating circumstance.

So in the following :—

With a heart panting for freedom, and filled with love  
 for my country, I approached the shores of my native  
 land ; but, alas ! freedom and my country were no  
 more ; they had fallen together.

The following loose sentence and its amplifications may  
 serve to make this principle clearer :—

1. Grace of manners<sup>~</sup>  
 is charming,<sup>~</sup>  
 and never fails to please.

2. Grace of manners<sup>1</sup>  
     is charming in every one<sup>1</sup>-  
     and never fails to please.
3. Grace of manners<sup>1</sup>  
     is charming in every one<sup>1</sup>-  
     more particularly in princes<sup>1</sup>-  
     and never fails to please.
4. Grace of manners<sup>1</sup>  
     is charming in every one<sup>1</sup>-  
     but to princes<sup>1</sup>  
     it is essential<sup>1</sup>-  
     and never fails to please.
5. Grace of manners<sup>1</sup>  
     is charming in every one<sup>1</sup>  
     and never fails to please<sup>1</sup>-  
     but to princes<sup>1</sup> it is as essential<sup>1</sup>  
     as more solid accomplishments<sup>1</sup>  
     are to others.

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TO GIVE COMPACTNESS TO A LOOSE SENTENCE.

In reading a loose sentence, such as the one given by Dr. Whately (quoted above), we should divide it so as to throw together such circumstances as will make up a *compact* clause in the first part; and separate it from the other details or circumstances in the second or other clauses, which are

less bound up with the main *fact* in *narration*, or the *proposition* to be laid down, or the *idea* to be conveyed. Thus, —

We came to our journey's end at last<sup>~</sup>  
 with no small difficulty<sup>~</sup>—  
 after much fatigue<sup>~</sup>  
 through deep roads and  
 bad weather.

So in the following:—

Rome and Athens<sup>~</sup> were two cities<sup>~</sup>  
 set on a hill<sup>~</sup>—  
 that could not be hid<sup>~</sup>—  
 and that everywhere meet the eye of history.

Now, it is true that there is complete sense at—

“Rome and Athens were two cities;”

but not *the* complete sense *intended*; for the words that follow are essential to the idea to be conveyed. We must therefore read,—

“Rome and Athens<sup>~</sup> were two cities<sup>~</sup>  
 set on a hill.”

We must let this point close the sense by a falling inflection on *hill*, or we should connect that word and idea with what immediately follows, and imply that—

“Rome and Athens were two cities<sup>~</sup>  
 set on a hill that could not be hid.”

Whereas, by the pauses and inflections marked above we have

the full meaning of the sentence made distinct by the clear articulation (if I may so express it) of each of its joints.\*

Sometimes a sentence will have apparently closed, the sense being quite complete, when the speaker will take it up again at the point and on the word with which he ceased ; in which case the close of the sense must be marked by a *falling inflection* on the closing word, and its resumption must be marked with a strong *rising inflection* and pause on the echoed or repeated word.

EXAMPLES.

I am here to raise my voice against such dilatory and vacillatory conduct<sup>~</sup>- conduct<sup>~</sup> which will infallibly end in ruin and disgrace.

To doubt your sympathy with the distressing case I have detailed, would be to insult your feelings of humanity ; feelings<sup>~</sup> which are intuitive in the breast, and give gentleness and tenderness even to the sternest natures.

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FURTHER EXAMPLES OF THE PRECEDING RULES.

1. The human mind<sup>~</sup> is often so awkward and ill-regulated<sup>~</sup> in the career of invention<sup>~</sup>, that it is at first diffident<sup>~</sup>,

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\* See (p. 133.) the correct reading of the loose sentence from the Liturgy quoted by Dr. Whately.

and then despises itself. For it appears at first incredible<sup>1</sup> that any such discovery should be made<sup>2</sup>; and when it has been made<sup>3</sup> it appears incredible<sup>4</sup> that it should so long have escaped men's research.—*Bacon*.

2. In addition to the difficulty<sup>1</sup> of explaining customs and manners<sup>2</sup> foreign to our own<sup>3</sup>, there are all the obstacles<sup>4</sup> of wilful prepossession<sup>5</sup> thrown in the way.

3. A man may have the manners<sup>1</sup> of a gentleman<sup>2</sup> without having the look<sup>3</sup>; and he may have the character of a gentleman, in a more abstracted point of view<sup>4</sup>, without the manners<sup>5</sup>.

4. Though we have read Congreve<sup>1</sup>, a stage-coachman may be an over-match for us in wit<sup>2</sup>: though we are deep-versed in the excellence of Shakspeare's colloquial style<sup>3</sup>, a village beldame may outscold us<sup>4</sup>: though we have read Machiavel in the original Italian<sup>5</sup>, we may be easily outwitted by a clown<sup>6</sup>: and though we have cried our eyes out over the New Eloise<sup>7</sup>, a poor shepherd lad<sup>8</sup>, who hardly knows how to spell his own name<sup>9</sup>, may "tell his tale, under the hawthorn in the dale<sup>10</sup>," and prove a more "thriving wooer."—*Hazlitt*.

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*AN EXAMPLE, without Punctuation (for the Pupil to mark, for himself, with Pause and Inflection).*

The great difficulty in philosophy is to come to every question with a mind fresh and unshackled by former theories though strengthened by exercise and information as in the practice of art the great thing is to retain our admiration of the beautiful in nature together with the power to imitate it and not from a want of this original feeling to be enslaved by formal rules or dazzled by the mere difficulties of execution. Habit is necessary to give power but with the stimulus of novelty the love of truth and nature ceases through indolence or insensibility. Hence wisdom too commonly degenerates into prejudice and skill into pedantry. Ask a metaphysician what subject he understands best and he will tell you that which he knows the least about. Ask a musician to play a favourite tune and he will select an air the most difficult of execution. If you ask an artist his opinion of a picture he will point to some defect in perspective or anatomy. If an opera dancer wishes to impress you with an idea of his grace and accomplishments he will throw himself into the most distorted attitude possible.—*Hazlitt.*

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#### PARENTHESIS—PARENTHETICAL MEMBERS.

Strictly speaking, a parenthesis is an *interruption* of the sense of the main sentence, (as is manifest from the derivation—*παρά-εν-τιθημι*); and therefore members which are *added* to the sentence after the sense is completed, are not parenthetical (although they may be *marked* in parenthesis), but rather *cata*-thetical—if such a word may be used—.

The very sentence I have just written furnishes an illustration of the distinction I wish to make ; in which the first passage marked in parenthesis is



*not* strictly a parenthesis ; for it does not suspend or interrupt — though it confirms and explains the preceding part of the main sentence : but the *second* passage marked in parenthesis is correctly so marked, for it interrupts and suspends the sense of the main sentence. Again, the last phrase in the same sentence — marked between two dashes — occurring at the close of the main sense, is *not* parenthetical (though it might be marked ordinarily in parenthesis), but rather *cata-thetical* — that is, *tacked* to the main sentence.

But, in common use and acceptance, all the above phrases would be called parenthetical, — without reference to their being an *interruption of*, or merely an *addition to*, the sense ; and therefore I shall arrange the Elocutionary rules for reading parenthesis according to the common and popular definition of the term.

#### RULES.

1. A parenthesis must have its commencement and continuance indicated by a change to a somewhat lower tone of voice and a quicker movement ; and the close of the parenthesis is marked by a return to the same time, pitch, and inflection of voice as the sense had at the point immediately preceding the parenthesis : so that, —

2. If the sense be interrupted by parenthesis, its close shall be marked with the rising inflection : if the sense be complete, the parenthesis shall be closed with the falling inflection.

NOTE.—The more logical form of these rules would be thus—

If the parenthetical members suspend the sense, they shall be read with suspension of voice : if they do not, they shall be read as independent members.

## EXAMPLES.

1. Parenthesis *suspending* the sense.

Gentlemen, if I make out this case by evidence (and if I do not, forget everything you have heard, and reproach me for having abused your honest feelings) I shall have established a claim for damages that has no parallel.—*Erskine*.

If there's a Power <sup>above</sup> (and that there is  
All nature cries aloud in all her <sup>works</sup>),  
He must delight in virtue.

2. Parenthesis — in *addition* without a suspension.

## EXAMPLES.

Now, the works of the flesh are manifest,—which are these, &c.

It is on reason and common sense, backed by principles of justice, confirmed by the experience of a century, that I have formed my <sup>opinion</sup>; an <sup>opinion</sup> which no argument or authority can <sup>shake</sup> (not even the eloquence of the right honourable gentleman).

Sometimes a *cata-thetical* addition will *re-open* the sense of a sentence which it concludes; in that case the added clause will be marked with the rising inflection.

## EXAMPLES.

His strictness in regard to truth, and his fidelity to his

friends, were astonishing—considering the situation he so long filled.

The advice you gave him was sound, and might have saved him—had he chosen to follow it.

#### EXCEPTION.

This rule is (like all others) subject to be varied by the *Emphasis of force*—which, occurring in the parenthesis, overrules the inflection proper to suspension; as in the following passage from Mr. Burke's speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings :—

#### EXAMPLE.

Growing from crime to crime, ripened by cruelty for cruelty, these fiends, at length, outraging sex, decency, nature, applied lighted torches and slow fire—(I cannot proceed for shame and horror!) these infernal furies planted death in the source of life, &c.

Here, though the sense is suddenly broken and suspended by the introduction of the parenthesis, yet, as the closing phrase of that parenthesis is marked with the *Emphasis of force*, it is an exception to the general rule, which would otherwise require a rising inflection to mark the suspension of the sense.

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#### PRONOUNS — PRONOMINAL PHRASE.

We are taught in Grammar that a pronoun is used to avoid the repetition of a *noun*.

In Elocution, when the noun *is* repeated, and the use of the pronoun rejected, we call the word so

repeated *pronominal*; that is, of the nature, or in place of a *pronoun*; as,—

He advanced the doctrine; he maintained the doctrine; he propagated the doctrine.

In this example, "*the doctrine*," in every instance of its *repetition*, is clearly *pronominal*; standing in place of the pronoun "*it*." For, according to the usual construction of such a sentence, it would have stood—

He advanced the doctrine; he maintained it; he propagated it.

Hence, being so nearly of the same nature, they follow the same rule of Elocution: viz.—

#### RULE.

Pronouns and pronominal phrases *have no proper inflection*; but merge in that of the inflected or emphatic word with which they stand.

#### EXAMPLES.

(*The pronouns and pronominal phrases are in brackets.*)

Henry told [me] the truth [about it].

I asked [him] if he had finished [it].

[It] struck [me] that I had seen [him] before.

In these sentences, the pronouns have no inflection; but are subjected to, and over-ridden by the inflection of the word which governs them, or to which they are immediately allied. So of a pronominal phrase.

## EXAMPLES.

As you have shown mercy, you shall receive [mercy].

Your cruelty merits [cruelty].

Your goodness deserves [goodness].

He repaid your kindness with [kindness].

God said, Let there be light ; and there was [light].\*

We observe that the pronominal phrase in each instance follows the rule on the pronoun ; and is

\* I remember *Hazlitt*, in his *Table-talk*, mentions *Coleridge* having produced what he, *Hazlitt*, considered an original and a very powerful effect, by reading this passage with the emphasis on the repetition of the word "light;" to which he gave also a burst or swell of voice to express the sudden burst of light that followed the command. In that case he read it thus :—

"God said, Let there be light ; and there was light."

But I must contend against this reading both as incorrect and also as deficient in just effect.

Incorrect, because a literal translation of the original would, I imagine, give the passage thus :—

"God said, Let light be; and light was."

So rendered, there can be no doubt that the emphasis must fall, as I have marked it, on the *verb*, and not on the repeated noun ; and transposition of words cannot alter emphasis of sense.

This emphasis on the verb expresses also the idea of the *instantaneous execution* of God's word, which I take to be the just effect intended.

subjected to the inflection on the verb or preposition by which it is governed.

*Except—*

*Demonstrative* and *interrogative* pronouns\*; and pronouns or pronominal phrases when *emphatic*: as,—

This is my book, not that.

Who said so? What did he say?

Henry told me the truth.

I warned him: he saved me.

He is a good boy James.

#### COMMON PHRASE (*quasi* pronominal).

The same rule applies to the *repetition* of *any phrase* which is *common* to two or more verbs, adverbs, &c. Such *repeated common phrase* is read *as* pronominal.

#### EXAMPLES.

He speaks truly, and [he speaks] wisely.

It was truly said, and wisely [said].

If we live in the spirit, let us also walk [in the spirit].

#### PRONOMINAL PHRASE *in reply*.

The rule holds, also, on repetition of a common phrase in *reply*, in dialogue,—or in reference to previously spoken words by another party.

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\* Pronouns of these two classes are generally *emphatic*, and therefore the exception.

## EXAMPLE.

*Question.* Is that your firm opinion?

*Reply.* It is [my firm opinion].

Nor need the repetition be *literal*; if the *idea* or *sense* be repeated, the phrase is read *as* pronominal.

## EXAMPLE.

The gentleman boasts that he is actuated by motives the most pure and honourable. Sir, the boast is needless; Who questioned [his integrity and honour]?

## EMPHASIS with pronominal phrase.

It will be observed that the verb or other word governing, or in conjunction with, the pronominal phrase, becomes *emphatic*: this is made still more clear in the case of a *negative* with such phrase.

## EXAMPLES.

To be, or not to be?

*Question.* Why do you express yourself so angrily?

*Reply.* I did not [express myself angrily].

The gentleman insinuates that I have acted a double part and therefore forfeited the confidence of the house. Sir, if I had [done so] I should deserve [to lose your confidence], but I shall prove that I have not [acted as he says]; and therefore

I expect to retain [your good opinion], (or) to retain your good opinion.

This Emphasis belongs to "THE EMPHASIS OF SENSE" (*see ante*, EMPHASIS), and may be distinguished as the "Emphasis with pronominal phrase."

[*See SERIES—Pronominal Series.*]

Let the student now practice aloud the following as an exercise :—

#### PORTIA'S SPEECH ON MERCY.

(*Marked with Pause, Inflection and Emphasis.*)

The quality of mercy™ is not strain'd™ \*  
 It droppeth™ as the gentle rain from heav'n™  
 Upon the place beneath— It is twice™ bless'd™  
 It blesseth him that gives™ and him that takes™  
 'Tis mightiest™ in™ the mightiest™— it becomes  
 The throned monarch™ better than his crown™—  
 His sceptre™ shows the force™ of temporal \* power™  
 The attribute™ to awe and majesty™  
 Wherein doth sit™ the dread and fear \* of kings™

\* These inflections would be *compound*; see COMPOUND INFLECTIONS, p. 140.



But mercy is above this sceptred sway-  
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings-  
 It is an attribute to God himself-  
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's-  
 When mercy seasons justice. | Therefore Jew-  
 Though justice be thy plea consider this-  
 That in the course of justice none of us  
 Should see salvation- we do pray for mercy-  
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
 The deeds of mercy. |

*Shaksp.*

## PART III.

INFLECTION—*Continued.*

## PERSPICUITY.

"PERSPICUITY," Dr. Whately justly remarks\*, "is the first requisite of style, not only in rhetorical, but in all compositions."

Now, rhetorical compositions are intended for delivery—they are to be addressed to the mind through the *ear*; and it will, consequently, be insufficient that the style of the composition be perspicuous in itself, if that perspicuity be destroyed by want of perspicuity in delivery: that is, if the just and perfect meaning of the written language be lost, confused, or enfeebled by the weak, confused, or unintelligent elocution of the orator. Still worse, if the meaning of the written language be absolutely perverted by the *false* reading of the speaker.†

"With a view to perspicuity in delivery, the great point," says Dr. Whately ‡, "is that the reader" (or speaker) "should appear to *understand* what he reads" (or speaks). "But," he adds, "it is not enough that he should himself *actually* understand

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\* Elements of Rhetoric, Part III, c. 1. § 2.

† See Introduction, p. 7.

‡ Rhetoric, Part IV., c. 11. § 1.

it, it is possible, notwithstanding, to read" (speak) "it as if he did not."

Now, there can be very little doubt that the person whom Dr. Whately cites as having pronounced the passage (Mark iv. 21.), "Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel or under a bed," "as if there *were no other alternative*,"—there can be scarcely a doubt that this *false-reader* perfectly *understood* the passage *himself*, though, in reading it, he so perverted its meaning to his hearers: "and yet," says Dr. Whately, "the *emphasis* was laid on the right words."

*What emphasis?* Why, of course a *false emphasis*, *if any*; and, consequently, the stronger that emphasis, being false, the more emphatic and decided the perversion of the meaning!

Dr. Whately's direction, then, for a good Elocution, —viz., "*read as if you understood what you are reading*," —is clearly insufficient: it is of no more value towards perspicuity in *Elocution*, than such a direction as "understand what you are about to write yourself, and then write so that your readers may understand *you*," would be available towards producing perspicuity in *composition*: it only amounts to saying, in other words, "*be perspicuous*." — But *how*?

Some principles and rules for perspicuity are necessary in both cases.

INFLECTION of voice is the great indicator of meaning—Emphasis, as I have before defined it, is *inflection* and *stress* of voice; that is, *force* is added to the *inflection* to make the meaning *emphatic*. And there can be no more important auxiliary to

the orator in attaining the great desideratum of perspicuity mentioned by Dr. Whately,— viz., that of making any sentence “understood clause by clause as it proceeds,”—than a just use of *inflection*, so that the inflection of voice shall be perpetually aiding and working out the meaning. There are, consequently, special rules of inflection proper to various conditions and *inflections of meaning*, and to the mutual relations of the different clauses of a period or sentence, the classification of similar ideas and members, and the separation of opposite or dissimilar ones, and, in fact, to all the accidents of the grammar of Elocution, as bearing on and forming part of Rhetoric: for it must be always remembered that the *highest* aim of the principles of Rhetoric is the formation of a ready, skilful, and persuasive *speaker*.

To proceed, then, to some

#### SPECIAL RULES OF INFLECTION,

marking particular conditions or variations of meaning, or the relative bearing, or disconnection of ideas or clauses.

##### 1. APPOSITION—2. ANTITHESIS.

1. APPOSITION of meaning and construction requires to be marked by apposition or similarity of inflection; that is,—

##### RULE.

Words or clauses of sentences in *apposition* with each other take the *same* respective inflections; unless any of them be made emphatic for *force*.

## EXAMPLES.

Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, chose an asp as the means of death.

I reside in London—a magnificent city.

And now abide, faith, hope, and charity—these three.

Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel, or under a bed?

Here the “bushel” and the “bed” are in apposition; each being only an *individualisation* of the *general* idea of *concealment* which would be conveyed by a question in the following form:—

Is a candle brought to be hidden under anything?

In reading, therefore, each individualisation of the same general idea receives the *same* inflection of voice; and would do so whatever were the form of the sentence, whether interrogative, negative, or declaratory; that is, the *sense* would govern the inflection on the *first* word conveying the individual idea, and the rest would follow in apposition; and though the general idea were repeated through several individualisations, the rule would hold good in all; as thus:—

Is a candle brought to be hid under a bushel, or under a bed (or a table, or a chair, or in a box).

No; it is brought to shine, to give light, to be displayed.

The answer shows the force of the rule in another form.

I trust that the above rule and examples have made this subject of *apposition* with relation to inflection so clear, that it

would be impossible for any one who may read it to be guilty of such a perversion of meaning as Dr. Whately's blunderer, who read the original question "as if there were no other alternative." He read it falsely, thus, *antithetically* :—

Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel, or under a bed?

As in Matthew v. 15. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick.

## 2. ANTITHESIS,

or *opposition* of meaning, requires antithesis of inflection; that is,—

### RULE.

Words or clauses in *antithesis*, or opposition to each other take *opposite* inflections.

### EXAMPLES.

He spoke for, not against peace.

To be, or not to be.

As fire is opposed to water, so is vice to virtue.

A wit among lords, a lord among wits.

We seek not peace, but war; and we shall fight, not pray;  
for we had rather die than live.

Shall we prefer disease to health? death to life? slavery  
to liberty?

The above are examples of *single* antithesis.

## DOUBLE ANTITHESIS.

In the following, the antithesis is *double*, that is, of *several* opposite *ideas*, and consequently opposite *inflections*.

## EXAMPLE.

*Rational liberty* is directly opposed to the *wildness* of *anarchy*.

(*Here rational is in antithesis to wildness, and liberty to anarchy: the inflections on each respectively are therefore also opposed.*)

## FURTHER EXAMPLES.

If you seek to make one rich, study not to *increase* his *stores*, but to *diminish* his *desires*.—*Seneca*.

The *peasant* complains *aloud*; the *courtier* in *secret* repines. In *want*, what *distress*! in *affluence*, what *satiety*! The *ignorant*, through ill-grounded *hope*, are *disappointed*; the *knowing*, through *knowledge*, *despond*.—*Young*.

Or, for force, “the knowing, *through* knowledge, *despond*.”

*All* flesh is not the *same* flesh; but there is *one* kind of flesh of *men*, *another* flesh of *beasts*,—*another* of *fishes*, and *another* of *birds*.

There are also *celestial* bodies, and bodies *terrestrial*: but the glory of the *celestial* is *one*, and the glory of the *terrestrial* is *another*.—1 Cor. xv.

Note also the melody that is produced to the ear by this *antithetical alternation of inflection*; which thus has the effect not only of *logically* increasing the force and power of the contrast of ideas, by contrast of pitch, but, at the same time, of pleasing the ear by an agreeable variety of tone.\*

## IMPLIED ANTITHESIS.

Antithesis may be *implied*, when *not expressed*; in which case the sense is left *unfinished* (as it were), and, consequently, is marked with the *rising inflection*.

## EXAMPLES.

He is a good boy, James.\*

(*Implying, that some other boy may be a bad one.*)

You ask too much money; I'll give you a sovereign.\*

(*Implying, "but not any more."*)

I'd give twenty pounds for such a horse as *that*.\*

(*Implying, "but not for an inferior one."*)

Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato!\*

(*Implying, "more immediately than of other men."*)

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.\*

(*Implying, "whatever it may be in a youthful breast."*)

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\* See Compound Inflections, p. 140.



Grace of manners, charming in every one, is essential to princes.\*

(*Implying*, "though not to private individuals, in whom it may only be an agreeable accomplishment.")

[*See ante*, EMPHASIS OF SENSE.]

#### EMPHASIS OF ANTITHESIS.

Words and members in antithesis are (as a general rule) marked by the emphasis of *sense*: that is, the inflections are marked with additional weight;—this emphasis may be designated as *Antithetical Emphasis*.

But the emphasis of *force* is sometimes used in one member of the antithesis to give additional strength to it; and, as it will be remembered, this emphasis of force is always made by the *falling* inflection, its introduction in the *first* member of an antithesis may require the second member in apposition to take the *rising* inflection; which will be one of the exceptions to the rule, under the power of "Emphasis of Force."

#### EXAMPLES OF EMPHASIS OF FORCE IN ANTITHESIS.

Fire and water are less opposed than vice and virtue.

Without *force*, as a *simple declaration*, the reading would be —

Fire and water are less opposed than vice and virtue.

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\* See Compound Inflections in relation to Antithesis, p. 140.

Antithesis is so powerful a form of Rhetoric, that it deserves the best attention of the Elocutionist; and he should therefore make himself thoroughly master of it.

"There can be no doubt\*," says Dr. Whately, "that this figure" (antithesis) "is calculated to add greatly to energy. Everything is rendered more striking by contrast; and almost every kind of subject-matter affords *materials* for contrasted expressions." And he then proceeds to give many valuable hints and instructions as to *framing* the antithesis, &c.

But, as I have observed above, a *written* composition, however elegant and forcible, may be enfeebled and destroyed in its effect by the faults of a bad reader or speaker; and as the highest object of the rules and principles of Rhetoric is to form a fluent and powerful *orator*, it becomes, therefore, essential to the *speaker* to be able to mark and strengthen the *contrast* of *ideas* and *expressions*, by contrast of *inflection* of voice; otherwise, the very point of the antithesis will be lost, or at least only half felt.

Hence, I consider the observation of the above rules respecting antithesis as important to *energy*, as the rules for *apposition* are essential to *perspicuity* in *Elocution*; and, therefore, necessary and indispensable aids and allies to "perspicuity" and "energy" of style in "*Rhetoric*."†

To carry the alliance out fully, I shall take

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\* Elements of Rhetoric, Part III., c. 11. § 14.

† Ibid., Perspicuity — Energy.

leave, for the guidance of the elocutionary student, to mark with the proper inflections some examples of antithesis which Dr. Whately furnishes in his *Elements of Rhetoric*. They will serve as an

## EXERCISE ON ANTITHESIS.

When reason is against a man, he will be against reason.

Words<sup>1</sup> are the counters of wise men, and the money of fools.—*Hobbes*.

A fool with judges; among fools a judge.—*Cowper*.

Non ut edam vivo, sed ut vivam edo.—*Quintilian*.

Persecution is not wrong, because it is cruel; but cruel because it is wrong.

On parent knees, a naked, new-born child<sup>1</sup>,

Weeping, thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled;

So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,

Thou then mayst smile, while all around thee weep.\*

*Sir W. Jones.*

He who dreads new remedies<sup>1</sup> must abide old evils.—*Bacon*.

Party<sup>1</sup> is the madness of many<sup>1</sup> for the gain of a few.

[See SERIES—*Antithetical Series*.]

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\* See Compound Inflections, p. 140.

## EXCLAMATION.

INTERJECTIONAL PHRASES, of *exclamation*, *apostrophe*, *pity*, and *sorrow*, and the like, are marked with the rising inflection ; as, —

O Rome ! oh my country ! how art thou fallen !

Sweet sleep ! how have I frightened thee !

Alas ! my friend ! Woe is me !

But the *entire*

## EXCLAMATORY SENTENCE

is closed with the falling inflection.

## EXAMPLES.

O Rome ! how art thou fallen !

Thanks to the gods ! my boy has done his duty !

Woe is me ! my heart is broken !

Alas, my friend ! how much I pity thee !

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon yon bank !

Angels and ministers of grace defend us !

## INVERTED SENTENCES.

## RULE.

In an *inverted sentence*, the *inverted members* take the inflections respectively proper, in the *direct sentence*, to the members in whose place they stand.

## EXAMPLE.

*Direct.* He strictly enforces<sup>~</sup> both by precept and ex-  
ample<sup>~</sup> the laws of religion and morality<sup>~</sup> incul-  
cated in the Gospel.

*Inverted.* The laws of religion and morality<sup>~</sup> inculcated in  
the Gospel<sup>~</sup> he strictly enforces<sup>~</sup> both by precept  
and example.

## EXCEPTION.

The only exception to this rule is made by the *Emphasis of force*, the inflection of which is paramount, and never changes, however much the position of the word on which it falls may be changed by inversion.

## EXAMPLE.

*Direct.* Our sight<sup>~</sup> is the most perfect of all our senses.

*Inverted.* Of all our senses our sight<sup>~</sup> is the most perfect.

Or,

The most perfect of all our senses is our sight.

Here, by throwing the Emphasis of force upon the word *sight*, we mark it strongly on the hearer's mind; and supposing that to be the speaker's object, no transposition of the word will relieve it from that Emphasis. But if it be merely an indifferent and abstract remark, it would be subject to the above rule as to *inversion*, and be thus marked :—

Our sight is the most perfect of all our senses.

Of all our senses, our sight is the most perfect.

The most perfect of all our senses is our sight.

## CONDITIONAL SENTENCES.

The addition of a condition to an affirmative, requires the *rising* inflection; which marks the *uncertainty* raised by the *condition attached*; as,—

He said he would call *if you would consent to see him.*

He shall live, *if I have power to save him.*

Doctrines must be embodied, *before they can excite strong public feeling.*

Observe that the simple affirmative in this form of sentence retains the *falling inflection*; it is the condition that receives the *rise*.

## SERIAL SENTENCES.

The Series, in Rhetoric (a succession of words, or phrases, linked together in construction, but conveying different ideas) constantly occurs: it is a perpetual source of difficulty in delivery to the uninstructed reader or speaker, whose confused and unconnected manner, stumbling over the different members of the series as they arise, painfully exemplifies the truth of Dr. Whately's illustration of the *false step on the staircase*.

Attention to a few simple rules for the delivery of serial sentences will therefore be found of great advantage to the Elocutionist.

The Series is either Simple, or Compound:—

**SIMPLE**, when the members in succession are single, or convey single ideas;—

COMPOUND, when the members are complex in form, each containing several ideas. It is called—

COMMENCING, when it commences a sentence, or when the sense is *unfinished* at the close of the series:—

CONCLUDING, when the sense is *closed* with the series.

#### RULES for Inflection of the Series.

1. *A simple, commencing Series*, in affirmative sentences, takes a *rising inflection* on every member of the Series except the *penultimate* (or last but one), which has a *falling* inflection.

#### EXAMPLES.

Faith, (1)  
 hope, (2)  
 and charity, (3)  
 are cardinal virtues.

May faith, (1)  
 hope, (2)  
 charity, (3)  
 peace, (4)  
 and patience, (5)  
 possess our souls.

2. *A simple concluding Series* takes a *rising inflection* on every member of the series but the last.

EXAMPLES.

The cardinal virtues are,

faith, (1)  
 hope, (2)  
 and charity. (3)

May our souls be possessed with

faith, (1)  
 hope, (2)  
 charity, (3)  
 peace, (4)  
 and patience ! (5)

Examples of a series of adjectives or verbs, with one noun common to the series :—

1. Where the noun *follows* the adjective or verb.

EXAMPLES.

A blind, headlong, precipitate, and irretrievable flight—  
 was the result of their rash, ill-timed, tumultuous, and  
 disorderly attack.

To conquer, to enslave, to oppress, to destroy his fellow-  
 men—  
 are the triumphs of a savage chief—  
 to free, to preserve, to improve, to bless them—  
 the glory of a wise prince.



2. Where the noun precedes the series of verbs or adjectives by inversion.

EXAMPLES.

An attack, rash, tumultuous, ill-timed, and disorderly  
ended in a flight  
blind, headlong, precipitate, and irretrievable.

These traitors to their country  
he discovered, exposed, arrested, brought to trial,  
convicted, and put to death.

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DIVISION OF A LONG SIMPLE SERIES.

RULE.

When a simple series exceeds five members, *divide* the whole into two or more *shorter* series; and read the divisions according to rule,—marking each *division* with the *middle pause*.

EXAMPLE.

The works of the flesh are manifest ; which are these :  
Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness,  
idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance,  
emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies,  
envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings,  
and such like.—*Gal.*

In a series of so many members as this, the *division* (as above) prevents that unpleasing and catalogue-like monotony, which is produced by reading the whole as *one* series, with an unbroken succession of rising inflections. The division is of course arbitrary, as to the number of members which may be allotted to each division; but the object to be aimed at in the separation of the members is a *distinct classification*; so that things, objects or ideas, resembling or allied to each other in quality or degree, shall be kept together, and not be thrown in, confusedly, with others of a different nature.

Now, in the above example, such a distinct classification is rendered difficult, if not impossible, to the reader, by the absence of order and classification in the passage itself. It may indeed be remarked, with the greatest respect, that much confusion is caused to the mind by the indiscriminately throwing together a series of offences very widely differing from each other in quality and degree; and the *climax* of the whole is enfeebled if not destroyed, by the addition of "drunkenness and revellings," after the high crime of *murder*. As that crime is the climax of the works of the flesh, what follows weakens the effect, and is, in fact, an anti-climax. I am now analysing it merely as a piece of composition, and for the purpose of making my meaning more clear, suppose the passage to have stood as follows: —

The works of the flesh are manifest; which are these:—

Fornication™ adultery™ uncleanness™ lasciviousness™

witchcraft™ heresy™ idolatry™

emulations™ envy™ variance™ hatred™

wrath™ strife™ seditions™

revellings™ drunkenness™ murders™

and such like.

By this arrangement, the classification of crime would have been clear and perfect, gradually growing and increasing in power up to the climax—*murder*,—the *last dread work of the flesh*. And it is to aid this logical arrangement, classification and progression, that the rules for reading the series are given. In the following series the classification is distinct and *perfect* as it is written, and it will be felt that the elocutionary arrangement and *inflections* very much aid it:—

For I am persuaded that

neither death™ nor life™

nor angels™ nor principalities™ nor powers™

nor things present™ nor things to come™

nor height™ nor depth™ nor any other creature™

shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.—Rom. viii

## COMPOUND SERIES.

1. *Commencing*, takes a *falling inflection* on every member but the *last*, which receives a strong *rising inflection*.

## EXAMPLE.

A good disposition™- (1)  
 virtuous principles™- (2)  
 a liberal education™- (3)  
 and industrious habits™- (4)  
 are passports to happiness and honour.

2. *Concluding*, takes the *falling inflection* on every member but the *penultimate*, which receives the *rising inflection*.

## EXAMPLE.

Contentment, happiness, and honour™ reward  
 a good disposition™- (1)  
 virtuous principles™- (2)  
 a liberal education™- (3)  
 and industrious habits. (4)

## FURTHER EXAMPLES.

The verdant lawn,™- the shady grove,™- the variegated  
 landscape,™- the boundless ocean,™- and the starry firmament,™- all tend to inspire us™ with the love of nature™ and of nature's God.

I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
 (Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:  
 Tho' you untie the winds, and let them fight  
 Against the churches; tho' the yesty waves™  
 Confound, and swallow navigation up;  
 Tho' bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down;  
 Tho' castles topple on their warders' heads;  
 Tho' palaces and pyramids™ do slope  
 Their heads to their foundations; tho' the treasure  
 Of nature's garneries™ tumble all together,™  
 Even till destruction sicken™— answer me  
 To what I ask you!

## IRREGULAR SERIES.

A series is frequently *irregular*,—that is, in part *simple*, and in part *compound*. In such cases:—

## RULE.

Separate and class the simple and compound members,—and read them in series according to their respective rules.

## EXAMPLES.

1. All the circumstances and ages of men,™  
     poverty,™ riches,™ youth,™ old age,™—  
     all the dispositions and passions,™  
     melancholy,™ love,™ grief,™ contentment,™—

we capable of being personified in poetry with great propriety.—*Blair*.

2. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury,  
nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments,  
nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect,  
had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience.—  
*Macaulay*.

Besides the *inflection* proper to a series, increasing force should be given to the delivery of each additional member; so that the *sound* and volume of voice shall swell and increase in the same proportion as the *sense* grows and is amplified,—until both reach the climax together. This will be more fully explained and illustrated hereinafter under the head of INTONATION. The reader may now practise the following—

## EXERCISE ON SERIES.

1. And although we ought at all times humbly to acknowledge our sins before God,  
yet ought we most chiefly so to do,  
when we assemble and meet together  
to render thanks for the great benefits that we have  
received at his hands,  
to set forth his most worthy praise,

to hear his most holy word,<sup>~</sup>  
 and to ask those things<sup>~</sup> which are requisite and  
 necessary,<sup>~</sup>  
 as well for the body as the soul.

*This sentence is instanced by Dr. Whately (El. Rhetoric, Part III., c. ii., § 13.) as one of great difficulty even for "a good reader, to deliver with spirit," or "to his own satisfaction." I confess I do not see the difficulty myself (loose as the sentence is); nor, I trust, will any student who has gone with me thus far in the principles of Elocution, find any difficulty in reading the passage with full and clear meaning, force, and effect, without trip or hesitation.*

2. If you look about you, and consider the lives of others  
 as well as your own; if you think how few are born with  
 honour, and how many die without name or children; how  
 little beauty we see, and how few friends we hear of; how  
 many diseases and how much poverty there is in the world;  
 you will fall down upon your knees;  
 and, instead of repining at one infliction, will admire  
 so many blessings you have received at the hand of God!

3. It was a loathsome herd,—which could be compared to  
 nothing so fitly as to the rabble of Comus,—  
 Grotesque monsters,—  
 half human, half bestial,—

dropping with wine,  
 bloated with gluttony,  
 and reeling in obscene dances.

4. This decency, this grace, this propriety of manners to character, is so essential to princes in particular, that, whenever it is neglected, their virtues lose a great degree of lustre, and their defects acquire much aggravation. Nay, more; by neglecting this decency, and this grace, and for want of a sufficient regard to appearances, even their virtues may betray them into failings, their failings into vices, and their vices into habits unworthy of princes and of men.

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### NEGATIVE Series (as a simple Concluding Series).

#### RULE.

A series of negative members may be read with a rising inflection on every member but the last: the inflection falls, of course, on the word or idea negated.

#### EXAMPLE.

Charity envieth not charity vaunteth not itself is not puffed up

Doth not behave itself unseemly seeketh not her own is not easily provoked thinketh no evil.— 1 Cor. xiii.



## INTERROGATIVE SERIES.

A series of interrogations may be read either—

1. Under the rule for single Questions, see p. 79.; or,
2. With the same inflections as a simple concluding series; or,
3. As the compound concluding series.

It is well, in delivery, to *vary* them, when they occur frequently, or when several series follow closely on each other. For example, the following, from Rom. viii., admits of being read under either of the three rules :—

1. As single interrogations in apposition :

Who shall separate us from the cross of Christ?™ Shall  
tribulation™ or distress™ or persecution™ or famine™  
or nakedness™ or the sword?

Thus read, great and *equal* force is given to each interrogation; but there is no *climax*.

2. With the same inflections as the simple concluding Series :

Shall tribulation™ or distress™ or persecution™ or  
famine™ or nakedness™ or the sword?

Thus read, the *climax* is made, by emphasis of force, on *the sword*; as if he said or *even the sword itself*; that is, the fiercest and bloodiest violence and persecution.

## 3. As the compound concluding Series:

Shall tribulation<sup>~</sup> or distress<sup>~</sup>, or persecution<sup>~</sup>  
or famine<sup>~</sup> or nakedness<sup>~</sup> or the sword?

So read, it amounts to a declaration,—put interrogatively, —that *none* of the evils *enumerated* are of power to separate the Christian from the Cross; and there is much force in this reading.

I should, myself, prefer the second reading given, as conveying the most forcible contempt for persecution. But the choice is a matter of judgment and taste.

## ANTITHETICAL SERIES.

[See ante, "ANTITHESIS."]

An Antithetical Series—that is, a series of members in Antithesis—commencing or concluding—is read under the same rules of inflection as the Compound Series; *each perfect antithesis*—and not each branch of it—*forming a member* of the series.

## EXAMPLES.

Antithetical Series—(single Antithesis).

Commencing and Concluding.

Commencing. Fire and water<sup>~</sup> oil and vinegar<sup>~</sup> heat and  
cold<sup>~</sup> light and darkness<sup>~</sup>

are not more opposed to each other, than is

Concluding. honesty to fraud<sup>~</sup> or vice to virtue.

*Double Antithetical Series—(double Antithesis).**Commencing.*

Prudent in debate<sup>~</sup> but rash in action<sup>~</sup>—  
 moderate in peace<sup>~</sup> vindictive in war<sup>~</sup>—  
 patient in adversity<sup>~</sup> overbearing in prosperity<sup>~</sup>—  
 his character was a compound of singular contradictions.

*Concluding.*

He presented the contradictory character of a man  
 prudent in debate<sup>~</sup> but rash in action<sup>~</sup>—  
 moderate in peace<sup>~</sup> vindictive in war<sup>~</sup>—  
 patient in adversity<sup>~</sup> overbearing in prosperity.

*Note.*—In this last species of Series, the *middle pause* has place after each member; that is, after each perfect antithesis.

## PRONOMINAL SERIES.

[*See ante*, "PRONOMINAL PHRASE."]

A series of verbs or other parts of speech having, in concordance, the same pronoun or pronominal phrase (or *quasi* pronominal phrase) in Series, is read with the inflections proper to *simple* series (for the pronouns and pronominal phrases have no inflection).

## EXAMPLES.

I told [him] I warned [him] I advised [him] I implored

[him] to act with [you] near [you] through [you] under  
[you].

He speaks clearly [he speaks] truly [he speaks] boldly.

Charity beareth all things, believeth [all things] hopeth [all  
things] endureth [all things].

When I was a child, I spake [as a child] I understood [as  
a child] I thought [as a child].



## PART IV.

- 
1. COMPOUND INFLECTIONS.
  2. PAUSE OF FORCE, OR EXPRESSION.
  3. CUMULATIVE EMPHASIS.

## 1. COMPOUND INFLECTIONS.

I HAVE previously mentioned *compound inflections*, and it is now time to explain their force and use. They are distinguished from the simple rise and fall, by a *greater range* of ascent and descent, comprehending tones, double tones, and half tones, carrying the voice over an interval of *five* tones, and sometimes even of an *octave*.

The compound inflections are—

1. The compound *rising*—thus marked 
1. The compound *falling*—thus 

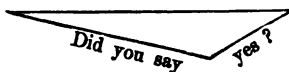
The curved line is chosen to indicate them, because in making them, the voice does not rise or fall *directly*, but in a sort of *curve*, taking in (or *slurring* over) intermediate half-tones in its ascent or descent to the extreme point of inflection.

The use of these inflections does not set aside the rules for inflection, so far as to the point whether the inflection shall be *rising* or *falling*; but it increases the *pitch*, and *power* of the inflection.

**Thus, if I ask you—**

Did you say yes?

with the *simple* rising inflection, the question is an indifferent one,—in fact, a simple interrogation. It might be thus marked on a diagram, indicating the descent and ascent of the voice, and the extreme point of inflection:



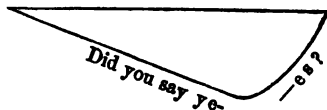
Or, in music, it might be thus scored—



**Did you say yes?**

Here the ascent or *rise* is of *three* tones,—or, as it is called, a *third*.

But, if I am *anxiously desirous* to know what your answer was—and in my question wish to *express* that I shall be very much *surprised* if you have said “Yea,” my question would be infected with the *compound* (or *curved*) infection, thus :—

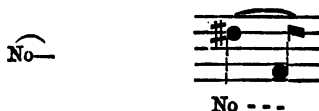


**or, in musical score:**



Did you say      y e - s ?      Y - - e - - a,  
in which there is on the word *yes* both a *descent* and an *ascent* (that is, a *double* or *compound* inflection), the ascent being two tones higher than that of the simple inflection in the simple question, and the curved line denotes the *sur* of the voice in passing from the low tone to the high one.

In the same manner, the *simple falling* is changed, for expression and force, to the *compound falling* inflection. Thus, in reply to the above question, if you give a simple answer, you will say—*No*—with the simple falling inflection; but if (in answer to my compound inflection) you desire to imply “*by no means; nothing could be further from my thoughts; and I am surprised you should ask such a question;*” then you will reply with the *compound falling* inflection,—



commencing on a high pitch of voice, and making a sweep or *curve of descent* equal and corresponding to the curve of ascent in the compound rising inflection of my question.

That ascent and descent are usually in *fifths*, as above; but when the speaker is under strong passion, his voice will ascend a full *octave*. Such, for example, should be the range of the inflection on the questions by *Hamlet* to *Laertes* at Ophelia's grave:—

“Dost thou come here to whine?”

To outface me with leaping in her grave;”

*Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 1.



Dost thou come here to whine.

And, unless the voice reach the *octave* in these lines, the passionate contempt intended to be conveyed will be lost; and the scornful question will be changed into a common interrogation, as if expecting a serious answer.

Such is the distinction between the compound and simple inflections.

Now let us see when and for *what* they are used.

#### RULE.

The compound inflections are used in *strong and vehement interrogation*,—and for *wonder, contempt, scornful indignation, ridicule*, and (especially) in *IRONY*.

#### EXAMPLES.

When, in "The Merchant of Venice" (act iv. sc. 1.), *Portia*, understanding that the merchant's bond to *Shylock* is forfeited says,—

Then must the Jew be merciful ;

and *Shylock* asks,—

On what compulsion *must* I ? tell me that ;

her reply—

The quality of mercy is not strain'd—



must be marked with the *compound rising* inflection; which will give the expression of *wonder* that such a question could be asked, and *contempt* for the sordid feeling that dictated it.\*

So, in the following examples, for *ridicule* and *irony* :—

You must take me for a fool, to think I could do that.

For mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

For Brutus is an honourable man.

You meant no harm; oh, no! your thoughts are innocent;  
you have nothing to hide; your breast is pure, stainless,  
all truth.

And in that reply of *Brutus to Cassius* ("Julius Cæsar," act iv.), the *scorn* implied in his indignant interrogations, must be marked with the compound inflection, reaching at its climax a *full octave*.

*Cas.* Ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

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\* Dr. Whately (*Elements of Rhetoric*) remarks, that the instance in Genesis i. "God said, Let there be light; and there *was* light," may be pronounced so as to imply that there *was* light *already*. This would be by a *false* use of the *compound falling inflection*, with the *pitch raised* to the *octave* on the word *was*: thus, "God said, Let there be light; and there *was* light." This pitch, with the compound inflection, would express *wonder* at the needless command. As one might say, "He kept calling for wine, and it was *before* him (all the time)."

Br. All this? Aye, more!—Fret till your proud heart  
break:

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour?

It is, in fact, this *pitch* (the octave) that lends the scornful expression to the words; and it is the degree of expression required that is to regulate the pitch, in each particular case.

## IN ANTITHESIS.

These inflections are also used to give increased force to *antithesis*; and follow each other, sometimes, in *double antithesis* so closely, that the voice is kept in a continual *wave* of ascent and descent, by alternate rising and falling compound inflections.

## EXAMPLES.

If you said so, then I said so.

Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung!

In all the above examples there is a certain degree of *jeering* or *irony* conveyed, and it is in the *ironical* expression that these compound inflections (with *high pitch*) have the greatest power. An exceedingly good practice on these inflections is Marc Antony's speech to the populace, over the dead body of Cæsar; in which it will be perceived what effect may be added to the oft-repeated epithet "*honorable men*" (which the

orator *ironically* applies to Brutus and the rest) by the adoption of these compound inflections. But, in the practice of this speech, remark that the *irony* is not *immediately* displayed by Marc Antony. He dares not, in the first instance, cast a doubt, by ironical expression, upon the motives of Brutus and the rest; and it is only when he feels that he is making a favourable impression upon the multitude, and "stealing away their hearts," that he ventures to unveil his thoughts, and to speak with irony, and finally in utter contempt, of the "*honorable men* who have stabb'd Cæsar." Bearing this hint in mind the student may, at this point of his progress, exercise himself with advantage on that celebrated piece of oratory.\*

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## 2. PAUSE OF FORCE, OR EXPRESSION.

Great expression and force may be imparted to an idea by the introduction of the short pause, with a suspension of the voice immediately *before* the word conveying the idea, or embodying emotion.

This pause, so introduced, and suspending the sense, is called the *Pause of Force*.

Like the *Emphasis of Force* (with which it is frequently allied), it is arbitrary in its use, and depends on the will and judgment of the speaker for its employment.

### RULE.

The pause of force or expression is made by arresting and suspending the voice immediately *before* the word or member on which the speaker wishes to concentrate his power.

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\* See Appendix, 357.

## EXAMPLE.

In Marc Antony's apostrophe to Cæsar's body, — when Brutus and the rest, after the murder of Cæsar, having shaken hands with Antony in pledge of amity, have left him alone in the senate house, — he exclaims,

Oh ! pardon me, — thou bleeding piece of earth, —  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !

The force and *expression* of the passage, in delivery, is wonderfully increased, if, besides the usual pauses, we introduce the pause of feeling *before* — with the emphasis of force *on* — the word "*butchers* : " the passage will then be marked thus —

O pardon me<sup>~</sup> thou bleeding piece of earth<sup>~</sup> —  
That I am meek and gentle<sup>~</sup> with these<sup>~</sup> butchers !

The effect of this is at once felt : it is as if the speaker paused to find a word strong enough for his feeling of abhorrence ; and, at length, hitting on the word *butcher*, he pours it out with the force and expression of *execration*.

This pause arrests the attention of the hearer in an extraordinary manner ; and therefore it may be used for that effect, before the word of particular force and importance in the most solemn and least-excited passages ; as in Saint Paul, —

And now abideth faith, hope, charity ; these three : but  
the greatest of these is<sup>~</sup> charity.

And in Portia's speech on mercy, —

And earthly power doth then shew likest<sup>~</sup> *God's*,  
When mercy seasons justice.

In excited passages of highly-wrought feeling, it also gives the orator an opportunity of gathering full power of voice to concentrate it on the one word or phrase; as, in the well-known burst of *Othello's* passion, —

If thou dost slander her, and <sup>—</sup>torture me,  
Never pray more !

Great power and expression may be added to the phrase "*torture me*," by the introduction of this pause, with the emphasis of force, on the word "*torture*."

The strength of the passage is further increased by the addition of the same pause before the words "*never pray more*;" in which case, the pause will be *doubled* in time, as there is already a pause of *sense* required after torture me.

The passage will then stand marked — with pause, inflection (of *antithesis*), and emphasis of *force*.

If thou dost <sup>—</sup>slander <sup>( )</sup>her, and <sup>—</sup>torture <sup>( )</sup>me<sup>—</sup>—  
Never pray more!

We shall presently see that the power of this passage may be still further augmented—under the force of —

### 3. CUMULATIVE EMPHASIS.

The emphasis of *sense* goes to *meaning* only; the emphasis of *force* is expressive of *intensity* and *energy*. That expression is augmented by *doubling* the emphasis,—and is brought to its *climax* of

power, by applying it to *several words in succession*; which is called accumulated or *Cumulative Emphasis*.

This emphasis, when judiciously used, adds great power to passages of strength: but it must not be frequently employed, or it will lose its effect by the repetition, and give a disagreeable jerking to the delivery. It is introduced properly, to add increased force to *climax*,—either of powerful *argument*, or of highly-wrought *passion*. In both these cases it crowns the excitement and energy of the speaker; it is the “topmost round” of the ladder, beyond which he cannot step. It should therefore be reserved for great occasions. Thus,—

## EXAMPLES.

1. In an important reply, in which the orator feels that he has triumphantly refuted the arguments of his opponent, he may, with effect, close the climax of his triumph with the cumulative emphasis of force:—

I have thus shown, from the gentleman's own arguments, that the doctrine advanced by him is not at present received:—that it never was received: that it never can by any possibility be received: and that, if admitted, it must be by the total subversion of liberty itself!

2. Again, on the climax of intense passion, in the former example of Othello's speech,—read with cumulative emphasis, the articulation of the passage becomes almost syllabic, and it acquires tremendous power.

If thou dost slander her and torture me—  
Never pray more : abandon all remorse;  
 On horror's head horrors accumulate ;  
 Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amazed—  
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add  
Greater than this !

Such is the power of Cumulative Emphasis.

EXPRESSION of feeling and *passion* is achieved,  
 not by *inflection* or *emphasis*, but by *pitch of voice* ;  
 which will be treated of in the next part.

## PART V.

## ELOCUTION AND RHETORIC.

THE student who shall have gone patiently through the preceding pages, exercising himself conscientiously on the different examples, as marked, and analysing each example so as to perceive clearly the relation between inflection of voice and meaning,—how the latter may be modified, or strengthened and enforced by a just application of the former,—and how, on the other hand, meaning may be weakened or entirely lost by the want of just inflection, or perverted by a false application of it,—will be quite prepared to admit the value of Elocution as an essential element of Rhetoric, and the advantage of a system of rules and principles which shall render its practice easy and certain. It is, in fact, impossible to read a treatise on *Rhetoric* without perceiving that the author has in his mind a continual reference to *Elocution*; and that even while he may deny the use of any *system*, he is continually admitting and practically endeavouring to obviate the errors that result from the want of one.



One of the greatest advantages of a habitually good Elocution — acquired by practice on system, till it shall have become almost a “second nature” — is the great facility it gives to its possessor of delivering sentences, the longest, loosest, and most intricate in construction, so that they shall be presented to the mind of the hearer clearly and distinctly, with all the threads of their apparently entangled clauses unravelled and laid in order before him. This the really good Elocutionist (whose habit shall have become a second nature) will effect by clear articulation, and by the just application of *pause*, *inflection*, and *emphasis*; and will have no more occasion to give his mind, at the time, to the rules or principles on which he is doing it, than a practised writer need think of the rules of grammar or the principles of Rhetoric on which he constructs his periods and orders his compositions.\*

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\* It is laid down by Lord Brougham (inaugural speech at Glasgow, 1825), “as a rule admitting of no exception, that a man will speak well in proportion as he has written much; and that, with equal talents, he will be the finest extempore speaker, when no time for preparing is allowed, who has prepared himself the most sedulously when he had an opportunity of delivering a premeditated speech.”

This remark applies, of course, to the style of composition and *rhetorical* excellence of the oration. But the rule is equally applicable to excellence in *delivery*: he will be the finest extempore speaker whose Elocution has been sedulously cultivated by exercise in premeditated speeches, or on the compositions of others. “All the exceptions,” continues Lord Brougham (and I desire to go along with him), “all the exceptions which I have ever heard cited to this principle are ap-

What an advantage, then, must it be to an extemporaneous speaker (I am now setting mere *reading* out of the question) to add to fluency of language, clearness, force and elegance of Elocution ! What labour and pains will it save him even in the extemporaneous arrangement and formation of his sentences ; for it must not be overlooked (it is part of my argument in favour of a *system* of Elocution), that, even in strictly *extemporaneous* speaking, the speaker will and must follow, if he possesses it, some system of *rhetorical* rules, of which, if he be master of them, he will in every sentence he speaks give a practical illustration, without, however, “fixing his mind on them at the moment.”\* In like manner the *Elocutionist* will, in practice, carry out *his* system. He will not need to be trammelled by over-solicitude and over-nicety in the elaboration of his periods ; because he will feel confident that, to any form of sentence he can, by the power of his Elocution, give clearness, force and effect. He will thus gain much in the air of spontaneity and absence of premeditation which his oration, especially if addressed to a popular assembly, will be able to assume, from its easy and conversational style. For, as Dr. Whately justly insists on the advantage of a “*natural style* of Elocution,” so do

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parent ones only ; proving nothing more than that some few men of rare genius have become great speakers without preparation ; in no wise showing that, with preparation, they would not have reached a much higher degree of excellence.”

\* Dr. Whately's *Elements of Rhetoric*.

I ; and not only on a *natural style of Elocution*, but also on a *natural style of Rhetoric*. The difference between us is, that I maintain that the perfection of that natural style, in both cases, is to be attained by art and rule ; while the Doctor admits this in the case of Rhetoric, but denies it in the case of Elocution. I think, further, that too severe an attention to rhetorical rule in the construction of sentences may be of disadvantage to a *speaker*, giving an appearance of formality and study to what professes to be extemporaneous ; while, on the other hand, I maintain, that *the more strictly a good system of Elocution be followed and carried out in speaking, the more natural, easy, and unconstrained will be the delivery* : for all the principles of Elocution are drawn from nature ; and the perfection of the art is its accordance with nature.

Let me see if I can illustrate this by a few examples, which I will take from Dr. Whately's Elements of Rhetoric. Speaking of long sentences, Dr. Whately has the following remarks and examples\* :

“If a sentence be so constructed that the meaning of each part can be taken in as we proceed (though it be evident that the sense is not brought to a close), its length will be little or no impediment to perspicuity ; but if the former part of the sentence convey no distinct meaning till we arrive nearly at the end (however plain it may then appear), it will be, on the whole, deficient in per-

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\* Elements of Rhetoric, Part III. c. i. § 3.

spicuity; for it will need to be read over, or *thought over*, a second time, in order to be fully comprehended; which is what few readers or hearers are willing to be burthened with." Take such a sentence as this:—

"It is not without a degree of patient attention and persevering diligence, greater than the generality are willing to bestow, though not greater than the object deserves, that the habit can be acquired of examining and judging of our own conduct with the same accuracy and impartiality as that of another.

"This," says Dr. Whately, "labours under the defect I am speaking of; which may be remedied by some such alteration as the following:—

"The habit of examining our own conduct as accurately as that of another, and judging of it with the same impartiality, cannot be acquired without a degree of patient attention and persevering diligence, not greater indeed than the object deserves, but greater than the generality are willing to bestow."

Now, I am far from denying that, in point of *composition*, the latter arrangement of the sentence may be more *rhetorically* correct; but, as a question of *extemporaneous speaking*, I should myself give the preference to the first construction, as less formal, and more resembling what Dr. Whately, with reference to *Elocution*, would call the "*natural style*," and therefore conveying less the idea of study and design than Dr. Whately's emendation. The distinction I mean to convey is, that the first is such a

sentence as a man would naturally *speak*, the latter such a one as, in correcting his speech for the press, he might prefer to *print*. Mark how clear and easily to be followed the sentence as it first stands above is, when properly ordered by a good Elocution :—

It is not without a degree of patient attention and persevering diligence—

greater than the generality are willing to bestow though not greater than the object deserves—

that the habit can be acquired of judging of our own conduct—

with the same accuracy and impartiality as that of another.

Now this, I repeat, appears to me more easy, or, to use Dr. Whately's phrase, more *natural*, than the period as amended by him, which would read thus :—

The habit of examining our own conduct as accurately as that of another, and judging of it with the same impartiality—

cannot be acquired without a degree of patient attention and persevering diligence—

not greater than the object deserves, but greater than the generality are willing to bestow.

The difference, in point and effect, between the two sentences, seems to me to be the same as exists between two such sentences as the following :—

It is not by words but by deeds that sincerity in friendship must be determined.

And

Sincerity in friendship must be determined not by words but by deeds.

No one, in reading the above, can doubt which he would prefer : the first is obviously the stronger, more pointed, and more *natural*, or, if I may say so, more idiomatic. Nor would the superiority of the former arrangement be diminished by adding several clauses to the sentence, provided they be clearly, and intelligently and forcibly delivered ; as,—

It is not by words and professions of regard which however high sounding may be hollow and insincere but by acts of kindness and practical evidence of good will that the truth of friendship must be tested and determined.

And

The truth of friendship must be tested and determined not by words and professions of regard which however high sounding, may be hollow and insincere but by acts of kindness and practical evidence of good will.

Now, I call the former the more *natural* form of the sentence ; by which I mean the form into which the idea would shape itself in ordinary discussion uttered without any view to effect ; and the inflections marked upon it are also the *natural* inflections that it would receive, and without which its natural effect would be very much weakened. For example, read the last clause of the sentence (the first) with a falling inflection, and see how it will lose its force, and, if I may so speak, the *confident appeal* which is made to the hearer, for the certain confirmation to his mind of the truth of the proposition ; which effect the falling inflection would destroy, and the sentence would then seem to announce a mere platitude.

“The arrangement of words,” says Dr. Whately\*, “may be made highly conducive to energy.”

Doubtless ; especially if, in delivery, that arrangement be aided and assisted by *Emphasis*.

“The rules of many of the modern languages,” he continues, “frequently confine an author to an order which he would otherwise never have chosen ; but what translator of any taste would ever voluntarily alter the arrangement of the words in such a sentence as, Μεγάλη ἡ Ἀρεμὶς Ἐφεσίων, which our language enables us to render exactly ‘Great is Diana of the Ephesians ?’” And he then shows very truly how vastly superior this arrangement is to that of any *French* translation. Of course, in reading this line, the word “great” would receive an

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\* Elements of Rhetoric, Part III. c. ii. § 11.

emphasis of force, which will add still further strength to the exclamation, —

Great is Diana of the Ephesians.

Here, again, Elocution lends its aid to Rhetoric; strengthening the *arrangement* of the words by the force of the emphasis.

The Doctor continues :

“Our language, indeed, is very much hampered by restrictions; it being in general necessary, for the expression of the sense, to adhere to an order which may not be in other respects the most eligible: ‘Cicero praised Cæsar,’ and ‘Cæsar praised Cicero,’ would be two very different propositions; the situation of the words being all that indicates (from our want of *cases*) *which* is to be taken as the nominative; but such a restriction is far from being an advantage. The transposition of words which the ancient languages admit of, conduces not merely to variety, but to energy and even to precision. If, for instance, a Roman had been directing the attention of his hearers to the circumstance that even *Cæsar* had been the object of Cicero’s praise, he would, most likely, have put ‘*Cæsarem*’ first; but he would have put ‘*Cicero*’ first, if he had been remarking, that not only others, but even *he* had praised Cæsar.”

This, of course, refers principally to *writing*; for in speaking an Elocutionist would mark the distinction plainly by inflection. Thus, if he meant



that "Cicero praised *even* Cæsar," he would indicate the "*even*" by an emphasis of force on Cæsar :—

Cicero<sup>—</sup> praised Cæsar<sup>—</sup>.

Any one trying this, and marking the force on "Cæsar" with a strong falling inflection, will find that he has implied what would be expressed by the introduction of the word "even;" and that he has conveyed some such idea as that "*Cicero withheld his praise from no one, however opposed to his principles, if expediency dictated praise as politic;*" or, that "*Cicero's praise of any one might not carry much weight, for he praised even Cæsar.*"

On the other hand, if the speaker meant to convey that "even Cicero praised Cæsar," he would put the emphasis of force on "Cicero," and mark "Cæsar" with a rising inflection :—

Cicero<sup>—</sup> praised Cæsar<sup>—</sup>,

implying that "*Cæsar must have been deserving of praise, since even Cicero praised him.*"

A thousand examples might be adduced to show that just inflection and emphasis act as a comment, and have almost a power of amplification, as it were, of the text: so that a good Elocution not only serves fully to convey and enforce meaning, but it will enable a speaker to compress his language, supplying exuberance of words by the use of just and forcible inflection and emphasis; and thus, secondarily, may conduce to terseness and compactness of style in a spoken oration, saving time and labour, both to orator and auditor, — surely a

great advantage to a public speaker. He who by force of Elocution can express as much, and impress it as strongly in *one* sentence, as his antagonist, for want of that power, will convey in *two*, has clearly stolen a march upon his opponent. Still greater will be the Elocutionist's advantage over him, supposing each to possess equal talents as rhetoricians, if to just inflection and emphasis he add the higher graces of the art. Thus his oration—framed on a due but not pedantic observance of logical and rhetorical rules, and delivered on just principles of elocutionary art, (that is, on principles drawn from nature herself)—clearness of narration, strength of reasoning, and perspicuity of style, set off and heightened by happy illustration, brilliant bursts of feeling and passionate expression—language, voice and gesture aiding and seconding each other—will have the effect of a perfect picture; which—embracing happy contrast and relief of light and shade; glowing but not exaggerated colouring, with darker and more sombre tints; truthfulness of detail, with a general harmony; distant and shadowy suggestions of remote objects with the bold and massive outlines of the foreground—shall leave the mind satisfied, delighted, and subdued to the master's hand.

#### INTONATION, EXPRESSION, ENERGY.

The principles developed in the preceding parts have taught us to read and speak with meaning, force, and ease. But Elocution has a higher aim:

she follows the human voice in its natural and unrestrained expression of intense feeling; she accompanies it "in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of its passion;" she knows it in its joy and in its sorrow; she catches, and treasures up its intonations of love and hate, persuasion and command, scorn, pity, tenderness, and rage; and, by the power of her "so potent art," she holds them like familiar spirits, to be let loose at will.

Under her teaching, he who will, may learn their mastery; subdue them to his power; and call them to his aid, when he would cast a spell over the minds and hearts of his fellow-men.

This is the highest triumph of Elocution;—*the truthful utterance of intense and passionate feeling.*

This is to be attained by the power of *Intonation, Expression, Energy*; the Crowning Graces of Elocution.

#### INTONATION.

Intonation imparts true and perfect *tone* to the organ of the voice: its practice forms the *Education of the Voice*, and gives it fulness and volume.

The human voice (as I have before observed) must be regarded as a musical instrument—an *Organ*. To produce its tones, its bellows—the *lungs*—must be kept duly *inflated*, or supplied with breath; the pipe—the *throat*—must have full play; the orifice of the *mouth* must be *well opened*, and the sound must be poured through it in a copious, swelling *stream*, interrupted, momentarily, by *pause* or rests, on which it gathers fresh impetus for its onward course.

Many a voice is called weak, not because it is really deficient in natural power, but because its possessor is ignorant of, or unpractised in, the mechanical means of eliciting, improving, and displaying its strength. For the means are *mechanical*, and consist of the following—

## PROCESS OF INTONATION.

1. INFLATION OF THE LUNGS (to begin), and *regularly supplying what they expend in respiration*—by an imperceptible inspiration, or catch of the breath at each pause — (and *here the rhetorical pause is of great service*).


2. OPENING THE MOUTH *well*—not speaking through the teeth—or, as it called, “eating your words” — (which nine speakers out of ten do).

3. POURING OUT THE VOICE *regularly*, with an even and continuous *flow* and *swell*; not in irregular jerks and starts.

This process is perfectly simple, and merely requires exercise to make it easy. It is, in fact, the same art as that which every one has observed in *public singers*; who, however, *display* the mechanical means too manifestly, and in some instances painfully, by distortion of visage and heaving of chest. This exhibition of the physical effort must be avoided by the Elocutionist: *Ars est celare artem*. The machinery must be worked, but the springs and wheels must be kept out of sight.

## SWELL OF VOICE.

The swell of sound is called in music *crescendo*, or *increasing*, and is denoted by this mark, < ; and the *diminishing* of the sound is called *diminuendo*, thus denoted, > .

The *whole* swell and decrease is therefore thus denoted 

I shall adopt the *same* respective marks;—to denote the increasing of the *volume* of voice—and its diminution.

#### INSPIRATION.

Observe that the pauses afford the opportunity for regular inspiration, to supply expended breath; a resort absolutely necessary in order to powerful enunciation and perfect intonation; for there can be no command of voice without a perfect command of breath.

I have previously laid it down, that in the delivery of *serial sentences*—where the sense goes on increasing by *amplification*—the volume of voice or sound should also increase (*crescendo*) up to the *climax*: but remember, that *shouting* is *not* Intonation.\*

Observing this, and also the rules of *pause* and *inflection* on Series, let the reader practise himself on the following

---

\* There is a marked distinction between noise and musical sound. Noise is a confused mixture of sounds produced by the concussion of non-elastic bodies; whereas musical sound is a pure harmonious effect emanating from a simple elastic body, as the tone of a bell. It is a curious fact, that musical sounds fly farther and are heard at a greater distance than those which are more loud and noisy. If we go on the outside of a town during a fair, at the distance of a mile, we hear the musical instruments; but the din of the multitude which is overpowering in the place, can scarcely be heard, the noise dying upon the spot.—*Gardiner's Music of Nature*.

## EXERCISE ON INTONATION.

1. In times, when the whole habitable earth™ is in a state of change and fluctuation,™-

when deserts are starting up™ into civilised empires around you,™-

and when men,™ no longer the slaves of particular countries,™ much less of particular governments,™-

enlist themselves,™ like the citizens of an enlightened world,™ into whatever communities™ where their civil liberties may be best protected,™-

it never can be™ for the advantage of this country™ to prove™-

that the strict letter of the laws™ is no security to its inhabitants.

2. The following exordium of Brutus' speech to the populace, also affords an excellent exercise for the student; who will remember that Brutus is supposed to be addressing a large and turbulent popular assembly in the open air; and therefore a powerful intonation is required, in order to obtain even a hearing.

Romans™ countrymen™ and lovers! Hear me™ for my cause™- and be silent™ that you may hear. Believe me™ for mine honour™- and have respect to mine honour™ that you may

believe. Censure me in your wisdom™ and <sup><</sup>awake your senses™ that you may the better judge. | If there be any™ in this assembly™ any <sup><</sup>dear friend of <sup>></sup>Cæsar™—to him I say™ that Brutus' love for Cæsar™ was no less than his. If then™ that friend demand™ why Brutus rose against Cæsar™—this is my answer™—Not™ that I loved Cæsar™ less™—but™ that I loved Rome™ more!

If the pupil will exercise himself in this last passage *aloud*, commending on a *low tone*,—*inspiring* on the *pauses*, so as to keep his lungs filled with breath, and *increasing the volume of his voice* on the *crescendo*,—he will make considerable advance in the practice of Intonation. As he proceeds, he will find that his voice will ascend and take a higher pitch. The use of the *long pause* (as at the word “*judge*”) will serve to resume the tone on which he commenced.

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#### INTONATION OF POETRY.

We have hitherto confined our exercises to Prose readings;—on the principle that we must *learn to walk before we run*. But Intonation is so connected with, and necessary to the reading and delivery of verse and poetic language, that it is now a proper time and place to introduce some observations on

## POETICAL ELOCUTION.

It is first to be observed, that the general style of reading or reciting verse and poetic language, should be higher and more exalted than that of prose : for poetry is a more exalted style of composition than prose : and the Elocution must keep pace with the subject or matter. The voice must flow more softly ; must undulate gently, and not jump or jerk on the inflections ; so that the verse may run smoothly and without jar upon the ear. Intonation must be particularly attended to in poetical delivery ; so that the music of the voice being fully brought out, it may aid and give echo to the music of the language.

This style I call the *imaginative style* of Elocution : because it is the style to be adopted in the delivery of all imaginative composition, whether in prose or verse. For, I need not remark that there is *poetical prose*, which must be delivered in the imaginative or poetical style ; and we all painfully know that there is *poetry*—or rather *verse*—so irredeemably *prosaic*, that no reading or Elocution could possibly invest it with the attributes of *poetry* : the best way is not to read it at all.

As an example of *poetic prose*, take the following—

## EXTRACT FROM OSSIAN.

As Autumn's dark storms pour from two echoing hills,  
so toward each other approached the heroes. As two dark  
streams from high rocks meet and mix, and roar on the



plain ; loud, rough, and dark, in battle met Lochlin and Innisfail ; chief mixed his strokes with chief, and man with man. Steel clanging sounded on steel. Helmets are cleft on high ; blood bursts and smokes around. As the troubled noise of the ocean when roll the waves on high ; as the last peal of the thunder of heaven ; such is the noise of battle. The groan of the people spreads over the hills. It was like the thunder of night when the cloud bursts on Cona, and a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the hollow wind.

Such language as this must not be delivered as common prose ; but the speaker's Elocution must be swelling, exalted, dignified ; in fine, elevated to the level of the composition. In the same manner, in the delivery of any figurative passage in an ordinary discourse or oration,—where the orator, borne aloft on the wings of his imagination, quits the common track of language and soars in the regions of fancy,—the Elocution must also rise, and sustain a flight equal in loftiness and ambition to the elevation of the orator's diction and style. As in the following—

EXTRACT FROM BURKE.\*

In the course of all this proceeding, your lordships will not fail to observe, he is never corrupt but he is cruel : he never dines with comfort, but where he is sure to create a famine. He never robs from the loose superfluity of standing greatness ; he devours the fallen, the indigent, the necessitous. His extortion is not like the generous rapacity of the princely eagle, who snatches away the living, struggling

---

\* Impeachment of Warren Hastings.

prey; he is a vulture who feeds upon the prostrate, the dying and the dead. As his cruelty is more shocking than his corruption, so his hypocrisy has something more frightful than his cruelty. For whilst his bloody and rapacious hand signs proscriptions and sweeps away the food of the widow and the orphan, his eyes overflow with tears; and he converts the healing balm, that bleeds from wounded humanity, into a rancorous and deadly poison to the race of man.

Every one feels how much this passage rises above the ordinary diction of prose,—that it is, in fact, a flight of oratory. The Elocution must keep pace with it; that is, the *imaginative style* must be adopted.

One of the main characteristics of this lofty style is what is called the *orotund* voice: that is, that full and swelling tone which is produced by the same organic form and action of the mouth as are necessary perfectly to enunciate the tonic  $\overset{7}{o}$ , as in  $\overset{7}{o}$ -ld, c- $\overset{7}{o}$ -l-d, &c. To utter this tonic perfectly, the mouth is kept in a *rotund* form, and the tone produced is called *orotund* (*ore rotundo*). By carefully reading the following lines, with particular attention to the enunciation of the tonic  $\overset{7}{o}$ , and swelling the voice upon it, the pupil will attain a clear perception of the orotund voice.

Oh holy Hope<sup>7</sup> that flows thro' all my soul !  
 From pole to pole<sup>7</sup> the deep-toned thunders roll.  
 Low hollow moans<sup>7</sup> proclaim his deep-souled woe.

Now, the form of the mouth in uttering these lines must, from the prevalence of the tonic <sup>7</sup>o, be rotund; and the quality of voice must be *orotund*. The art is to be able to preserve that quality of voice in other passages in which that tonic sound of <sup>7</sup>o does not prevail; but which, nevertheless, require, and are capable of receiving, on the tonics which they do contain, the full swelling tone of the orotund, as in the following—

## PRACTICE ON OROTUND.

And all the clouds<sup><</sup> that lower'd upon our house,<sup><</sup>  
In the deep bosom of the ocean<sup><</sup> buried.

*Shaks.*

All are but parts<sup><</sup> of one harmonious whole,<sup><</sup>  
Whose body nature is<sup><</sup> and God the soul!

*Pope.*

With woeful measures,<sup><</sup> wan Despair,<sup><</sup>  
Low<sup><</sup> sullen sounds,<sup><</sup> his grief beguiled.

*Collins.*

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;  
But thou<sup><</sup> shalt flourish in immortal youth<sup><</sup>  
Unhurt<sup><</sup> amidst the war of elements<sup><</sup>  
The wreck of matter<sup><</sup> and the crush of worlds<sup><</sup>.

*Addison.*

To *Scriptural reading*, and *prayer*, the orotund is most appropriate : for its full swelling tone lends depth and solemnity to the delivery, and is strongly expressive of reverential feeling. The acquisition and command of the orotund, therefore, is essential to the clergyman, whose voice is required to fill a large building, not only so as to be audible, but with a deep and solemn effect that shall secure the attention, respect and sympathy of his auditors. The figurative and sublime language of the Old Testament must not be uttered (as it too frequently is) in the familiar and undignified tone in which we would deliver an ordinary lecture, or make a statement of finance ; and even the beautiful simplicity of the New Testament must not be vulgarised and degraded to the familiar tone of commonplace conversation or narration. The dignity of his subject, his office, its high aim, the place, the occasion, all demand from the clergyman, dignity of style and manner ; and the orotund voice, with its full, swelling stream of sound, is the one adapted to that end. It should, therefore, be a great and constant object of the clergyman to educate his voice and utterance upon this point. More than these few hints on Scriptural reading I cannot give here ; it is a style of itself, which requires considerable practice, and cultivation of voice, so as to avoid, on the one hand, meanness, and familiarity in aiming at simplicity : and, on the other, to escape bombast and turgidity, while aspiring to dignity and power.

## READING OF VERSE.

The previous observations apply to the general style of poetical Elocution, whether in prose or verse. In the reading of verse, we must, moreover, be careful to preserve RHYTHM and MELODY.

1. RHYTHM is musical order of arrangement: it is as pleasing and indeed necessary to the satisfaction of the ear, as symmetry and regularity of form are to the eye. In music, rhythm governs the leaping or gushing of the sound; in dance, it regulates the beating of the feet; in language, it directs or arranges the pulsations or strokes of the voice upon words or syllables; or, as it is called in music, the *accentuation*. I have before observed, that there is a rhythm even in prose; but it is uncertain, irregular, and fickle. Verse is the music of language; rhythm is its essential quality; the regularity and perfection of which distinguish it from prose. Verse is addressed to the ear; its music is not received through the eye (although a regular *marginal blank* may seem to mark the versification on paper); and, therefore, it is as requisite, in reading verse, to mark the rhythmical accentuation of the line, as it is, in playing or singing, to observe due time. That is, we must regulate the pulsation and movement of sound by the voice, to the regulated metrical accentuation (or rhythm) of the verse.

English verse consists of the arrangement, at regular intervals, of accented and *unaccented*,—or,

more properly speaking, of heavy and light syllables.

This regular arrangement, or order, constitutes the rhythm of the verse,—whether that verse be *blank* or in *rhyme*. Rhyme is the coincidence of sound in the closing cadence of one line with that of another; it has no reference to or influence upon the rhythm, from which it is perfectly distinct, nor is it an essential constituent of English poetry.

Latin and Greek Verse is measured, by prosodians, by certain adjustments of syllables, *long* and *short*, called *feet*: of these feet there is a great variety, of which the principal are the—

*Spondee*—two long syllables, as *mūndūs*,

*Trochee*—one long and one short syllable, as *Bēllā*,

*Iambus*—one short and one long, as *cānō*,

*Dactyl*—one long and two short, as *tēgmīnē*,

*Anapest*—two short and one long, as *rēcūbāns*.

But, of that style of scanning our English verse is quite independent, and indeed incapable. The syllables in our language cannot be classed as long or short, for the same syllables may vary in quantity, as they occur in different verses, according to the amount of feeling or force that may be given to them. English verse is regulated by the arrangement of heavy and light syllables, and depends for its musical effect upon time and accentuation; or, *pulsation* and *remission* of sound, on the heavy and light syllables, respectively.

English verse may be divided into common time and triple time: the first being the pace of a man's walk; the second of a horse's canter. The accentuation is, as in music, always on the bar; that is, the accented note, or heavy syllable, must commence the bar, or its place must be supplied by a rest, which counts for it; for *rests are as essential to rhythm as the notes themselves*.

Thus we can divide or bar for accentuation, all English verse. Take the following three examples, as *timed*, *barred*, and *accented*: the two first are in *common time*, the third is in *triple time*:—

$\frac{2}{4}$  | ~ A | pre'sent | deíty | ~ they | shóut a | round~ |

| ~ A | pre'sent | deíty | ~ the | váulted | róofs re- |  
bound~ |

$\frac{2}{4}$       Softly | sweet in | Lydían | measures |

Soon he | soóthed his | sóul to | pleásures. |

$\frac{3}{8}$  | ~ The | prínces ap | plaud with a | fúrious | jóy~ |

| ~ And the | kíng seized a | flambeau with | zeal to de- |  
stroy.~ |

The pulsation of voice, and the classification and division of the syllables, as accented and arranged in the preceding couplets, distinctly mark their different rhythm.—To illustrate this further, read the second line of the third couplet as if it were thus divided and accented:—

| And the k<sup>ing</sup> | se<sup>ized</sup> a flam<sup>beau</sup> | with z<sup>éal</sup> | to de-  
stroy. |

Thus read, the verse becomes *prose* ; for, by *false accentuation*, its musical movement is lost, and the rhythm is destroyed.

At the same time be careful not to fall into that *sing-song* style of reading verse, which is produced by the accentuation of little and insignificant words.

This *sing-song* style, so common among readers, is the result of the absurd attempt of prosodians to measure English versification by *feet*, instead of by *time* and *accentuation*. The music of a verse is not to be ascertained by counting on the fingers, or *scanning* (as it is called); but by the ear.\*

English verse consists of a certain number of bars, in the same time ; of which the rests or pauses are constituent parts : and it is therefore as much on the due observance of these rests, as on the accentuation of the notes or syllables, that the rhythm depends.

Take the following examples of verses *scanned* first according to the *feet* of the *prosodians*, counted on their fingers, and then according to the *rational prosody* which really governs the rhythm of English verse,—that is, *time* and *accentuation*. According to the former plan, it will be observed that the sense is utterly sacrificed to the scanning, for want of rest or pause, however necessary it may be to the meaning or feeling of the verse ; while, by the latter plan, the rhythm, sense, and feeling go hand in hand, and are aided by rests.

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\* See this subject diffusely and learnedly treated in Steele's *Prosodia Rationalis*.



Prosodial scanning by feet—

IAMBICS.

Ŏn the | b̄are ēarth | ēx̄posed | h̄e l̄ies, |

With not | a friēd | t̄o cl̄ose | h̄is ēyes. |

A mode of scanning, if adhered to in the reading, which would utterly destroy the sense and power of the lines. They should be thus *barred, timed, and accented*:—

Ŏn the | b̄are | ēarth | ēx̄posed he | l̄ies, |

With | n̄ot a | friēd | t̄o | cl̄ose his | ēyes. |

By which we find, that these are verses of six bars, in common time, the rests filling up the bars, exactly where the sense requires a pause. And so in the following examples; in which it will be seen that verses which would be said by the prosodians to consist of *four feet*, are, in general, verses of six bars; and that what would, in scanning, be called by prosodians *pentameters*, or *five-feet* verses, are really lines of *six*, and sometimes even of *eight* bars. — The time, either triple or common, is denoted in the following examples by the figure 2. (common), or 3. (triple.)

THREE BARS.

2. | Ōh the | sight en | trāncing |  
 | ~ When the | m̄orning's | beam is | glāncing, |

~ O'er	fíles ar	rayed ~	
~ With	hélm and	bláde ~	
~ And	plumes in the	gay wind	d'ancing.

3. | ~ Up | earl'y and | late, ~ |  
 | ~ To | toil and to | wait, ~ | |
 | ~ To | dó as one's | bid, ~ |  
 | ~ Yet for | éver be | chíd, ~ |  
 | ~ Ill | húmour to | bear, ~ |  
 | ~ And | yet | not to | dare, ~ |  
 | ~ Tho' with | anger we | burn, ~ |  
 | ~ To be | cross in re | turn, ~ |

## FOUR BARS.

3. | Pláce me in | régions of e | ternal | winter ~ |  
 | Whére not a | blossóm to the | breezé can | open ~ but |  
 | Dárkening | t'émpests ~ | closing all a | round me ~ |  
 Chill the cre | ation |

2. | Ságe be | neath a | spréading | oak ~ |  
 | Sáte the | Drúid | hoary | chief ~ |  
 | Évery | búrning | wórd he | spóke ~ |  
 | Full of | rage and | full of | griéf. ~ |

## SIX AND FOUR BARS.

3. | ~ ' When | hé who a | dóres thee | ~ has | left but  
 the | náme ~ |

| ~ Of his | fáult and his | sórrów be | hínd ~ |  
 | Oh ! ~ | sáy ~ | ~ wilt thou | weep when they |  
                     darken the | fáme ~ |  
 | ~ Of a | lífe that for | theé was re | sígned ~ ? |

## SIX BARS.

2. | ~ A | chílles' | wráth ~ to | Gréece the | díreful |  
                     spring ~ |  
 | ~ Of | woés un | númer'd ~ | heavenly | Góddess |  
                     sing. ~ |

It will be found by reading verse according to this system, —of marking the rhythm by time and accentuation,—that it will flow much more easily than when read by prosodial scanning: nor shall we be obliged to make elisions of vowels for the purpose of preserving the apparent regularity of the line,—that is, according to the plan of counting the syllables on the fingers. No poet has suffered more from this pedantic method of *measuring* English verse, than Shakspeare, whose commentators have not scrupled to add syllables to, or deduct syllables from his lines, in order to give them “the right butter-woman’s pace to market;” and this because these learned gentlemen, instead of receiving the music of his verse through their ears, *measured* his lines, like tape, upon their fingers: and if they did not happen exactly to fit the prescribed length, they laid him upon the Procrustes’ bed of their prosodial pedantry, and stretched him out, if too short, or cut him down, if too long! Thus they have succeeded, in some instances, in “curtailing” his verse of its beauty and “fair proportions,” by the elision or blending of vowels whose utterance really forms the music of the lines. For example, of the line—

O ~ | Rómeo ! | Rómeo ! | wherefore | árt thou | Rómeo ? |

they would make a verse of what they would call five feet, with a redundant syllable ; and, to do this, they are obliged to reduce the melodious name of *Ro-me-o* to *two* syllables ; and scan it thus :—

Ōh Rō | m̃yo Rō | m̃yo where | fōre art | thōu Rō | m̃yo ?

thus clipping and defacing the language, for the sake of levelling it to the standard of a false prosody.

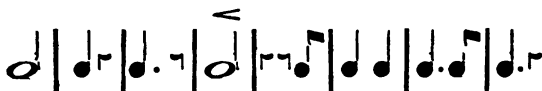
Again, if we follow this prosodial *finger-measuring* of verse, what becomes of the force and depth of the heart-wrung exclamation of *Samson* (*Agonistes*), when he exclaims :—

Oh ! dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon !

The prosodians would thus *measure* it :—

Ōh d̃ark | d̃ark d̃ark, | āmid | th̃e bl̃aze | ōf noon |

and thus destroy all the force and passion of the line. A *rational prosody*, preserving the feeling, as well as the rhythm of the verse, would thus divide it into eight bars, timing it duly, and marking it with rests that add to its beauty and power.



2. Oh | d̃ark | d̃ark | d̃ark | a- | mid the | blaze of | noon.

Thus we preserve all the expression of the verse, and distinguish its melody and rhythm from such a verse as the following, which has exactly the same number of syllables as the above line, and would, by the prosodians, be scanned exactly in the same manner ; yet it has quite a different movement :—

A burdensome drone, to visitants a gaze.

If we follow the *prosodians*, we shall thus scan this line :—

Ā burd' | nōus drone | tō vis | itants | ā gaze.

If we follow good taste, common sense, and rhythmical accentuation, we shall thus measure it:—

3. | ~ A | bur'denous | drōne to | vísitants a | gáze.

It is thus a line of five bars, in *triple* time: and the change from common time is in keeping with the expression.

The same of the following line, which owes its lightness and beauty to its accentuation and *triple* time:—

3. Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn.

It is on the variation of time and accentuation that the verse of Milton depends so much for its force and melody. The poet has studiously adapted the time and movement of his verse to the effect intended to be produced; but the system of *scanning* reduces all verse to the same humdrum jog-trot.

"The native wood-notes, wild," says Kemble, "which could delight the cultivated ear of a Milton, are not to be regulated by those who measure verses by their fingers."

And yet it is recorded of Kemble (and the anecdote is an excellent satire upon prosodial scanning), that in obedience to this *finger-measuring* of verse, the second of the following lines in the *Tempest*,—

— "I'll rack thee with old cramps,  
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din,"—

was thus read by Kemble:—

"Fill all thy bones with *aiches*, make thee roar,"—

an absurdity really ridiculous, committed in order to make up the full number of ten syllables, or five *feet*, of which, according to prosodial scanning, the verse is composed. The time, measure, and reading of the line are thus:—



The rest after "aches" fills up the rhythm, prevents the absurdity of perverting "aches" into a word of two syllables, and adds to the force and expression of the line. Thus we see that, in *rhythmical reading*, the rests or pauses are as necessary to the measure as the notes or syllables themselves. The *Cæsural* pause, spoken of by *Blair* and the prosodians, may sometimes suffice, with the rest at the close of the line, to make out the rhythm and sense of the verse; but, for fine, musical, and expressive reading of verse, other rests are necessary, not only in the middle and at the close of the line, but in the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, or whatever bar the rhythm, sense, or feeling demands them. And the accentuation of the lines will not run on in the same unvarying *Iambic* jog-trot, but will change from common to triple time, and back again, just as the poet, if he have a fine ear, shall vary his verse, to produce a severe or light and airy effect.

The following lines in blank verse and common time, are exceedingly rhythmical and melodious; but their rhythm will be almost destroyed, and they will become merely poetical *prose*, if, in delivering them, we neglect to mark the variation, which is occasionally made by the poet in the movement of his verse, —by change of time and accentuation.

#### A SABBATH MORN.—GRAHAME.

How still the morning of the hallowed day!  
 Mute is the voice of rural labour, — hush'd  
 The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song! —

The scythe lies glittering™ in the dewy wreath™  
 Of tedded grass,™ mingled with faded flowers,™  
 That yestermorn™ bloom'd™ waving in the breeze.  
 Sounds™ the most faint™ attract the ear™ — the hum  
 Of early bee™ the trickling of the dew,™  
 The distant bleating™ midway up the hill.—  
 Calmness sits throned™ on yon unmoving cloud.  
 To him who wanders™ o'er the upland léas,™  
 The blackbird's note™ comes mellower from the dale;  
 And sweeter from the sky™ the gladsome lark™  
 Warbles his heav'n-tuned song; the lulling brook™  
 Murmurs more gently™ down the deep-worn glen;  
 While from yon roof™ whose curling smoke™  
 O'ermounts the mist™ is heard,™ at intervals,™  
 The voice of psalms™ the simple song of praise.

A rest, or slight suspension of voice, at the end of each line, is essential to the rhythmical reading of all verse: it can scarcely ever be omitted except in the delivery of—

#### DRAMATIC POETRY;

in which, the suspension at the close of each line must not be allowed to interrupt the flow of language and feeling. The great object of dramatic poetry is the natural and powerful expression of passion: this is the grace paramount, to which all

others must bend, and which must not be sacrificed to any minor embellishments. It is true, the verse in which that passionate expression is clothed lends it dignity and elegance, and therefore, even on the stage, *rhythm* and *metre* must be preserved in delivery ; but it must be done easily and without pedantry or apparent effort. For he would make but a poor impression on the heart, who, in an overwhelming burst of passion, should stop to note a cæsural pause, or the rest which, in ordinary poetical reading, marks the close of the line. If he be an artist, a correct ear and good taste will prevent the actor from wantonly destroying the poet's rhythm ; judgment will guide him in passages where he may, with propriety and grace, linger on the melody of the lines ; while the power of truthful feeling and passionate enthusiasm, will exalt him above the trammels of ordinary rule which would tame his imagination, and fetter his energies.

This much is all that I have thought necessary to remark on the subject of the delivery of *dramatic poetry*. Its further study, with constant and patient practice, added to a good ear, a cultivated voice, and a taste refined by reading and education, is requisite to the actor. What I have here incidentally observed is sufficient for the orator, the scholar, and the unprofessional reader, aiming at an elegant style of Elocution.

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2. MELODY and CADENCE are requisite to give finish to rhythmical Elocution.



Melody and Cadence are graces arising from the arrangement and variation of pitch by inflection of voice.

Read aloud, as marked, the following—

EXAMPLE.

On her white breast<sup>~</sup> a sparkling cross she wore<sup>~</sup>—  
Which Jews might kiss<sup>~</sup> and infidels adore.

Experiment will convince the reader that no other arrangement of inflections on these lines can produce a melody equal to that which is here given. That *melody* pervades both verses; in the closing line of the sense, I call it *cadence*, for *cadence* is the *consummation* or *close* of a melody.

This melody is produced by *alternation of inflection*: the cadence marked in the second line of the couplet is distinguished as the *HARMONIC CADENCE*\*; it is formed by the introduction of two intermediate rising inflections of a *third* and *fifth*, between two falling inflections: the melody of the first line is composed of a similar alternation of inflection, with the variation of a rising inflection to mark the suspension of sense at the termination of the line.

The introduction of this melody and cadence where the sense will admit of it, lends additional music to the rhythm: but they must not be used to supersede just inflection or Emphasis required by the sense: for the melody must never be permitted to destroy the force of the line. Nor must this cadence be too

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\* The harmonic cadence may be used with grace in prose declamation, as well as in verse; when the passage does not demand any particular force, as,—

I shall content myself with wishing<sup>~</sup> that I may be one of  
those<sup>~</sup> whose follies may cease with their youth<sup>~</sup>— and not of  
that number<sup>~</sup> who are ignorant<sup>~</sup> in spite of experience.  
—Johnson.

frequently resorted to, or it will give a *sing-song* sameness to the reading—tiresome and unmeaning.

It is to be observed that the inflections of the voice, in the reading of verse, are not to be marked so strongly, or, as I may say, so *angularly*, as in prose-reading. Smoothness, and an easy, flowing style, are to be cultivated; and, therefore, the inflections must be, as it were, rounded and polished; so that the voice shall not leap, but gently undulate from tone to tone, and float along in an unbroken stream of sound.

A great fault in the reading of verse, is the too strongly marking, or, as I call it, *hammering* the rhyme; this is destructive of melody, and has a most unpleasing effect on the ear. To avoid it, we must keep the voice suspended, avoiding a frequent recurrence of the falling inflection at the close of the line, except where the close of the sense, too, demands it. Otherwise we shall fall into that methodical, alternate, closing rise and fall which deprives rhythmical Elocution of all variety and grace.

Pope's lines are good practice for melodious reading: for he frequently suspends the sense through several successive lines, and, so, affords opportunity for variety of inflection and cadence. I therefore give (marked) a passage extracted from his *Essay on Man*.

## HAPPINESS.

Oh Happiness! our being's end and aim! —  
 Good, pleasure, ease, content! — whate'er thy name —

That something, still which prompts th' eternal sigh,  
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die ;  
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,  
 O'erlook'd, seen double by the fool and wise ;  
 Plant of celestial seed ! if dropp'd below,  
 Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?  
 Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,  
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine ?  
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,  
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?  
 Where grows ? where grows it not ? If vain our toil,  
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :  
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,  
 'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere :  
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,  
 And fled from monarchs, dwells, my friend, with thee.

It is not within the scope of this work to analyse the different rhythms and metres used in versification ; but for the convenience of the reader, the practice at the end of this part contains extracts in a variety of rhythm ; by exercise on which, in accordance with the preceding rules and directions, he may acquire an elegant and easy style of rhythmical Elocution.

We now proceed to

#### EXPRESSION.

Expression is the modulating or regulating the organ of the voice to tones of gentleness or force,

according to the nature and degree of feeling, or passion expressed in words. Expression is the natural language of emotion. It is, in Elocution, to a certain extent, a vocal imitation of passion. But this must be done without "aggravating the voice" (as Bottom has it). It is a grace which requires the nicest management; and cannot be achieved but with the best cultivation of *ear* and *voice*; in order to catch and re-echo the tones of the heart to the ears and hearts of others. It depends mainly upon *pitch* of voice, and the expression of each different feeling has its appropriate pitch.\*

Expression therefore is a refinement on Intonation: they go hand in hand: we cannot think of the one without the other. Intonation gives the voice volume and power; expression uses and adapts it to the feeling of the moment.

Even monotone has its expression.

\* Roger Ascham, tutor to Queen Elizabeth, thus quaintly writes, touching the matter of pitch of voice:—

"Where a matter is spoken with an apte voyce for everye affection, the hearers, for the most part, are moved as the speaker would; but when a man is always in one tone, like a humble-bee, or else now in the top of the church, now downs that no man knoweth where to have him; or piping like a reede, or roaring like a bull as some lawyers do, which thinke they do best when they crye loudest; these shall never move, as I know many well-learned have done, because theyr voyces were not stayed afore, with learninge to singe. For all voyces, great and small, base and shrill, may be holpen and brought to a good point by learninge to singe."

## MONOTONE

is intonation without change of pitch : that is, preserving a fulness of tone, without ascent or descent on the scale.

## THE EXPRESSION OF MONOTONE.

It expresses *repose* of feeling or scene—the *calm* confidence of power—*vastness* of thought—*veneration*—and the over-awing *sublimity* of grandeur.

But it must not be listless, vapid, soulless monotone ; it must be a deep, swelling, *crescendo* monotone, speaking as it were from the recesses of the heart ; as, —



The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces  
 The solemn temples the great globe itself  
 Yea all which it inherit shall dissolve  
 And like this unsubstantial pageant faded  
 Leave not a rack behind.

*Shakspeare.*

The following passage from Talfourd's classical tragedy of *Ion* is also good practice in the Intonation of Monotone.

Commence on a deep, full tone.

Ye eldest Gods,  
 Who in no statues of exactest form  
 Are palpable; who shun the azure heights  
 Of beautiful Olympus, and the sound  
 Of ever-young Apollo's minstrelsy;  
 Yet mindful of the empire which ye held  
 Over dim Chaos, keep revengeful wrath  
 On falling nations, and on kingly lines  
 About to sink for ever; ye, who shed  
 Into the passions of earth's giant brood  
 And their fierce usages, the sense of justice;  
 Who clothe the fated battlements of tyranny  
 With blackness as a funeral pall, and breathe  
 Thro' the proud halls of time-emboldened guilt  
 Portents of ruin, hear me! In your presence,

For now I feel you nigh, I dedicate  
This arm to the destruction of the king  
And of his race! O keep me pitiless!  
Expel all human weakness from my frame,  
That this keen weapon shake not when his heart  
Should feel its point; and if he has a child  
Whose blood is needful to the sacrifice  
My country asks, harden my soul to shed it!

## PITCH OF VOICE.

Expression, as I have said, depends chiefly upon pitch of voice.

We all know that the tones of the voice vary considerably, according to the affection of mind or passion under which a person speaks. We see this daily in nature—we hear a man give a command in one tone, and make an entreaty or ask a favour in another: his accents grow sharper and shriller in rage, and softer and more liquid in tenderness and affection: the voice is light and rapid in pleasure,—low, moaning, and broken in grief,—dull and heavy in pain,—cracked, wild, and shrieking in despair. The voice of *deep passion*,—sorrow, love, woe, remorse, pity, &c.,—is seated in the *chest* (*voce di petto*), and its pitch is *low*: while that of more *impulsive passion*, as rage, delight, triumph, &c., is high in pitch, and partakes of the quality of the head voice—(*voce di testa*). It is on our power to command our voice at will to any pitch that we

must rely for vocal expression: that is, the adaptation of tone to sentiment and passion.

Pitch is quite distinct from *force*; by which, however, its effect may be aided and increased.

The pitch of the speaking voice may be divided into—

MIDDLE PITCH,  
HIGH PITCH,  
LOW PITCH.

By *middle*, or *mean* pitch, I intend the ordinary pitch of voice, as used in common conversation, unmarked by passion. That pitch varies according to the quality or character of the individual voice, whether it be *soprano*, *tenor*, or *bass*.

Suppose, for example, the natural key of any voice to be B  $\flat$  in the *bass*, that is, suppose that tone to be the ordinary cadence of the voice; then the middle pitch of that voice may be considered to extend as high as a *fifth above* that tone: and so of any voice, whatever it may be; the mean pitch of that voice may be considered to extend to a fifth above its key-note, that is, a fifth above the closing cadence of its ordinary speech.

Above and below the range of the middle pitch, are the *high* and *low* pitch respectively. Low pitch begins on the lowest tone of the mean pitch; and high pitch, a fifth above it: so that where middle pitch *ascending* ends, high pitch begins; where middle pitch *descending* ends, low pitch begins: the range of each, high or low, depending of course on the compass of the speaker's voice.



These are the clearest and most distinct *indicia* that I am able to give for the regulation of pitch on the speaking voice.

Now, each of these three pitches,—the *middle*, the *high*, and the *low*,—has its appropriate sphere of use or expression.

1. THE MIDDLE is the proper pitch for *narration*, *description* (when not particularly animated), *statement*, and *moral reflection*, or *calm reasoning*.

Such a poetical description as the following, for example, requires only middle pitch :—

#### EXERCISE ON MIDDLE PITCH.

Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish ;  
 A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,  
 A tower'd citadel, or pendent rock,  
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory,  
 With trees upon it, that nod unto the world,  
 And mock our eyes with air ; thou hast seen these signs ;  
 They are black Vesper's pageants.  
 That which is now a horse, even with a thought,  
 The rack dislimns ; and makes it indistinct  
 As water is in water.

*Shakspeare.*

Again, such a passage as the following requires, for the most part, with some variation, only *middle pitch* ; but the delivery should be energetic and forceful :—

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
     This is my own, my native land?  
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,  
 As home his foot-steps he hath turn'd

From wandering on a foreign strand ?  
 If such there breathe, go mark him well :  
 For him no minstrel's raptures swell.  
 High tho' his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim,  
 Despite these titles, power, and pelf,  
 The wretch concentr'd all in self,  
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung!

*Scott.*

In fine, for all passages where there is no passion expressed, or which are not marked by strong excitement, or impetuosity of feeling,—or are not descriptive of stirring action, the middle pitch is in general sufficient.

2. HIGH PITCH is the representative of elevated feeling, and impetuous, impulsive passion: *joy, exultation, rage, invective, threat, eagerness*, all speak naturally in high pitch: it is also proper to *stirring description, or animated narration.*

It is the proper pitch for such a passage as the following,—the buoyant, joyous feeling of which is best expressed by the light and sparkling tones of high pitch.

#### EXERCISE ON HIGH PITCH.

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,  
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand;  
 My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,  
 And all this day an unaccustomed spirit  
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

*Shakspeare.*

And the following picture of *Cheerfulness* requires high

pitch, and a light and brisk articulation, to harmonise with its airy and elastic effect.

But oh! how altered was its splightlier tone  
 When *CHEERFULNESS*, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,  
 Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung :  
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.  
 The oak-crowned sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen,  
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,  
 Peeping from forth their allies green ;  
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,  
 And Sport leap'd up, and seized his beechen spear.

*Collins.*

The lofty enthusiasm of the aspiring *Hotspur*, in the well-known speech which follows, is also best expressed in the *high pitch* (with a variation, for effect, to *low pitch* in the fourth line).

By heavens ! methinks it were an easy leap  
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon ;  
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep  
 Where fathom line could never touch the ground,  
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks ;  
 So he that doth redeem her thence might wear  
 Without corrival all her dignities ;—  
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

*Shakspeare.*

3. *LOW PITCH* is the natural expression of *deep-seated* feeling and *concentrated passion*, nursed darkly in the inmost recesses of the heart : it is the tone of *grief*,—*suppressed rage*,—*brooding thought*,—*very solemn reflection*,—*melancholy*,—*hate*,—*remorse* ; and also, in its softest and deepest expression, of *love* and *veneration*.

## EXERCISE ON LOW PITCH.

With woeful measures<sup>˘</sup> wan Despair,—  
 Low<sup>˘</sup> sullen sounds<sup>˘</sup> his grief beguiled,<sup>˘</sup>—  
 A solemn,<sup>˘</sup> strange,<sup>˘</sup> and mingled<sup>˘</sup> air.

*Collins.*

Now o'er the one half world  
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams  
 Abuse the curtain'd sleep : now witchcraft celebrates  
 Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,  
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
 Moves like a ghost.

*Shakspeare.*

Oh! now for ever,  
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!  
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
 That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!  
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
 The royal banner, and all quality,  
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
 And oh, you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

*Shakspeare.*

Now, it is on the change and variation of these several pitches that an orator or an actor must depend for power of expression; and the greater the facility with which he can make his transitions from pitch to pitch, the greater will be his effect on his audience. For there are many passages in

vehement oratory, poetry, and especially dramatic poetry, that require rapid and frequent transitions from high pitch to low, and run through every variety of tone.

#### ENERGY, OR FORCE.

Intimately allied to expression is *energy*, or *force*.

Energy may be called the *Emphasis of Expression*. It is the life, the soul, the animating spirit. Without it, the speaker may be correct, and even agreeable, by a due observance of rule; but if he lack *energy*, he will be listened to without interest; his voice will fall powerless on the ear, and neither "awake the senses," nor "stir the blood."

Energy, it is true, depends somewhat on individual temperament and constitution. But even where natural or physical energy is deficient, an *energetic manner* may be acquired by practice and exercise under judicious direction; just as the muscular powers may be improved, and bodily vigour increased, even in a feeble frame, under a course of training and well-regulated exercise.

The first requisite, in order to create an interest in others, is to feel, or at least to exhibit, an earnestness ourselves. We must *be in earnest*. Between the orator and his auditory, there is a certain involuntary sympathy communicated from one to the other. If he be himself animated and energetic, his audience soon acknowledge a kindred

spirit; if, on the contrary, he be cold, they catch the infection; if he be tame, they are apathetic; if he be spiritless, they are listless: their torpor again re-acts upon him, and both orator and audience sleep, together.

Energy quickens and infuses life into the style: it warms, it revivifies with its touch. It adds a brisker movement to the voice: it flushes the cheek, it lights the eye, it animates the frame; and, passing like an electric spark from speaker to audience, it enkindles in them a sympathetic spirit, it arouses their enthusiasm, it takes possession of their hearts, and places their feelings, their reason, and their will, in the hands of him whose power has agitated the recesses of their souls.

FORCE is, after pitch, the next constituent of Expression: and the increasing or diminishing the amount of force on any passage is a matter requiring nice taste, and artistical execution, in governing the voice to *forte* (loud), and *piano* (soft).

## TIME.

The last constituent of Expression is—*Time*. The time, that is, the rapidity or slowness of our delivery, must accord with the character of the feeling or passion expressed, — whether impetuous or concentrated; — of the action, or scene described, — whether stirring or tranquil; — or of the sentiment that pervades the language, — whether it be elevated, impulsive, glowing, or deep, solemn, and

enduring. For, different sentiments and passions, as they use different *pitch*, also speak in different *time*: the utterance of grief is slow and heavy; while that of hope and joy is light, bounding, and rapid. Again, the rush of an impetuous torrent, roaring and bursting over the plains, destroying vegetation, tearing up trees, carrying away cottages, in its resistless course, must be *painted*, as it were, to the ear, not only by appropriate pitch and force, but by a rapidity of utterance whose *time* shall be in keeping with the sweeping destruction described: while the placid flow of a gentle river, calmly gliding between its flower-spangled banks, amid a landscape of richest verdure, whose unbroken silence, and golden smile, caught from the rays of the setting sun, breathe the quiet happiness of content and peace, — this requires to be painted by a *slow* and even movement of the voice, — whose time shall accord with the tranquillity of the scene, and allow the hearer to dwell on the placid picture before him.

As an illustration, continuing the speech of Brutus, which we have already commenced as an Exercise on Intonation, we proceed thus :—

As Caesar loved me, — I weep for him; — as he was fortunate, —  
 I rejoice at it; — as he was valiant, — I honour him; but, — as he  
 was ambitious, — I slew him. There is — tears for his love;  
 joy for his fortune; honour for his valour, — and death — for his

Such is the correct *pausing*, and such the *just*, and even forcible *inflection* and *emphasis* on this passage. But it wants much more, before it can be *perfectly* delivered : it wants *expression* : for it is clear that "*weeping*," "*rejoicing*," and "*slaying*," result from very different and opposite affections or passions of the mind ; and this change in sentiment must be indicated by a correspondent transition in the *pitch*, and variation in *force* and *time* of delivery.

To denote the varieties and changes of these three constituents of Expression, I must employ the following signs and terms :—

## FOR PITCH,—

TERM.			SIGN.
Middle Pitch	-	-	$\mathfrak{M}$ or $m$ ,
Low Pitch	-	-	$\mathfrak{L}$ or $l$ ,
High Pitch	-	-	$\mathfrak{H}$ or $h$ .

## FOR FORCE —

It will be necessary to use terms denoting the following—



## DYNAMICS, OR POWERS OF SOUND.

Term.	Sign.	Explanation.	How, or for what to be used.
piano . . .	<i>p.</i>	softly . . . . .	With a soft tone, expressive of calmness, gentleness, mildness, &c.
pianissimo .	<i>pp.</i>	very softly . .	increased expression of tenderness, &c.
forte . . .	<i>f.</i>	loud . . . . .	the reverse of the above ; a loud, powerful tone.
mezzo forte	<i>m. f.</i>	rather loud.	
fortissimo .	<i>ff.</i>	very loud . . .	increased expression.
crescendo .	<	increasing . .	swelling the volume of voice.
diminuendo	>	diminishing . .	reducing the volume.
forzando .	<i>fz.</i>	bursting . . . .	explosive, with a burst of sound.
staccato .	! ! !	beating . . . .	with short and distinct strokes of sound; to be used in rapid and energetic delivery.
legato . .	<i>leg.</i>	connected or smoothly . .	a smooth, even flow of tone, proper for the delivery of unimpassioned verse.
(the reverse of <i>staccato</i> .)			

The following terms denote the character of the *expression* proper to any passage :—

*affetuoso* . . (*affo.*)-with *emotion* : expressive of deep feeling.

*dolce* . . . . (*dol.*)-*sweetly* : expressive of *tenderness, affection, pity, &c.*

*maestoso* . . . . . with a grand, *majestic* expression, proper to solemn feeling.

*con spirito* (*con sp.*)-with spirit ; for *lively* expression.

*con fuoco* (*con fu.*)-with *fire* ; in an animated, energetic manner.

*con anima* (*con an.*)-with *soul* ; that is, with a *thrilling* expression of intense feeling.

## TIME.

The following terms denote the *time*, or degree of rapidity or slowness of movement, to be adopted :—

adagio . . . . . very slow—for solemn delivery.  
 allegro . . . . . (*allegro*) quick—for brisk, lively delivery.  
 presto . . . . . still quicker.  
 andante . . . . . middle time and distinct.  
 largo . . . . . slowly, with *fullness of tone*.  
 moderato . . . . . in ordinary or middle time.  
 ritard . . . . . slackening the time.  
 accelerando . . . . quickening the time.

Using these terms and abbreviations, the same passage will be thus marked for *expression*, in addition to the previous marks of *pauses*, &c.

*largo p.* *p. affo.* *allegro m. f.*  
 As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune; honour for his valour, and death for his ambition.

In narration, what force, what reality can be given to description by a speaker who, as it were, throws himself into the scene, and by the vivacity and energy of his delivery brings the action graphically before your eyes, hurries you into the heat of

it, and makes you feel as if personally engaged in what is so stirringly related to you.

As in that beautiful description, in Shakspeare's *Henry IV.*, of the gallant Prince Henry and his comrades armed for battle:—

*Andante, con spirito.*  
 All furnish'd, all in arms,  
 Glitt'ring in golden coats like images;  
 As full of spirit as the month of May,  
 And <sup><</sup>gorgeous as the sun at midsummer!  
*Allo.*  
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
 I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,  
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
*con fuoco.*  
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
*dolce.*  
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship !

Unless this description, full of poetic imagination and colouring as it is, be delivered with warmth, *energy*, and the *pitch* or *tone* of enthusiasm, it will fall very short of its due impression ; and thus the poet will be deprived, by the speaker's coldness, of the full appreciation, by the hearer, of the exquisite beauty of the picture. The reader must catch the spirit of the language, in order to be a fit interpreter of the poet's conception ; as he proceeds, he must warm and kindle with the glowing colouring of the picture, till the finishing touch is given to it, in the closing, crowning line.

But the *force* of his elocution must be greatly increased,

and the expression must become impassioned, and rise almost to *fierceness*, to produce the full effect of *Hotspur's* heroic and inspiring answer : which breathes the highest enthusiasm of confident and daring valour, undaunted resolution, and impatient thirst of glory.

## HOTSPUR'S EAGERNESS FOR BATTLE.

*alio. con fuoco.*  
 ¶ Let them come!  
 ¶ They come<sup>f.</sup> like sacrifices in their trim,  
 ¶ And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,  
*soe.*  
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them!  
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit  
*f. m f.*  
 ¶ Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire  
*presto.*  
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,  
 ¶ And yet not ours! Come, let me take my horse,  
 Which is to bear me like a thunderbolt  
 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:  
*staccato. f.*     !     !     !  
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
*ritard. h f.*  
 Meet, and ne'er part<sup>m</sup> till one drop down a corse!

Thus we see that Pitch, Force, and Time constitute expression; united, with just discrimination and in perfect keeping, they reach the climax of the power of Elocution, the *acme* of its art, — PASSION.

The mimicry of Passion, by the simultaneous expression of voice, gesture, face, and attitude, is the

*Actor's study.* It is not my design to form a theatrical style; but it is desirable that the student should make himself master of certain tones and variations of expression, a judicious use of which will add much to the beauty and power of his declamation, and is, in fact, absolutely necessary to be attained before he can aspire to the high character of a *perfect* ORATOR.

## AN EXERCISE FOR INTONATION.

## PROSPERO'S INVOCATION. — SHAKESPEARE.

BEGIN in a deep tone, and gather force and volume in progressing.

*Largo—maestoso.*  
 33 YE Elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves ;  
 And ye that on the sands with printless foot,  
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him  
 When he comes back ; you demi-puppets, that  
 By moonshine do the green, sour ringlets make,  
 Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you whose pastime  
 Is to make midnight mushrooms ; that rejoice  
 To hear the solemn curfew : by whose aid  
 (Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd  
 The noon-tide sun,—call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault  
*f.* Set roaring war ; to the dread rattling thunder  
*staccato. f.* Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
*fz.*

With his own bolt : the strong-<sup>! soc. f. <</sup>bas'd promontory  
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs  
<sup>f. <</sup>Pluck'd up the pine and cedar : graves at my command  
 Have wak'd their sleepers ; op'd and let them forth<sup>~</sup>  
 By my so potent art.

Transition to middle pitch and a softer tone :—

<sup>f. ></sup>  
 But this rough magic  
 I here abjure ; and when I have requir'd  
<sup>dolce.</sup> Some heavenly music (which even now I do)  
 To work mine end upon their senses, that  
 This airy charm is for, ~ I'll break my staff,  
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
<sup><</sup>  
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
 I'll drown my book.

#### THE DEATH OF SAMSON. — MILTON.

This being narrative, does not admit of so solemn  
 a tone as the preceding : —

<sup>Andante-moderato.</sup>  
 THE building was a spacious theatre,  
 Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,  
 With seats where all the lords, and each degree  
 Of sort, might sit in order to behold.  
 The other side was open, where the throng

On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand.

*m. f.*  
The feast and noise grew high ; and sacrifice

Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,

When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately

Was Samson as a public servant brought,

In their state livery clad : before him pipes

And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,

Both horse and foot ; before him and behind,

Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears.

At sight of him, the people with a shout,

Rifted the air, clamouring their God with praise,

Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.

He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,

Came to the place ; and what was set before him,

Which without help of eye might be assay'd,

To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd,

*leg.*  
All with incredible, stupendous force ;

None daring to appear antagonist.

At length, for intermission's sake, they led him

Between the pillars ; he his guide requested,

As over-tir'd, to let him lean awhile

With both his arms on those two massy pillars,

That to the arched roof gave main support.

He, unsuspecting, led him ; which, when Samson

Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclin'd,

*A celerando.*



And eyes *fast-fix'd*, he stood, as one who pray'd,  
*ritard.*

Or some great matter in his mind revol'd : |

*presto.*  
 At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud :


*mod.*  
 "Hitherto, lords, what your commands impos'd

I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,

Not without wonder or delight beheld :

Now, of my own accord, such other trial

I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,





*f.*   
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold."

*mod.*  
 This utter'd, straining all his nerves, he bow'd :

¶ As with the force of winds and waters pent,

When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars

With horrible convulsion to and fro

*stacc.*      
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew

 *f.*   
 The whole roof after them with burst of thunder,

Upon the heads of all who sat beneath ;

Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,

Their choice nobility and flower,

Met from all parts, to solemnise this feast. |

*maestoso.*  
 Samson with these immix'd, inevitably

Pull'd down the same destruction on himself !

---

AN EXERCISE IN RHYTHMICAL  
READING.

The object of the following exercise is practically to *school the ear* of the pupil to a just rhythmical pulsation of voice in the reading of verse : for that purpose the accents are marked as a guide to the pupil for *pulsation* and *remission* of voice ; he must also fill up the rhythm with proper *rests*.

## BOADICEA.—COWPER.

WHEN the British warrior-queen,  
Bleeding from the Roman rods,  
Sought, with an indignant mien,  
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage, beneath a spreading oak,  
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,  
Ev'ry burning word he spoke,  
Full of rage, and full of grief.

" Princess, if our aged eyes  
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,  
'Tis because resentment ties  
All the terrors of our tongues.

" Rome shall perish! write that word  
In the blood that she has spilt ;

Perish, hopeless and abhorred,  
Deep in ruin, as in guilt !

“Rome, for empire far renown’d,  
Tramples on a thousand states;  
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—  
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

“Other Romans shall arise,  
Heedless of a soldier’s name;  
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,  
Harmony the path to fame!

“Then, the progeny that springs  
From the forests of our land,  
Arm’d with thunder, clad with wings  
Shall a wider world command.

“Regions Cæsar never knew,  
Thy posterity shall sway;  
Where his eagles never flew  
None invincible as they!”

Such the bard’s prophetic words,  
Pregnant with celestial fire,  
Bending as he swept the chords  
Of his sweet, but awful lyre.

She with all a monarch's pride,  
 Felt them in her bosom glow;  
 Rush'd to battle, fought, and died,  
 Dying, hurled them on the foe!

"Ruffians! pitiless as proud,  
 Heav'n awards the vengeance due;  
 Empire is on us bestowed,  
 Shame and ruin wait for you!"

## THE CLIME OF THE EAST.—BYRON.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle  
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,  
 Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle  
 Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?  
 Know ye the land of the cedar and vine  
 Where the flowers ever blossom, the leaves ever shine;  
 Where the light wings of zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,  
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul\* in her bloom!  
 Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,  
 And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;  
 Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,

---

\* Gul, the rose.

In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,  
 And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye;  
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,  
 And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?  
 'Tis the clime of the East,—'tis the land of the sun!  
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?  
 Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell,  
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

The exercise in *Intonation* serves also for an exercise in *Blank Verse*; and the next Exercise contains same other varieties of metrical arrangement.

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### EXERCISE IN EXPRESSION.

I have chosen the following well-known and beautiful ode, as the vehicle of instruction, and as a particular Exercise in Expression, although quite familiar to the reader, as a composition,—because it affords great scope for transition of *pitch*, variation of *force*, and change of *time*, in accordance with the varied action and quality of the personification of each individual *passion*. It is in these transitions and variations that the main beauty of the ode lies; and on the marking of them distinctly, depends the effect in delivery.

The ode is also a good practice in *rhythmical reading*, from the variety as well as polish of the versification.

The pupil will carefully note the short analysis of the expression of each passion, and the marginal directions as to *tone* and *time* due to each particular passage.

## THE PASSIONS — AN ODE. — COLLINS.

## INTRODUCTION OR PRELUDE.

## DIRECTIONS.

Begin calmly,  
smoothly, and in  
moderate time, and  
middle pitch.

The tone and time  
must here change,  
and be varied to ex-  
press the different  
emotions described.

This must be  
rapid, to express  
the suddenness of  
the action.

In ordinary time.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young

Ere yet in early Greece she sung,

The Passions oft, to hear her shell,

Throng'd around her magic cell;

*f. A p. m. f. A <pp. > h.*  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,

*m. f. m*  
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting,

By turns they felt the glowing mind,

Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined;

Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,

*con fuoco. f.*  
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,

*presto.*  
From the supporting myrtles round,

They seized her instruments of sound,

*p.*  
And, as they oft had heard apart,

*dolce.*  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,

*wildly fz. A*  
Each,—for madness rul'd the hour—

*m. mod.*  
Would prove his own expressive power.

## 1. FEAR.

as the voice of its power; the tone  
and feeble, and the utterance (when

the passion is highly-wrought) tremulous, indistinct, and broken.

Slowly, and with hesitation. *ff* *p.*  
 First Fear, " his hand, " its skill to try,  
 Amid the chords " bewilder'd laid ;  
*presto.* *sz.* *p. ritard.*  
 And back recoil'd,—he knew not why,—  
*legato p.*  
 E'en at the sound himself had made !

## 2. ANGER.

Anger is high in *pitch*, loud, and quick in the *time* of its utterance ; and the words do not flow, but burst out in sudden starts, indicative of the rashness of passion.

This is distinct from the expression of dignified anger, just severity, and reproof, which is solemn and measured in its delivery, and low in pitch.

Loudly and hurriedly, with impetuous bursts of sound. *ff* *alto. con fuoco. f.*  
 Next anger rush'd, " his eyes on fire, "  
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings ;  
*f.* *sz.* *staccato.* *!*  
 In one rude clash " he struck the lyre,  
*fz.* *presto.*  
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

## 3. DESPAIR.

Despair vents itself in a low, moaning tone ; till it reaches its wildest paroxysm, when it is cracked and shrieking. Both shades of expression are beautifully and distinctly individualised by the poet in the descriptive verses.

In a "low, sullen tone;" "monotonous," with deep pitch.

*Largo e maestoso.* 33

With woeful measures 'twan Despair—

Low sullen sounds, his grief beguil'd;

A solemn, strange, and mingled air,

Contrast. ....

*p. 33* 'Twas sad by fits, *presto. f. 33* by starts 'twas wild!

#### 4. HOPE.

The expression of Hope is in direct contrast with that of Despair; lively, animated, joyous; in rather a high pitch of voice, but at the same time sweet and flowing.

Mark the transition from the preceding passion by change of tone and time; and, as the feeling grows, let the voice swell and increase in volume.

*Allo. con spirito.*

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,

What was thy delighted measure?

Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,

And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!

*legato.*

Still would her touch the strain prolong,

And from the  $\angle$  rocks, the  $\angle$  woods, the  $\angle$  vale,

She called on Echo still 'twan through all the song;

And  $\angle$  where her sweetest theme she chose,

*dolce.*

A soft responsive voice 'twan was heard at every close;

*con anima.*

And Hope enchanted, smil'd, 'twan and wav'd her golden hair!

#### 5. REVENGE.—6. PITY.

The features of Revenge are of the same family



as Anger; but bolder, stronger, and more highly coloured. The tone must be fiercer, harsher, and more concentrated than mere Anger. Revenge, when most intense, speaks between the set teeth; and utters its denunciations in a hoarse, guttural voice; and with fitful bursts of passion.

PITY, on the contrary, speaks in a low, soft, and gentle tone of voice; but full and flowing, as from the exuberance of a warm heart.

The transition from the calm joyousness of *Hope*, to the fierce excitement of *Revenge*, must be marked by the assumption of a deeper and a louder tone, and an impetuous utterance.

And longer had she sung — <sup>*presto.*</sup> but, with a frown,

*Revenge* <sup>*f.*</sup> impatient rose;

<sup>*allegro. f.*</sup> He threw his blood-stain'd sword in <sup>*f.*</sup> thunder down,

<sup>*f.*</sup> And, with a withering look,

The war-denouncing trumpet took;

And blew a blast so loud and dread,

Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe, <sup>*sostenuto.*</sup>

And ever and anon, he beat <sup>*staccato f.*</sup>

The doubling drum with furious heat;

Mark the change to the gentle and tender tone of Pity.

And though sometimes, <sup>*largo maestoso.*</sup> each dreary

pause between, —

Dejected Pity, at his side,

<sup>*affo. legato. dol.*</sup> Her soul-subduing voice applied,

Return to the  
*rapid* movement  
and *fierce* utter-  
ance of Revenge.

*Al. presto. f.*

Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,

*staccato. f.*

While each strained ball of sight<sup>1</sup> seem'd

*fz.*

bursting from his head !

## 7. JEALOUSY.

Jealousy has a changeful tone, varying as it yields to *love* or *hate*; sometimes indulging in the tenderness of affection, at others venting itself in all the harshness and bitterness of revenge. The poet has well distinguished these two different phases of the passion.

Begin in a low  
tone and slowly;  
changing accord-  
ing to the altera-  
tion of feeling de-  
scribed.

*Al. largo p.*

Thy numbers,<sup>1</sup> Jealousy,<sup>1</sup> to nought were  
fix'd, <sup>*presto. m. f.*</sup>—

*Al. maestoso.*

Sad proof of thy distressful state<sup>1</sup>—

*presto m. f.*

Of differing themes,<sup>1</sup> the veering song was  
mix'd, <sup>*presto m. f.*</sup>—

*Al. p. ritard*

And now it courted Love,<sup>1</sup> <sup>*affo. dolce.*</sup> now <sup>*f. z.*</sup>

<sup>*f.*</sup>  
raving<sup>1</sup>— called on Hate !

## 8. MELANCHOLY.

The voice of Melancholy is low in *tone*, soft, mellow, and slow in utterance.

Mark the gentleness of the passion by a smooth, flowing delivery, and rather *deep* tone.

*33* *largo p.*  
 With eyes up-rai'd, as one inspir'd,  
 Pale Melancholy™ sat retir'd™—  
 And from her wild, sequester'd seat,  
~~fit~~  
 In notes by distance made more sweet,  
 <—  
 Pour'd through the mellow horn™ her  
 >—  
 pensive soul :

A lighter tone and movement.

*34* *allegro. dolce m. f.*  
 And dashing soft from rocks around,  
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;

Change back to deep tone, and slow, flowing utterance.

*35* *maestoso.*  
 Through glades and glooms the mingled  
 measure stole,  
 Or o'er some haunted stream with fond  
 delay™—  
 Round™ a holy calm diffusing,  
 Love of peace and lowly musing,  
 In hollow murmurs™ *pp.* >—  
 died away.

## 9. CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness—which is the direct contrast of the last passion—speaks in a high pitch, briskly and “trippingly on the tongue.” The expression is of the same order (but less active or passionate) as—

## 10. JOY ;

One is richer and fuller, and utterance still

more lively and animated. Under the influence of joy, the words bound and gush from the lips, and the delivery becomes excited and enthusiastic.

The distinction between these two affections of mind, is, that *Cheerfulness* is a state or *enduring condition* of the mind, and therefore has a certain repose of expression ; while *Joy* is an *active emotion* or passion, temporarily exciting and *agitating* the mind, and accordingly its expression is of a higher character, and must be more powerfully delineated.

Joy usually subsides into the happy tranquillity of cheerfulness ; unless it be dashed by *grief*, in which case it sometimes changes into the darkest despair.

In the present instance the passion receives additional force and impulse from its union with

# 11. LOVE,—AND 12. MIRTH ;

the expression proper to which,—forming, as does the combination of *Love*, *Joy*, and *Mirth*, the most exquisite of all earthly felicity,—that is, the perfect enjoyment of *happy love*,—must be of the most animated, *spiritual*, and enthusiastic kind : it must be *all soul* !

Indicate the transition from Melancholy to cheerfulness, by a higher pitch and a *brisker* utterance.

*Alto. m. f.*

But oh ! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone, —

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,

Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew<sup>1</sup>-

Blew an inspiring air that dale and  
thicket rung :<sup>1</sup>-

The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad  
known.

The oak-crowned sisters and their chaste-  
eyed Queen,

Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,

Peeping from forth their allies green ;<sup>1</sup>-

Express the brisk-  
ness of the action  
of Sport and Ex-  
ercise by a *quicker*  
time and a *stronger*  
utterance.

Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,

*presto. f.*

And Sport leap'd up<sup>1</sup> and seiz'd his  
beechen spear. |

Heighten the ex-  
pression of Cheer-  
fulness to a fuller  
and richer tone,  
and even more  
lively and enth-  
usiasmatic delivery, in-  
creasing, as the  
descriptive verses  
glow, and the pic-  
ture is heightened  
in colouring and  
effect by the intro-  
duction of *Love*  
and *Mirth*, whose  
appearance on the  
scene must be  
marked by still  
greater expression  
of tone.

*allegro-con anima-dolce.*

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,<sup>1</sup>-

He, with viny crown advancing,

First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,<sup>1</sup>-

But soon he saw the brisk, awak'ning viol,  
*con spirito. f.*

Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the  
best.

*legato.*

They would have thought, who heard the  
strain,

They saw in Tempe's vale her native  
maids,

Amidst the festal-sounding shades,

To some unwearied minstrel dancing,<sup>1</sup>-

*presto. f.*  
 While as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,  
*dolce.*  
 Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic  
 round ;—  
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone un-  
 bound, —  
*con fuoco.*  
 And he, amidst his frolic play  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 <  
 Shook thousand odours<sup>1</sup> from his dewy  
 wings !

---

## ENERGETIC EXPRESSION.—THREATENING.

[See ANGER, REVENGE.]

HENRY V. BEFORE THE GATES OF HARFLEUR.—  
SHAKSPEARE.

How yet resolves the Governor of the town?—  
 This is the latest parle we will admit ;  
 Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,  
 Or like to men, proud of destruction,  
 Defy us to the worst ! for, as I am a soldier,  
 (A name that in my thoughts becomes me best) ;  
 If I begin the battery once again,  
 I will not leave the half-achiev'd Harfleur  
 Till in her ashes she lie buried !  
 The gates of merey shall be all shut up ;  
 And the flush'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,  
 In liberty of bloody hand shall range,  
 Mowing like grass  
 Your fresh, fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants !

Therefore, ye men of Harfleur.  
 Take pity of your town, and of your people.  
 Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command!  
 If not, why in a moment look to see  
 The blind and bloody soldier, with foul hand,  
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters:  
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,  
 And their most reverend heads dashed to the walls!  
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes:  
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused  
 Do break the clouds;—as did the wives of Jewry  
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen!  
 How say you? will you yield, and this avoid?

#### THE DYING GLADIATOR.—BYRON.

This concluding extract from *Childe Harold*, affords an opportunity, in a short space, for great variety and quick transition of tone, in accordance with the change of Expression from *Pity* to *Indignation* mounting to *Revenge*. The pupil will find the key to the correct expression of these changing feelings in the remarks on Collins's Ode to the Passions,—which I design as a *key* to Expression in general.

In the present instance, I have also marked the pauses which are necessary to be observed; they add much to the effect of the passage.

*Commence in a deep tone and slowly.*

**33** *adagio p.*

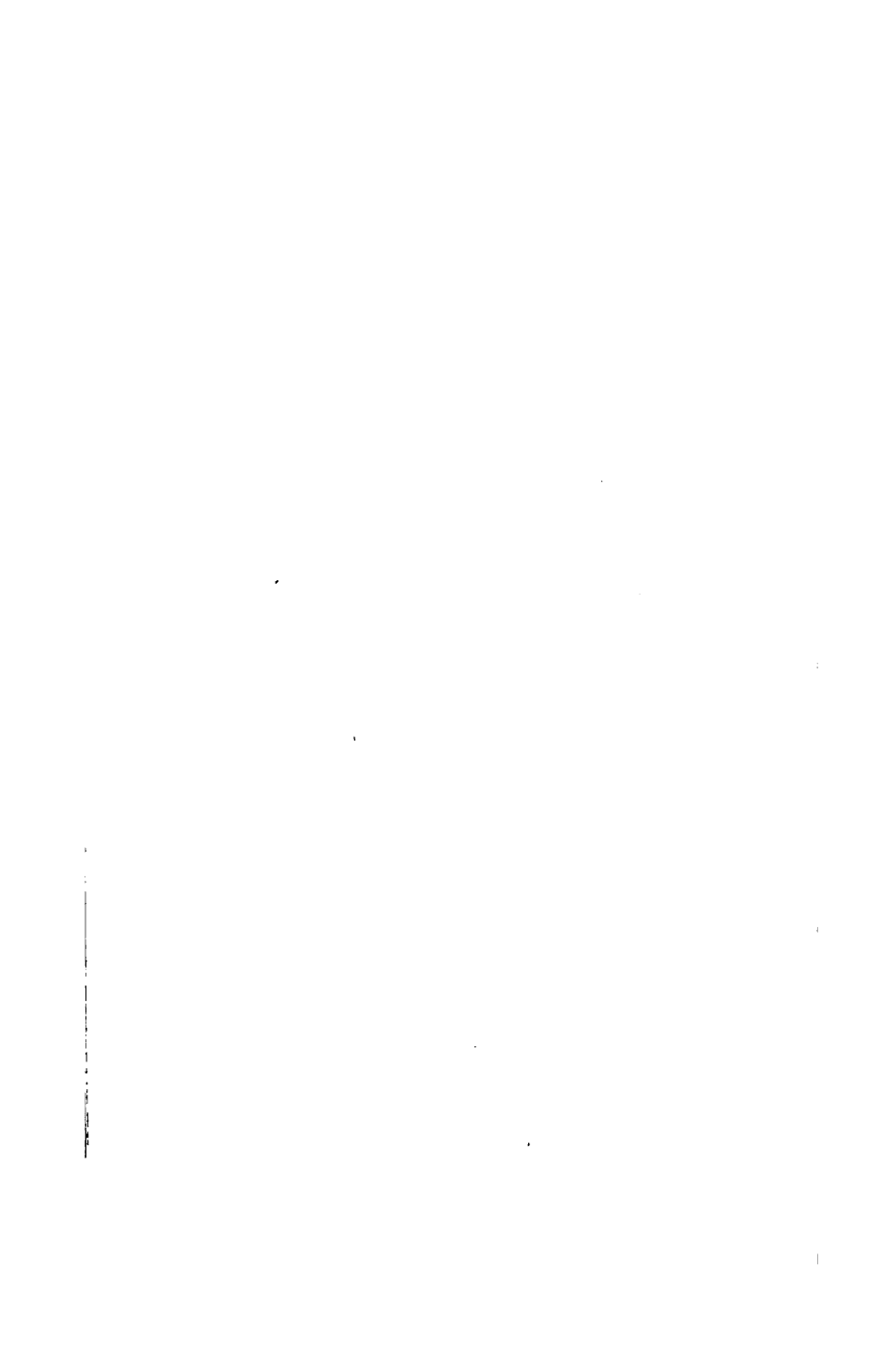
I see before me<sup>1</sup> the Gladiator lie: |

He leans upon his hand,<sup>p.</sup> <sup><</sup> his manly brow

Consents to death, <sup>f.</sup> but conquers agony, <sup>~</sup>  
 And his <sup>p.</sup> droop'd head <sup>~</sup> sinks <sup>~</sup> gradually <sup>~</sup> low, <sup>~</sup>  
 And through his side <sup>~</sup> the last drops, <sup>ritard.</sup> ebbing slow <sup>~</sup>  
 From the red gash, <sup>~</sup> fall heavy <sup>~</sup> one by one, <sup>~</sup>  
 Like the first of a thunder shower; and now <sup>~</sup>  
 The arena <sup>~</sup> swims around him; <sup>pp.</sup> he is gone, <sup>~</sup>  
 Ere <sup>f.</sup> ceas'd the inhuman shout <sup>~</sup> which hail'd the wretch  
 who won.

<sup>andante.</sup>  
 He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes <sup>~</sup>  
<sup>affo. dol.</sup>  
 Were with his heart, <sup>~</sup> and that was far away ; <sup>~</sup>  
<sup>f.</sup> <sup><</sup> He reck'd not of the life he lost, or prize, <sup><</sup> <sup>~</sup>  
 But <sup>p.</sup> where his rude hut by the Danube lay, <sup>~</sup>  
 There were his young barbarians <sup>~</sup> all at play, <sup>~</sup>  
<sup>affo. p.</sup> <sup>con. an.</sup> <sup><</sup> <sup>f.</sup>  
 There was their Dacian mother—he their sire <sup>~</sup>  
<sup>f. fa.</sup>  
 Butcher'd <sup>~</sup> to make a Roman holiday! <sup>~</sup>  
<sup>legato p.</sup> <sup>presto f.</sup>  
 All this rush'd with his blood——. Shall he expire, <sup>~</sup>  
 And unaveng'd? <sup>f.</sup> Arise! ye Goths! and glut your ire!





**SKETCH**  
**OF A**  
**SYSTEM OF GESTURE;**  
**WITH**  
**A FEW PRACTICAL HINTS**  
**FOR THE**  
**PULPIT, THE BAR, AND THE STAGE.**



## GESTURE, AND VOCAL GYMNASTICS.

I KNOW of no means of teaching Gesture by *written instructions*; nor do I think that great assistance can be gathered from *plates of figures* representing different actions and attitudes. *Austin's Chironomia* was, I believe, the first work that attempted this, and the book is not without advantage to a professor, or to one who has made some progress, by practice under good tuition, in giving force to an oration by certain well-regulated and appropriate gestures, or in the expression of the passions by the action of the face and the attitude of the body. Austin has been followed by a crowd of copyists, who have adopted his *plates* and *figures*, but whose written instructions appear to me to tend rather to give the pupil a stiff and constrained style of gesticulation, than to invest him with that easy and graceful action, and powerful but unexaggerated attitude, which alone are pleasing and effective in the orator or the actor.

The first point to be aimed at, as the foundation of a good style of gesture, is a natural and easy *carriage* of the body,—erect, not stiff,—but firm, manly, and free. This is a thing, unfortunately, too much neglected in education generally: the

*drill-sergeant* will be found of use in helping us to this; and the *dancing-master's* assistance is also of service. Not that we are to aim at the stiff and measured *professional* step of the soldier, or the *mincing gait* of a *maitre-de-danse*; we must avoid the extreme of each; a manly and graceful carriage lies between the two.

An excellent exercise, both for voice and health,—one that will both improve the strength of the lungs and the carriage of the body, is to *walk* and *speak aloud* at the same time; a task which at first will appear difficult and tiresome, but by practice,—carefully observing the rules which I have laid down for *pause* and *inspiration*, to supply expended breath,—will become easy; and I answer for it, that the voice will be by this means much increased in strength, the carriage of the body improved, and the *health of the lungs* greatly promoted. I recommend any person whose profession calls on him to speak loud and long,—either in the Pulpit, the Senate, at the Bar, or in the Lecture-Room,—to make frequent trial of this exercise. Let him take Brutus's speech, for example, particularly observing the *pauses* as I have marked them; let him commence, the first day, by *walking slowly* while he recites aloud with the proper *inflections*, &c., but *not with too great an effort of voice*, as much of the speech as is so marked (p. 165.) Let him continue this exercise daily, *gradually* increasing in exertion of voice, and rapidity of walk, and I will undertake that, in a very short

time (provided there be no disease in his lungs) he shall be able not only to execute the whole of that speech while walking in the open air, but that he shall be able at length to speak it *clearly, distinctly, and forcibly, while running gently up-hill.*

This exercise will also, infallibly, tend to the improvement of his *general carriage*; for, the effort of speaking whilst walking will compel him, instinctively, to *hold his body straight* and to *expand his chest*, for the more easy delivery of his voice, which cannot have fair play with a *stooping body* or *rounded shoulders*. To speak well, *easily* and *powerfully*, the *body* must be *erect*, the chest *expanded*, the legs firmly set under the hips, to support the body, and form a good *fulcrum* for the efforts of the voice.

And this is the first step towards *Gesture*.

The next is to acquire an easy and free use of the *arms*; and a pliancy of *wrist*. In this, the *fencing-master* is the best assistant. His practice will correct the prevailing awkwardness of gesture which consists in keeping the elbows *glued* (if I may say so) to the side; and working the arm in a continued *angular* movement; most unsightly, and utterly irreconcilable with power or grace of action.

Next, let the speaker always bear in mind, that the object of gesture is to assist or enforce the words which it accompanies. Gesture is, in fact, the ally of speech. Its province is to second the voice. "*Action and utterance*" go together: Shak-

speare has so placed them\*; and the action must be akin to the utterance; the gesture must be relative to the words. Gesture, therefore, must not be vague, unmeaning, motionless; or it will be a mere "sawing of the air." It must have *purport* and *force*; it must be, as it were, an animated comment on the text which it accompanies: and, as Dr. Whately justly observes, the action should rather *precede* the sentiment, or idea that it is intended to enforce.

Redundancy of gesture, either for the Pulpit or the Bar, in the course of any public address, or even on the stage, should be avoided. It is far better to err on the side of self-restraint than to sin on that of excess. A continual working of the arms and hands,—still more, a jerking of the head and restless working of the body,—is not only offensive to the eye of good taste, but proves also that the offender is not really in earnest, but is endeavouring to appear so. There is dignity in repose. Intensity, not violence, both of voice and action, marks earnestness and true passion: neither shouting nor gesticulation are the characteristics of deep feeling or sincere conviction.

For the Pulpit, the style of gesture should be measured, dignified, and impressive: all tendency to violence should be carefully subdued, and a severe grace, devoid of pedantry or affectation,

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\* "Action and utterance, and the power of speech  
To stir men's blood."

should be cultivated. All approach to theatrical effect is to be deeply reprobated, as an evidence that the speaker is more filled with himself than his subject,—more studious of personal display, than of the improvement and spiritual advantage of his hearers. A well-maintained position of the body, erect but not stiff, — an easy and graceful motion of the arm, where gesture is required, either in a horizontal or elevated position, as the idea to be expressed or the matter to be enforced may be more or less exalted; with the hand in the *natural* or *supine* form for *description*, *representation* and *appeal*, or *both* hands for *exhortation* and earnest *entreaty*; or with the index finger \* marking and emphasising argument or instruction,—will be found, in general, sufficient to give weight and force to the eloquence of the Pulpit and the Bar.

The following hints may be of some service in guiding the young speaker to a correct and pleasing system of action; at the same time, I must repeat, it is next to impossible to teach gesture by written instructions: three practical lessons with a good and experienced professor will do more towards giving the pupil *ease*, *grace*, and *force* of action, than all the *books* and *plates* in the world. My own pupils have found some aid from the following—

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\* See Table of Gesture, p. 234.



## Sketch of a System of Gesture.

ALL GESTURE is—

ACTIVE (or passionate)—i. e. dictated by, and expressing the *action*, or *affection* of the *speaker's mind* or,—

DEMONSTRATIVE (or descriptive)—of some *object*, *action*, or *scene* spoken of or referred to.

GESTURE is made up of—

1. POSITION of the BODY, which must be properly balanced and firmly fixed, whether *advanced* (adv.) or *retired* (ret.)—that is, *at rest*.
2. The FORM of the HAND, which defines the *nature* of the gesture.
3. The POSITION or *direction* of the ARM ; and,—
4. The MOTION of the ARM— which defines the *extent* and *limit* of the gesture.
5. The STROKE or BEAT from the WRIST—which (being made on the emphatic word or expression, or the one to which the gesture, if descriptive, refers) finishes and *perfects* the action.

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## EXPRESSION OF FACE.

Nor should the FACE and EYE be silent, or idle: they must assist the gesture and movement of *body*, *arm*, *hand*, by a corresponding *expression*,—whether of *inquiry* or *denial*,—*calmness* or *excitement*,—*sorrow*, *joy*, *triumph*, *scorn*, *defiance*, *pity*, *anger*, &c. It is the harmonious combination and expression of the WHOLE MAN that make powerful and graceful gesture.

ATTITUDE is the extravagance or exaggeration of gesture, under the most powerful excitement of PASSION ; its study and practice belong to the *Actor*, and are therefore not introduced here.\*

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\* ATTITUDE, and strong expression of face and feature, belong to the *stage* ; but even there, be it remembered, "to use all gently ; for in the very torrent, tempest, and *whirlwind* of your passion, you must acquire and beget a *temperance* that shall give it smoothness." The young aspirant for dramatic honours may safely believe that Shakspeare is right, and will be proved so in the end ; and, believing this, he will scorn to rant, to roar, to start and attitudinise, in order to gain applause from the ignorant multitude, or praise from the *as ignorant* critic : but, careful "not to outstep the modesty of nature," he will uphold the dignity of his art and his own self-respect ; avoid fustian and exaggeration, vulgarisms and affectation, distorted features and "aggravated voice ;" and calmly, patiently, and conscientiously pursue the true "purpose of playing," to present to man a worthy picture of himself, "to show virtue her own image, scorn its own feature, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure."

## TABLE OF GESTURE.

SIGN.	FORM OF THE HAND.	USE, OR EXPRESSION.
<i>n.</i>	<i>Natural</i> —(the form in which the hand is held out to shake hands).....	{ Used in <i>addressing, appealing to, exhorting, entreating, representing.</i>
<i>p.</i>	<i>Prone</i> —the <i>reverse</i> of the <i>natural</i> hand.....	{ <i>Forbidding, rejecting, denying, abjuring, commanding, crushing, destroying.</i>
<i>s.</i>	<i>Supine</i> —the <i>natural</i> hand <i>in tension</i> .....	{ This form is a stronger expression of the <i>natural</i> hand, for <i>force.</i>
<i>cl.</i>	<i>Closed, or clenched</i> .....	{ Used only in <i>strong passion</i> : or as a descriptive gesture of <i>extraordinary force.</i>
<i>i.</i>	<i>Index</i> finger, <i>marking</i> or <i>pointing</i> (the other fingers being closed) .....	{ <i>Advising, arguing, instructing, impressing, warning, pointing, marking, reproof.</i>
<i>L.</i>	<i>Left hand</i> .....	Used occasionally for variety.
<i>B.</i>	<i>Both hands</i> .....	{ Used in <i>addressing large assemblies, or in violent feeling; or extended action</i> (descriptive.)
<i>cls.</i>	<i>Clasped</i> .....	In <i>prayer.</i>

### POSITION OF THE ARM.

<i>e.</i> elevated.	<i>o.</i> oblique.	<i>z.</i> zenith.
<i>f.</i> forwards.	<i>h.</i> horizontal.	<i>fo.</i> folded.
<i>d.</i> downwards.	<i>v.</i> vertical.	<i>cr.</i> crossed.
<i>u.</i> upwards.	<i>z.</i> extended.	<i>k.</i> akimbo.

NOTE.—The position of the arm is regulated according to the situation (*above* or *below* the speaker) of those addressed,—or *elevation* or *depression* of the *feeling* expressed, or *object* described.

### MOTION OF THE ARM.

<i>a.</i> ascending.	<i>fl.</i> flourish— “ <i>triumph.</i> ”	<i>in.</i> inwards.
<i>d.</i> descending.	<i>tr.</i> trembling.	<i>w.</i> waving.
<i>b.</i> beating.	<i>sp.</i> spreading.	<i>gv.</i> grasping.
<i>c.</i> circle— “ <i>crowning.</i> ”	<i>ou.</i> outwards.	<i>st.</i> striking.

NOTE.—The motion of the arm, by its *direction* and *rapidity*, expresses the *triumph*, or *depression*, or *energy* of the orator's *feelings*, or the *position* of the *object* described.

### REMARKS.

The initial letters enable the student or speaker to mark, in a written speech, any gestures he may think appropriate: thus, *B. n. h. f.* would signify, *Both hands natural, horizontal, forwards*,—the proper gesture for such words as,—

“Romans, countrymen, and lovers!”

*B. n. f. e.* *Both hands natural, forwards, elevated*—is the gesture of *SUPPLICATION.*”

# APPENDIX;

CONTAINING A

FULL COURSE OF PRACTICE

IN

PROSE-READING,

AND IN

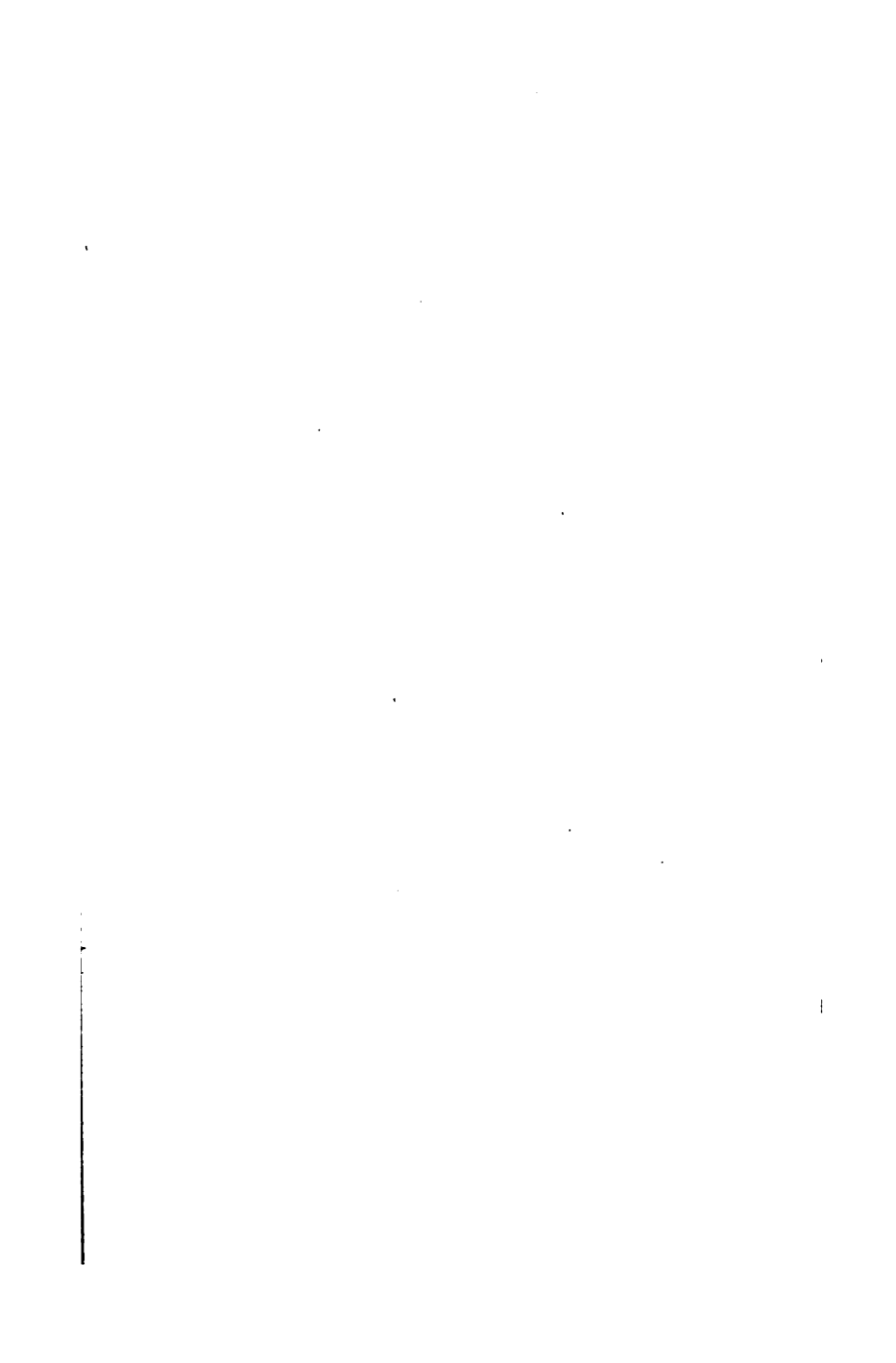
ORATORICAL, POETICAL, AND DRAMATIC

DECLAMATION;

AND FORMING A COMPLETE

SPEAKER,

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.



## APPENDIX.

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### PROSE-READING.

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#### DEATH AND CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.—HUME.

SOME incidents happened which revived her tenderness for Essex, and filled her with the deepest sorrow for the consent which she had unwarily given for his execution.

The Earl of Essex, after his return from the fortunate expedition against Cadiz, observing the increase of the Queen's fond attachment towards him, took occasion to regret that the necessity of her service required him often to be absent from her person, and exposed him to all those ill offices which his enemies, more assiduous in their attentions, could employ against him. She was moved with this tender jealousy; and, making him the present of a ring, desired him to keep that pledge of her affection, and assured him, in whatever dis-

grace he should fall, whatever prejudices she might be induced to entertain against him, yet, if he sent her that ring, she would immediately, upon sight of it, recall her former tenderness, would afford him a patient hearing, and would lend a favourable ear to his apology. Essex, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, reserved this precious gift to the last extremity ; but, after his trial and condemnation, he resolved to try the experiment, and he committed the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, whom he desired to deliver it to the Queen. The countess was prevailed on by her husband, the mortal enemy of Essex, not to execute the commission ; and Elizabeth, who still expected that her favourite would make this last appeal to her tenderness, and who ascribed the neglect of it to his invincible obstinacy, was, after much delay and many internal combats, pushed by resentment and policy to sign the warrant for his execution.

The Countess of Nottingham, falling into sickness, and affected with the near approach of death, was seized with remorse for her conduct ; and, having obtained a visit from the Queen, she craved her pardon and revealed to her the fatal secret. The Queen, astonished with this incident, burst into a furious passion : she shook the dying countess in her bed ; and crying to her, that God might pardon her, but she never could, she broke from her, and thenceforth resigned herself over to the deepest and most incurable melancholy. She rejected all consolation ; she even refused food and sustenance ; and, throwing herself on the floor,

she remained sullen and immoveable, feeding her thoughts on her afflictions, and declaring life and existence an insufferable burden to her. Few words she uttered ; and they were all expressive of some inward grief which she cared not to reveal : but sighs and groans were the chief vent which she gave to her despondency, and which, though they discovered her sorrows, were never able to ease or assuage them. Ten days and nights she lay upon the carpet, leaning upon cushions which her maids brought her ; and her physicians could not persuade her to allow herself to be put to bed, still less to make trial of any remedies which they prescribed to her. Her anxious mind at last had so long preyed on her frail body, that her end was visibly approaching ; and the Council, being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary to know her will with regard to her successor. She answered with a faint voice, that as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor. Cecil requesting her to explain herself more particularly, she subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her ; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the King of Scots ? Being then advised by the Archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from Him. Her voice soon after left her ; her senses failed ; she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours, and she expired gently, without struggle or convulsion, in the seventieth year of her age and forty-fifth of her reign.



So dark a cloud overcast the evening of that day, which had shone out with a mighty lustre in the eyes of all Europe. There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumnies of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, more sincere, more indulgent to her people would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess: her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and a vain ambition: she guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities; the rivalry of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and, while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration — the true secret for managing religious factions — she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations; and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their states; her own greatness meanwhile remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished under her reign share the praise of her success; but, instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy, and with all their abilities they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress; the force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves

only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice which is more durable because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity ; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being placed in authority, and entrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress ; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation

CHARACTER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—  
ROBERTSON.

To all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of external form, she added those accomplish-

ments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspecting. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible to flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not always under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities that befel her; we must likewise add that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful and excessive: and though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence and brutality, yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful address and important services, can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as

they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion: nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it, with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character which it cannot approve, and may perhaps prompt some to impute her actions to her situation, more than to her disposition, and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black; though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark grey, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as regard shape and colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just; and she both sang, and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the

end of her life she began to grow fat; and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she had been imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which deprived her of the use of her limbs.

"No man," says Brantome, "ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow."

MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF LOUIS XVI.—

BURKE.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped

from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever! Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, and ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

DANTE—MILTON.—MACAULAY.

THE character of Milton was peculiarly distinguished by loftiness of thought; that of Dante by intensity of feeling. In every line of the Divine Comedy we discern the asperity which is produced by pride struggling with misery. There is perhaps no work in the world so deeply and uniformly sorrowful. The melancholy of Dante was no fantastic caprice. It was not, as far as at this distance of time can be judged, the effect of external circumstances. It was from within. Neither love nor

glory, neither the conflicts of the earth, nor the hope of heaven, could dispel it. It twined every consolation and every pleasure into its own nature. It resembled that noxious Sardinian soil of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its honey. His mind was, in the noble language of the Hebrew poet, "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and where the light was as darkness!" The gloom of his character discolours all the passions of men, and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise and the glories of the Eternal Throne. All the portraits of him are singularly characteristic. No person can look on the features, noble even to ruggedness, the dark furrows of the cheek, the haggard and woeful stare of the eye, the sullen and contemptuous curve of the lip, and doubt that they belonged to a man too proud and too sensitive to be happy.

Milton was, like Dante, a statesman and a lover; and, like Dante, he had been unfortunate in ambition and in love. He had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men by whom he had been distinguished on his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons; and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds. That hateful proscription—facetiously termed the act of indemnity and oblivion—had set a mark on the poor, blind, deserted poet, and held



him up by name to the hatred of a profligate Court and an inconstant people. Venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pander in the style of a bellman, were now the favourite writers of the sovereign and the public. It was a loathsome herd — which could be compared to nothing, so fitly, as to the rabble of Comus — grotesque monsters, half bestial, half human, — dropping with wine, bloated with gluttony, and reeling in obscene dances. Amidst these his Muse was placed, like the chaste lady of the Masque, lofty, spotless and serene — to be chatted at, and pointed at, and grinned at, by the whole tribe of Satyrs and Goblins.

If ever despondency could be excused in any man, it might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor penury, nor age, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful. Such as it was, when on the eve of great events he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions and glowing with patriotic hopes, such it continued to be — when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die!

## VULGARITY AND AFFECTATION.—HAZLITT.\*

Few subjects are more nearly allied than these two,—vulgarity and affectation. It may be said of them truly that “thin partitions do their bounds divide.” There cannot be a surer proof of a low origin, or of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always talking and thinking of being genteel. We must have a strong tendency to that which we are always trying to avoid : whenever we pretend, on all occasions, a mighty contempt for anything, it is a pretty clear sign that we feel ourselves very nearly on a level with it. Of the two classes of people, I hardly know which is to be regarded with most distaste, the vulgar aping the genteel, or the genteel constantly sneering at, and endeavouring to distinguish themselves from the vulgar. These two sets of person are always thinking of one another ; the lower of the higher with envy, the more fortunate of their less happy neighbours with contempt. They are habitually placed in opposition to each other ; jostle in their pretensions at every turn ; and the same objects and train of thought (only reserved by the relative

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\* This extract may be of value to young people, and to *some* older ones, in correcting the habit of thinking and saying, “such a thing is *vulgar*,” or “such a thing is *not genteel*.” Nothing is vulgar which is natural and not offensive to others.

situation of either party) occupy their whole time and attention. The one are straining every nerve, and outraging common sense to be thought genteel; the other have no other object or idea in their heads than *not* to be thought vulgar. This is but poor spite; a very pitiful style of ambition. To be merely not that which one heartily despises, is a very humble claim to superiority; to despise what one really is, is still worse. Affectation is the master-key to both.

Gentility\* is only a more select and artificial kind of vulgarity. It cannot exist but by a sort of borrowed distinction. It judges of the worth of everything by name, fashion and opinion; and hence, from the conscious absence of real qualities, or sincere satisfaction in itself, it builds its supercilious and fantastic conceits on the wretchedness and wants of others. Violent antipathies are always suspicious, and betray a secret affinity. The difference between the "great" vulgar and the "small" is mostly in outward circumstances. The coxcomb criticises the dress of the clown, as the pedant cavils at the bad grammar of the illiterate. Those who have the fewest resources in themselves naturally seek the food of their self-love elsewhere. The most ignorant people find most to laugh at in strangers: scandal and satire prevail most in country places; and a propensity to ridicule every the

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\* Of course by "gentility" Hazlitt does not mean the spirit of a *gentleman*; but that would be gentility which prides itself on being unlike what it calls "the vulgar."

slightest or most palpable deviation from what we happen to approve, ceases with the progress of common sense and decency. True worth does not exult in the faults and deficiencies of others; as true refinement turns away from grossness and deformity, instead of being tempted to indulge in an unmanly triumph over it. Raphael would not faint away at the daubing of a signpost, nor Homer hold his head the higher for being in the company of a Grub-street bard. Real power, real excellence, does not seek for a foil in imperfection; nor fear contamination from coming in contact with that which is coarse and homely. It reposes on itself, and is equally free from spleen and affectation. But the spirit of gentility is the mere essence of spleen and affectation; of affected delight in its own *would-be* qualifications, and of ineffable disdain poured out upon the involuntary blunders or accidental disadvantages of those whom it chooses to treat as its inferiors.

"I like it," says Miss Broughton in *Evelina* (meaning the opera), "because it is not vulgar." That is, she likes it, not because there is anything to like in it, but because other people are prevented from liking or knowing anything about it.

The essence of vulgarity, I imagine, consists in taking manners, actions, words, opinions on trust from others, without examining one's own feelings, or weighing the merits of the case. It is coarseness and shallowness of taste, arising from want of individual refinement, together with the confidence and presumption inspired by example and numbers.

To affect a gesture, an opinion, a phrase, because it is the rage with a large number of persons, or to hold it in abhorrence, because another set of persons, very little, if at all better informed, cry it down to distinguish themselves from the former, is in either case equal vulgarity and absurdity.

A thing is not vulgar because it is common. It is common to breathe, to see, to feel, to live. Nothing is vulgar that is natural, spontaneous, unavoidable. Grossness is not vulgarity, ignorance is not vulgarity, awkwardness is not vulgarity; but all these become vulgar when they are affected and shown off on the authority of others, or to fall in with the *fashion*, or the company we keep. Caliban is coarse enough, but surely he is not vulgar. We might as well spurn the clod under our feet and call it vulgar. Cobbett is coarse enough, but he is not vulgar. He does not belong to the herd. Nothing real, nothing original can be vulgar; but I should think an imitator of Cobbett a vulgar man. Emery's\* Yorkshireman is vulgar, because he is a Yorkshireman.† It is the cant and gibberish, the cunning and low life of a particular district; it

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\* The celebrated representative of Yorkshiremen in Hazlitt's day.

† This sentence may serve as an example of the power of emphasis to alter and vary meaning, as it shall be placed on different words. The point intended to be conveyed—the general idea illustrated by an individual example—is, that “provincialism” is “vulgarity;” the Yorkshiremen represented by Emery are “provincial,” and *therefore* vulgar.

has "a stamp exclusive and provincial." He might "gabble most brutishly," and yet not fall under the letter of the definition; but "his speech bewrayeth him;" his dialect, like the jargon of a Bond-street lounge, is the damning \* circumstance. If he were a mere blockhead, it would not signify; but he thinks himself a *knowing hand*, according to the notions and practices of those with whom he was brought up, and which he thinks *the go* everywhere. In a word, this character is not the offspring of untutored nature, but of bad habits: it is made up of ignorance and conceit. It has a

Now, to convey this meaning perfectly, we must read—"Emery's Yorkshireman" is vulgar, because "he is a Yorkshireman;" making "he is a Yorkshireman" *pronominal*.

If we read the sentence thus:—"Emery's Yorkshireman is vulgar, because he is a Yorkshireman," we should imply that vulgarity was more the distinguishing mark of Yorkshiremen than of Lancashire-men, or men of any other county; which is not the meaning intended.

Again, if we read "Emery's Yorkshireman is vulgar, because he is a Yorkshireman,"—we should imply that the vulgarity of the representation arose from the fact of the actor's being himself vulgar.

Lastly, if we read "Emery's Yorkshireman is vulgar, because he is a Yorkshireman,"—we might imply that the vulgarity of the representation arose from the actor's throwing himself so perfectly into the character as to identify himself with it, so as actually to become, as it were, the being he represents, and invest himself with all its attributes.

\* Pronounce this word *dam-ning* meaning "condemning."

mixture of *slang* in it. All slang phrases are for the same reason vulgar; but there is nothing vulgar in the common English idiom. Simplicity is not vulgarity; but the looking to affectation of any sort for distinction is. A cockney is a vulgar character, whose imagination cannot wander beyond the suburbs of the metropolis; so is a fellow who is always thinking of the High-street, Edinburgh. We want a name for this last character. An opinion is vulgar that is stewed in the rank breath of the rabble; nor is it a bit purer or more refined for having passed through the well-cleansed teeth of the whole court. The inherent vulgarity is in having no other feeling on any subject than the crude, blind, headlong, gregarious notion acquired by sympathy with the mixed multitude, or with a fastidious minority, who are just as insensible to the real truth, and as indifferent to everything but their own frivolous and vexatious pretensions. The upper are not wiser than the lower classes, because they resolve to differ from them. The fashionable have the advantage of the unfashionable in nothing but the fashion. The true vulgar are the *servum pecus imitatorum*, — the herd of pretenders to what they do not feel, and to what is not natural to them, whether in high or low life.

There is a well-dressed and an ill-dressed mob, both of which I hate. *Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo*. The vapid affectation of the one is to me even more intolerable than the gross insolence and brutality of the other. If a set of low-lived fellows

are noisy, rude and boisterous, to show their disregard of the company, a set of fashionable coxcombs are, to a nauseous degree, finical and effeminate, to show their thorough-breeding. The one are governed by their feelings, however coarse and misguided, which is something; the others consult only appearances, which are nothing, either as a test of happiness or virtue.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF CHRISTIANITY.\*—

MILMAN.

CONCEIVE, then, the apostles of Jesus Christ, the tent-maker or the fisherman, entering, as strangers, into one of the splendid cities of Syria, Asia Minor, or Greece. Conceive them, I mean, as unendowed with miraculous powers, having adopted their itinerant system of teaching from human motives, and for human purposes alone. As they pass along to the remote and obscure quarter, where they expect to meet with precarious hospitality among their countrymen, they survey the strength of the established religion, which it is their avowed purpose to

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\* Given by Dr. Whately in the Appendix to his *Elements of Rhetoric*, as an instance of the power of imagination in giving reality to narration.



overthrow. Everywhere they behold temples, on which the utmost extravagance of expenditure has been lavished by succeeding generations ; idols of the most exquisite workmanship, to which, even if the religious feeling of adoration is enfeebled, the people are strongly attached by national or local vanity. They meet processions, in which the idle find perpetual occupation, the young excitement, the voluptuous a continual stimulant to their passions. They behold a priesthood, numerous, sometimes wealthy ; nor are these alone wedded by interest to the established faith ; many of the trades, like those of the makers of silver shrines in Ephesus, are pledged to the support of that to which they owe their maintenance. They pass a magnificent theatre, on the splendour and success of which the popularity of the existing authorities mainly depends ; and in which the serious exhibitions are essentially religious, the lighter, as intimately connected with the indulgence of the baser passions. They behold another public building, where even worse feelings, the cruel and the sanguinary, are pampered by the animating contests of wild beasts and of gladiators, in which they themselves may shortly play a dreadful part,—

Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday!

Show and spectacle are the characteristic enjoyments of the whole people, and every show and spectacle is either sacred to the religious feelings, or incentive to the lusts of the flesh ; those feelings

which must be entirely eradicated, those lusts which must be brought into total subjection to the law of Christ. They encounter likewise itinerant jugglers, diviners, magicians, who impose upon the credulous, and excite the contempt of the enlightened; in the first case, dangerous rivals to those who should attempt to propagate a new faith by imposture and deception; in the latter, naturally tending to prejudice the mind against all miraculous pretensions whatever: here, like Elymas, endeavouring to outdo the signs and wonders of the apostles; there, throwing suspicion on all asserted supernatural agency, by the frequency and clumsiness of their delusions. They meet philosophers, frequently itinerant like themselves; or teachers of new religions, priests of Isis and Serapis, who have brought into equal discredit what might otherwise have appeared a proof of philanthropy, the performing laborious journeys at the sacrifice of personal ease and comfort for the moral and religious improvement of mankind; or at least have so accustomed the public mind to similar pretensions, as to take away every attraction from their boldness or novelty. There are also the teachers of the different mysteries, which would engross all the anxiety of the inquisitive, perhaps excite, even if they did not satisfy the hopes of the more pure and lofty-minded. Such must have been among the obstacles which would force themselves on the calmer moments of the most ardent; such the overpowering difficulties of which it would be impossible to overlook the importance, or elude the force; which required no

sober calculation to estimate, no laborious inquiry to discover; which met and confronted them wherever they went, and which, either in desperate presumption, or deliberate reliance on their own preternatural powers, they must have contemned and defied.

The commencement of their labours was usually disheartening, and ill calculated to keep alive the flame of ungrounded enthusiasm. They begin their operations in the narrow and secluded synagogue of their own countrymen. The novelty of their doctrine, and curiosity, secure them at first a patient attention; but, as the more offensive tenets are developed, the most fierce and violent passions are awakened. Scorn and hatred are seen working in the clouded brows and agitated countenances of the leaders: if here and there one is *pricked to the heart*, it requires considerable moral courage to acknowledge his conviction; and the new teachers are either cast forth from the indignant assembly of their own people, liable to all the punishments which they are permitted to inflict, scourged and beaten; or, if they succeed in forming a party, they give rise to a furious schism; and thus appear before the heathen with the dangerous notoriety of having caused a violent tumult, and broken the public peace by their turbulent and contentious harangues: at all events, disclaimed by that very people on whose traditions they profess to build their doctrines, and to whose Scriptures they appeal in justification of their pretensions. They endure, they persevere, they continue to sustain the contest

against Judaism and paganism. It is still their deliberate, ostensible, and avowed object to overthrow all this vast system of idolatry; to tear up by the roots all ancient prejudices; to silence shrines, sanctified by the veneration of ages as oracular; to consign all those gorgeous temples to decay, and all those images to contempt; to wean the people from every barbarous and dissolute amusement.

But in one respect it is impossible now to conceive the extent, to which the apostles of the crucified Jesus shocked all the feelings of mankind. The public establishment of Christianity, the adoration of ages, the reverence of nations, has thrown around the cross of Christ an indelible and inalienable sanctity. No effort of the imagination can dissipate the illusion of dignity which has gathered round it; it has been so long dissevered from all its coarse and humiliating associations, that it cannot be cast back and desecrated into its state of opprobrium and contempt. To the most daring unbeliever among ourselves, it is the symbol, the absurd and irrational he may conceive, but still the ancient and venerable symbol, of a powerful and influential religion: what was it to the Jew and to the heathen? the basest, the most degrading punishment of the lowest criminal! the proverbial terror of the wretched slave! it was to them, what the most despicable and revolting instrument of public execution is to us. Yet to the cross of Christ men turned from deities in which were embodied every attribute of strength, power, and dignity; in an

incredibly short space of time multitudes gave up the splendour, the pride, and the power of paganism to adore a Being, who was thus humiliated beneath the meanest of mankind, who had become, according to the literal interpretation of the prophecy, *a very scorn of men, and an outcast of the people.*

#### LITERARY AND POLITICAL PURSUITS CONTRASTED.

(From Mr. R. P. WARD's novel of *De Vere*.)

[The following is an Essay in the form of a conversation, and must be read, therefore, in a lighter style than a formal essay; yet more formally than an ordinary conversation. It is a discussion between Wentworth (who is intended as a portrait of Mr. Canning), Sir George Deloraine, and Dr. Herbert, arising from Wentworth's having observed Sir George coming out of Westminster Abbey by the door at Poet's Corner. Meeting him afterwards at dinner, Wentworth rallies the baronet on his taste for the monuments of departed genius; and the conversation thus proceeds:—]

"It would do all you men of power good," continued Sir George, "if you were to visit them too; for it would show you how little more than upon a level is often the reputation of the greatest statesmen with the fame of those who, by their genius, their philosophy, or love of letters improve and gladden life even after they are gone."

The whole company saw the force of this remark, and Wentworth not the least among them.

"You have touched a theme," said he, "which

has often engaged me, and others before me, with the keenest interest. I know nothing so calculated as this very reflection to cure us poor political slaves (especially when we feel the tugs we are obliged to sustain) of being dazzled by meteors."

"Meteors do you call them?" said Dr. Herbert. "Men do not run after meteors with such rapid and persevering steps as you great people pursue ambition."

"I grant you," returned his friend; "and if we did not think them something better, who would give himself up to such labour, such invasions of his privacy and leisure, as we are forced to undergo?"

"What is it, then, that seduces you?"

"A little intoxication," returned Mr. Wentworth, laughing off a subject which he did not wish carried too far; "for which you philosophers say we ought to be whipped, and for which whipped we often are. Those, however, who want this whipping would do well to take Sir George's advice, and visit the shrines of the mighty dead. They would see how inferior most of themselves are in present estimation to beings who, when alive, could not, in splendour at least, compare with them. I have too often made the reflection, and was not the happier for it."

"You cannot be serious," said the divine; "since who are such real benefactors to mankind as enlightened legislators and patriot warriors? What poet, I had almost said what philosopher, can stand in competition with the founder or defender of his country?"

"Ask your own Homer, your own Shakspeare," answered Wentworth, forgetting his ambition for a moment in his love of letters.

"You take me in my weak part," said Herbert; and the subject would carry us too far. I would remark, however, that but for the Solons, the Romuluses, the Charlemagnes, and Alfreds, we should have no Homer or Shakspeare to charm us."

"I know this is your favourite theme," said the minister; "and you know how much I agree with you. But this is not precisely the question raised by Sir George; which is, the superiority in the Temple of Fame enjoyed by men distinguished by their efforts in song or history (but who might have been mere beggars when alive) over those who flaunted it superciliously over them in a pomp and pride which are now absolutely forgotten."

"I will have nothing to do with supercilious flaunters," replied Herbert; "I think of the liberal, the patriotic, who seek power for the true uses of power, in order to diffuse blessing and protection all around them. These can never fail to be deservedly applauded; and I honour such ambition as of infinitely more real consequence to the world than those whose works (however I may love them in private) can, from the mere nature of things, be known only to a few."

"All that is most true," said Mr. Wentworth; "and for awhile public men of the description you mention fill a larger space in the eye of mankind; that is, of contemporary mankind. But extinguish their power, no matter by what means,

whether by losing favour at court, or being turned out by the country, to both which they are alike subject,—let death forcibly remove them, or a queen die,—and their light, like Bolingbroke's, goes out of itself; their influence is certainly gone, and where is even their reputation? It may glimmer for a minute, like the dying flame of a taper; after which they soon cease to be mentioned, perhaps even remembered."

"Surely," said the Doctor, "this is too much in extremes."

"And yet," continued Wentworth, "have we not all heard of a maxim, appalling to all lovers of political fame, that nobody is missed? Alas! then, are we not compelled to burst out with the poet? —

"What boots it with incessant care  
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankless muse?  
Were it not better done, as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Nereidas' hair?"

Both Sir George and De Vere kindled at this; and the doctor himself smiled when the minister proceeded.

"In short," said he, "when a statesman or even a conqueror is departed, it depends upon the happier poet or philosophic historian to make even his name known to posterity; while the historian or poet acquires immortality for himself in conferring upon his heroes an inferior existence."

"Inferior existence!" exclaimed Herbert.



"Yes; you look at Plutarch, and ask which are most esteemed, himself or those he records? Look at the old Claudii and Manlii of Livy; or the characters in Tacitus; or Mæcenas, Agrippa, or Augustus himself, — princes, emperors, ministers, esteemed by contemporaries as gods! Fancy their splendour in the eye of the multitude while the multitude follow them. Look at them now! Spite even of their beautiful historians, we have often difficulty in rummaging out their old names; while those who wrote or sang of them live before our eyes. The benefits they conferred passed in a minute, while the compositions that record them last for ever."

Mr. Wentworth's energy moved his hearers, and even Herbert, who was too classical not to be shaken by their arguments.

"Still, however," said the latter, "we admire and even wish to emulate Camillus, Miltiades and Alexander; a Sully and a Clarendon."

"Add a Lord Burleigh," replied the minister, "who, in reference to Spenser, thought a hundred pounds an immense sum for a song! Which is now most thought of, or most loved, the calculating minister or the poor poet? the puissant treasurer, or he who was left, 'in suing long to bide?'"

Sir George and De Vere, considering the quarter whence it came, were delighted with this question. The doctor was silent, and seemed to wish his great friend to go on. He proceeded thus:—

"— might make the same question as to Horace

and Mæcenas ; and yet, I dare say, Horace was as proud of being taken in Mæcenas' coach to the capital as the Dean of St. Patrick's in Oxford's or Bolingbroke's to Windsor. Yet Oxford is even now chiefly remembered through that very dean ; and so, perhaps, would Bolingbroke, but that he is an author, and a very considerable one, himself. We may recollect," continued he, "the manner in which Whitelock mentions Milton — that '*one Milton, a blind man,*' was made secretary to Cromwell. Whitelock was then the first subject in the state, and lived in all the pomp of the seals and all the splendour of Bulstrode ; while the blind man waked at early morn to listen to the lark bidding him good-morrow at his cottage-window. Where is the lord-keeper now ? where the blind man ? What is known of Addison as secretary of state ? and how can His Excellency compare with the man who charms us so exquisitely in his writings ? When I have visited his interesting house at Bilton in Warwickshire, sat in his study, and read his very books, no words can describe my emotions. I breathe his official atmosphere here, but without thinking of him at all. In short, there is this delightful superiority in literary over political fame, that the one, to say the best of it, stalks in cold grandeur upon stilts, like a French tragedy actor ; while the other winds itself into our warm hearts, and is hugged there with all the affection of a friend, and all the admiration of a lover."

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## HISTORY AND FICTION IN LITERATURE—

THACKERAY.

WHAT do we look for in studying the history of a past age? Is it to learn the political transactions and characters of the leading public men? is it to make ourselves acquainted with the life and being of the time? If we set out with the former grave purpose, where is the truth, and who believes that he has it entire? What character of what great man is known to you? You can but make guesses as to character, more or less happy. In common life don't you often judge and misjudge a man's whole conduct, setting out from a wrong impression? The tone of a voice, a word said in joke, or a trifle in behaviour, the cut of his hair or the tie of his neckcloth, may disfigure him in your eyes, or poison your good opinion; or, at the end of years of intimacy, it may be your closest friend says something, reveals something, which had previously been a secret, which alters all your views about him, and shows that he has been acting on quite a different motive to that which you fancied you knew. And if it is so with those you know, how much more with those you don't know? Say, for example, that I want to understand the character of the Duke of Marlborough. I read Swift's History of the Times, in which he took a part—the shrewdest of observers, and initiated, one would think, into of the age—he hints to me that Marl-  
a coward, and even of doubtful mili-

tary capacity; he speaks of Walpole as a contemptible bore; and scarcely mentions, except to flout it, the great intrigue of the Queen's latter days, which was to have ended in bringing back the Pretender. Again, I read Marlborough's life by a copious archdeacon, who has the command of immense papers, of various languages, of what is called the best information, and I get little or no insight into this secret motive, which I believe influenced the whole of Marlborough's career, which caused his wormings and windings, his opportune fidelity and treason, stopped his army almost at Paris' gate, and landed him finally on the Hanoverian side—the winning side; I get, I say, no truth, or only a portion of it, in the narrative of either writer, and believe that Coxe's portrait or Swift's portrait is quite unlike the real Churchill. I take this as a single instance, prepared to be as sceptical about any other, and say to the Muse of History, "O, venerable daughter of Mnemosyne, I doubt every single statement you ever made since your ladyship was a Muse! For all your grave airs and high pretensions, you are not a whit more trustworthy than some of your lighter sisters on whom your partisans look down. You bid me listen to a general's oration to his soldiers. Nonsense! He no more made it than Turpin made his dying speech at Newgate. You pronounce a panegyric of a hero; I doubt it, and say you flatter outrageously. You utter the condemnation of a loose character; I doubt it, and think you are prejudiced, and take the side of the Dons. You offer me an

autobiography ; I doubt all autobiographies I ever read except those, perhaps, of Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Mariner, and writers of his class. *These* have no object in setting themselves right with the public or their own consciences ; these have no motive for concealment or half-truth, these call for no more confidence than I can cheerfully give, and do not force me to tax my credulity or to fortify it by evidence. I take up a volume of Dr. Smollett, or a volume of the Spectator, and say the fiction carries a greater amount of truth in solution than the volume which purports to be all true. Out of the fictitious book I get the expression of the life of the time, of the manners, of the movement, the dress, the pleasures, the laughter, the ridicules of society—the old times live again, and I travel in the old country of England. Can the heaviest historian do more for me ? ”

As we read in the delightful volumes of the “ Tatler ” and the “ Spectator ” the past age returns, the England of our ancestors is revived. The May-pole rises in the Strand again, in London ; the churches are thronged with daily worshippers ; the beaux are gathering in the coffee-houses,—the gentry are going to the drawing-rooms,—the ladies are thronging to the toy-shops, — the chairmen are jostling in the streets, — the footmen are running with links before the chariots, or fighting round the theatre-doors. In the country I see the young squire riding to Eton with his servants behind him,

Wimble, the friend of the family, to see him

safe. To make that journey to the squire's and back, Will is a week on horseback. The coach takes five days between London and the Bath. The judges and the bar ride the circuit. If my lady comes to town in her post-chariot, her people carry pistols, to fire a salute at Captain Mackheath, if he should appear, and her couriers ride a-head to prepare apartments for her at the great caravanse-  
raries on the road. Boniface receives her under the sign of the Bell or the Ram, and he and his chamberlains bow her up the great stair to the state apartments, whilst her carriage rumbles into the courtyard where the Exeter Fly is housed that performs the journey in eight days, God willing, having achieved its daily flight of twenty miles, and landed its passengers for supper and sleep. The mate is taking his pipe in the kitchen, where the captain's man, having hung up his master's half-pike, is at his bacon and eggs, bragging of Ramillies and Malplaquet to the townsfolk who have their club in the chimney-corner. The packhorses are in the great stable, and the drivers and ostlers conversing in the tap. And in Mrs. Landlady's bar, over a glass of strong waters, sits a gentleman of military appearance, who travels with pistols, as all the rest of the world do, and has a rattling grey mare in the stables, which will be saddled and away with its owner half-an-hour before the "Fly" sets out on its last day's flight. And some five miles on the road, as the Exeter Fly comes jingling and creaking onwards, it will suddenly be brought to a halt by a

gentleman on a grey mare with a black vizard on his face, who thrusts a long pistol into the coach-window, and bids the company to hand out their purses.

It must have been no small pleasure even to sit in the great kitchen in those days, and see the tide of humankind pass by. We arrive in places now, but we travel no more. I would have liked to travel in those days (being of that class of travellers who are proverbially pretty easy *coram latronibus*), and have seen my friend with the grey mare and the black vizard. Alas! there always came a day in the life of that warrior when it was the fashion to accompany him, as he passed — without his black mask, and a nosegay in his hand, accompanied by halberdiers and attended by the sheriff — in a carriage without springs, and a clergyman jolting beside him, to a spot close by Cumberland Gate and the Marble Arch, where a stone still records that here Tyburn turnpike stood. What a change in a century—in a few years! Within a few yards of that gate the fields began: the fields of his exploits, behind the hedges of which he lurked and robbed. A great and wealthy city has grown over those meadows. Were a man brought to die there now, the windows would be closed and the inhabitants keep their houses in sickening horror. A hundred years back people crowded to see the last act of a highwayman's life, and make jokes on it. Swift laughed at him, grimly advising him to provide a Holland shirt and white cap crowned

with a crimson or black ribbon for his exit, to mount the cart cheerfully, shake hands with the hangman, and so — farewell.

Gay wrote the most delightful ballads over the same hero. Contrast these writings with the writings of our present humourists. Compare these morals and ours — those manners and ours. — *Thackeray's Lectures.*

MR. GREGSBURY, M.P., AND THE DEPUTATION.—

DICKENS.

WITHIN the precincts of the ancient city of Westminster, and within half-a-quarter of a mile of its ancient sanctuary, is a narrow and dirty region, the sanctuary of the smaller members of parliament in modern days. It is all comprised in one street of gloomy lodging-houses, from whose windows, in vacation time, there frown long, melancholy rows of bills, which say as plainly as did the countenances of their occupiers, ranged on ministerial and opposition benches in the session which slumbers with its fathers, "To let" — "To let." In busier periods of the year these bills disappear, and the houses swarm with legislators. There are legislators in the parlours, in the first floor, in the second, in the third, in the garrets; the small apartments reek with the breath of deputations and delegates. In damp weather the place is rendered close by the steams of moist acts of parliament and frowns



petitions ; general-postmen grow faint as they enter its infected limits ; and shabby figures, in quest of franks, flit restlessly to and fro, like the troubled ghosts of Complete Letter-writers departed. This is Manchester-buildings, and here, at all hours of the night, may be heard the rattling of latch-keys in their respective key-holes, with now and then — when a gust of wind, sweeping across the water which washes the buildings' feet, impels the sound towards its entrance — the weak, shrill voice of some young member practising the morrow's speech. All the live-long day there is a grinding of organs and clashing and clanging of little boxes of music ; for Manchester-buildings is an eel-pot, which has no outlet but its awkward mouth—a case-bottle which has no thoroughfare, and a short and narrow neck ; and in this respect it may be typical of the fate of some few among its more adventurous residents, who, after wriggling themselves into parliament by violent efforts and contortions, find that it is no thoroughfare for them ; that, like Manchester-buildings, it leads to nothing beyond itself, and that they are fain at last to back out, no wiser, no richer, not one whit more famous, than they went in.

Into Manchester-buildings Nicholas turned, with the address of the great Mr. Gregsbury in his hand ; and, as there was a stream of people pouring into a shabby house not far from the entrance, he waited until they had made their way in ; and then, making up to the servant, ventured to inquire if he knew where Mr. Gregsbury lived.

The servant was a very pale, shabby boy, who looked as if he had slept under ground from his infancy, as very likely he had. "Mr. Gregsbury?" said he; "Mr. Gregsbury lodges here. It's all right. Come in."

Nicholas thought he might as well get in while he could, so in he walked; and he had no sooner done so, than the boy shut the door, and made off.

This was odd enough; but what was more embarrassing was, that all along the narrow passage, and all along the narrow stairs, blocking up the window, and making the dark entry darker still, was a confused crowd of persons with great importance depicted in their looks, who were, to all appearance, waiting in silent expectation of some coming events. From time to time one man would whisper his neighbour, or a little group would whisper together; and then the whisperers would nod fiercely to each other, or give their heads a relentless shake, as if they were bent upon doing something very desperate, and were determined not to be put off, whatever happened.

As a few minutes elapsed without anything occurring to explain this phenomenon, and as he felt his own position a peculiarly uncomfortable one, Nicholas was on the point of seeking some information from the man next him, when a sudden move was visible on the stairs, and a voice was heard to cry, "Now, gentlemen, have the goodness to walk up."

So far from walking up, the gentlemen on the

stairs began to walk down with great alacrity, and to entreat, with extraordinary politeness, that the gentlemen nearest the street would go first; the gentlemen nearest the street retorted, with equal courtesy, that they couldn't think of such a thing on any account; but they did it without thinking of it, inasmuch as the other gentlemen, pressing some half-dozen (among whom was Nicholas) forward, and closing up behind, pushed them, not merely up the stairs, but into the very sitting-room of Mr. Gregsbury, which they were thus compelled to enter with most unseemly precipitation and without the means of retreat, the press behind them more than filling the apartment. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Gregsbury, "you are welcome. I am rejoiced to see you."

For a gentleman who was rejoiced to see a body of visitors Mr. Gregsbury looked as uncomfortable as might be; but perhaps this was occasioned by senatorial gravity, and a statesmanlike habit of keeping his feelings under control. He was a tough, burly, thick-headed gentleman, with a loud voice, a pompous manner, a tolerable command of sentences with no meaning in them, and, in short, every requisite for a very good member indeed.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Gregsbury, tossing a great bundle of papers into a wicker basket at his feet, and throwing himself back in his chair with his arms over the elbows, "you are dissatisfied with my conduct, I see, by the newspapers."

"Yes, Mr. Gregsbury, we are," said a plump, old

gentleman in a violent heat, bursting out of the throng, and planting himself in the front.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" said Mr. Gregsbury, looking towards the speaker, "or is that my old friend Pugstyles?"

"I am that man, and no other, sir," replied the plump, old gentleman.

"Give me your hand, my worthy friend," said Mr. Gregsbury. "Pugstyles, my dear friend, I am very sorry to see you here."

"I am very sorry to be here, sir," said Mr. Pugstyles; "but your conduct, Mr. Gregsbury, has rendered this deputation from your constituents imperatively necessary."

"My conduct, Pugstyles?" said Mr. Gregsbury, looking round upon the deputation with gracious magnanimity: "my conduct has been, and ever will be, regulated by a sincere regard for the true and real interests of this great and happy country. Whether I look at home or abroad, whether I behold the peaceful, industrious communities of our island home, her rivers covered with steamboats, her roads with locomotives, her streets with cabs, her skies with balloons of a power and magnitude hitherto unknown in the history of aëronautics in this or any other nation, — I say, whether I look merely at home, or, stretching my eyes further, contemplate the boundless prospect of conquest and possession, achieved by British perseverance and British valour, which is outspread before me, — I clasp my hands, and, turning my eyes to the broad expanse above my head, exclaim 'Thank Heaven, I am a Briton!'"

The time had been when this burst of enthusiasm would have been cheered to the very echo; but now the deputation received it with chilling coldness. The general impression seemed to be that, as an explanation of Mr. Gregsbury's political conduct, it did not enter quite enough into detail, and one gentleman in the rear did not scruple to remark aloud, that for his purpose it savoured too much of a "gammon" tendency.

"The meaning of that term 'gammon,'" said Mr. Gregsbury, "is unknown to me. If it means that I grow a little too fervid, or perhaps even hyperbolic, in extolling my native land, I admit the full justice of the remark. I am proud of this free and happy country. My form dilates, my eye glistens, my breast heaves, my heart swells, my bosom burns, when I call to mind her greatness and her glory."

"We wish, sir," remarked Mr. Pugstyles, calmly, "to ask you a few questions."

"If you please, gentlemen, my time is yours—and my country's—and my country's," said Mr. Gregsbury.

This permission being conceded, Mr. Pugstyles put on his spectacles, and referred to a written paper which he drew from his pocket; whereupon nearly every other member of the deputation pulled a written paper from his pocket to check Mr. Pugstyles off, as he read the questions.

This done, Mr. Pugstyles proceeded to business.

"Question number one. 'Whether, sir, you did not give a voluntary pledge, previous to your election,

that, in the event of your being returned, you would immediately put down the practice of coughing and groaning in the House of Commons? and whether you did not submit to be coughed and groaned down in the very first debate of the session, and have since made no effort to effect a reform in this respect? Whether you did not also pledge yourself to astonish the government, and make them shrink in their shoes? and whether you have astonished them and made them shrink in their shoes or not?"

"Go on to the next one, my dear Pugstyles," said Mr. Gregsbury.

"Have you any explanation to offer with reference to that question, sir?" asked Mr. Pugstyles,

"Certainly not," said Mr. Gregsbury.

The members of the deputation looked fiercely at each other, and afterwards at the member; and "dear Pugstyles," having taken a very long stare at Mr. Gregsbury over the tops of his spectacles, resumed his list of inquiries.

"Question number two.—'Whether, sir, you did not likewise give a voluntary pledge that you would support your colleague on every occasion? and whether you did not, the night before last desert him, and vote upon the other side, because the wife of a leader on that other side had invited Mrs. Gregsbury to an evening party?'"

"Go on," said Mr. Gregsbury.

"Nothing to say on that either, sir?" asked the spokesman.

"Nothing whatever," replied Mr. Gregsbury. The deputation, who had only seen him at canvass-

ing or election-time, were struck dumb by his coolness. He didn't appear like the same man ; then he was all milk and honey,—now he was all starch and vinegar. But men are so different at different times.

“Question number three—and last,” said Mr. Pugstyles, emphatically.—“Whether, sir, you did not state upon the hustings, that it was your firm and determined intention to oppose everything proposed ; to divide the house upon every question ; to move for returns upon every subject ; to place a motion on the books every day ; and, in short, in your own memorable words, to “play the devil with everything and everybody ?””

With this comprehensive inquiry Mr. Pugstyles folded up his list of questions, as did all his backers.

Mr. Gregsbury reflected, blew his nose, threw himself further back in his chair, came forward again, leaning his elbows on the table, made a triangle with his two thumbs and his two forefingers, and, tapping his nose with the apex thereof, replied (smiling, as he said it), “I deny everything.”

At this unexpected answer a hoarse murmur arose from the deputation ; and the same gentleman who had expressed an opinion relative to the gammoning nature of the introductory speech, again made a monosyllabic demonstration, by growling out “Resign ;” which growl being taken up by his fellows, swelled into a very earnest and general remonstrance.

“I am requested, sir, to express a hope,” said Mr. Pugstyles, with a distinct bow, “that, on re-

ceiving a requisition to that effect from a great majority of your constituents, you will not object at once to resign your seat in favour of some candidate whom they think they can better trust."

To which Mr. Gregsbury read the following reply, which, anticipating the request, he had composed in the form of a letter, whereof copies had been made, to send round to the newspapers.

"MY DEAR PUGSTYLES,

"Next to the welfare of our beloved island—this great and free and happy country, whose power and resources are, I sincerely believe, illimitable—I value that noble independence which is an Englishman's proudest boast, and which I fondly hope to bequeath to my children untarnished and unsullied. Actuated by no personal motives, but moved only by high and great constitutional considerations, which I will not attempt to explain, for they are really beneath the comprehension of those who have not made themselves masters, as I have, of the intricate and arduous study of politics, I would rather keep my seat, and intend doing so.

"Will you do me the favour to present my compliments to the constituent body, and acquaint them with this circumstance?

"With great esteem,

"My dear Pugstyles,"

&c., &c.

"Then you will not resign, under any circumstances?" asked the spokesman.

Mr. Gregsbury smiled, and shook his head.



"Then good morning, sir," said Mr. Pugstyles, angrily.

"God bless you," said Mr. Gregsbury. And the deputation, with many growls and scowls, filed off as quickly as the narrowness of the staircase would allow of their getting down.

## ORATORICAL EXTRACTS.

## EVIDENCE AND PRECEDENTS IN LAW.—ERSKINE.

BEFORE you can adjudge *a fact*, you *must believe it*; —not suspect it, or imagine it, or fancy it,—but *believe it*: and it is impossible to impress the human mind with such a reasonable and certain belief, as is necessary to be impressed, before a Christian man can adjudge his neighbour to the smallest penalty, much less to the pains of death, without having such evidence as a reasonable mind will accept of as the infallible test of truth. And what is that evidence? Neither more nor less than that which the Constitution has established in the courts for the general administration of justice: namely, that the evidence convince the jury, beyond all reasonable doubt, that the criminal *intention*, constituting the crime, existed in the mind of the man upon trial, and was the main-spring of his conduct. The rules of evidence, as they are settled by law, and adopted in its general administration, are not to be overruled or tampered with. They are founded in the charities of religion—in the philosophy of nature—in the truths of history—and in the experience of common life; and whoever ven-

tures rashly to depart from them, let him remember that it will be meted to him in the same measure, and that both God and man will judge him accordingly.

These are arguments addressed to your reasons and your consciences; not to be shaken in upright minds by any precedent,—for no precedents can sanctify injustice: if they could, every human right would long ago have been extinct upon the earth. If the State Trials in bad times are to be searched for precedents, what murders may you not commit—what law of humanity may you not trample upon—what rule of justice may you not violate—and what maxim of wise policy may you not abrogate and confound? If precedents in bad times are to be implicitly followed, why should we have heard any evidence at all? You might have convicted without any evidence; for many have been so convicted—and, in this manner, murdered—even by acts of Parliament. If precedents in bad times are to be followed, why should the Lords and Commons have investigated these charges, and the Crown have put them into this course of judicial trial?—since, without such a trial, and even after an acquittal upon me, they might have attainted all the prisoners by act of Parliament:—they did so in the case of Lord Strafford.

There are precedents, therefore, for all such things; but such precedents as could not for a moment survive the times of madness and distraction which gave them birth; but which, as soon as the spurs of the occasions were blunted, were re-

pealed and execrated even by Parliaments which (little as I may think of the present) ought not be compared with it: Parliaments—sitting in the darkness of former times—in the night of freedom—before the principles of government were developed, and before the constitution became fixed. The last of these precedents, and all the proceedings upon it, were ordered to be taken off the file and burnt, to the intent that the same might no longer be visible to after ages; an order dictated, no doubt, by a pious tenderness for national honour, and meant as a charitable covering for the crimes of our fathers. But it was a sin against posterity—it was a treason against society; for, instead of commanding them to be burnt, they should rather have directed them to be blazoned in large letters upon the walls of our Courts of Justice, that, like the characters deciphered by the prophet of God to the Eastern tyrant, they might enlarge and blacken in your sights, to terrify you from acts of injustice.

EXTRACT FROM MR. \* MACKINTOSH'S SPEECH  
IN DEFENCE OF M. PELTIER,—

(Prosecuted for a Libel on Napoleon Buonaparte in 1803.)

THE first remarkable instance which I shall choose to state of the unpunished and protected boldness of the English press, of the freedom with

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\* Afterwards Sir James.

which they animadverted on the policy of powerful sovereigns, is the partition of Poland in 1772; an act not, perhaps, so horrible in its means, nor so deplorable in its immediate effects, as some other atrocious invasions of national independence which have followed it; but the most abominable in its general tendency and ultimate consequences of any political crime recorded in history; because it was the first practical breach in the system of Europe, the first example of atrocious robbery perpetrated on unoffending countries, which has been since so liberally followed, and which has broken down all the barriers of habit and principle which guarded defenceless states. The perpetrators of this atrocious crime were the most powerful sovereigns of the Continent, whose hostility it certainly was not the interest of Great Britain wantonly to incur. They were the most illustrious princes of their age; and some of them were, doubtless, entitled to the highest praise for their domestic administration, as well as for the brilliant qualities which distinguished their characters. But none of these circumstances, no dread of their resentment, no admiration of their talents, no consideration for their rank, silenced the animadversions of the English press. Some of you remember—all of you know—that a loud and unanimous cry of reprobation and execration broke out against them in every part of this kingdom. It was perfectly uninfluenced by any considerations of our own mere national interest, which might perhaps be supposed to be rather favourably affected by that partition. It was not, as in some other countries,

the indignation of rival robbers who were excluded from their share of the prey; it was the moral anger of disinterested spectators against atrocious crimes; the gravest and the most dignified moral principle which the God of justice has implanted in the human heart; that of which the dread is the only restraint on the actions of powerful criminals, and of which the promulgation is the only punishment that can be inflicted on them. It is a restraint which ought not to be weakened. It is a punishment which no good man can desire to mitigate.

That great crime was spoken of as it deserved in England. Robbery was not described by any courtly circumlocutions; rapine was not called policy, nor was the oppression of an innocent people termed a *mediation* in their domestic differences. No prosecutions, no criminal informations, followed the liberty and the boldness of the language there employed. No complaints even appear to have been made from abroad, much less any insolent menaces against the free constitution which protected the English press. The people of England were too long known throughout Europe for the proudest potentate to expect to silence our press by such means.

I pass over the second partition of Poland in 1792. You all remember what passed on that occasion; the universal abhorrence expressed by every man and every writer of every party; the succours that were publicly preparing by large bodies of individuals of all parties for the oppressed Poles.

I hasten to the final dismemberment of that un-

happy kingdom, which seems to me the most striking example in our history of the habitual, principled, and deeply-rooted forbearance of those who administer the law towards political writers. We were engaged in the most exclusive, bloody, and dangerous war that this country ever knew; and the parties to the dismemberment of Poland were our allies, and our only powerful and effective allies. We had every motive of policy to court their friendship. Every reason of state seemed to require that we should not permit them to be abused and vilified by English writers. What was the fact? Did any Englishman consider himself at liberty, on account of temporary interests, however urgent, to silence those feelings of humanity and justice which guard the certain and permanent interests of all countries? You all remember that every voice, and every pen, and every press in England were unceasingly employed to brand that abominable robbery. You remember that this was not confined to private writers, but that the same abhorrence was expressed by every member of both Houses of Parliament who was not under the restraint of ministerial reserve. No minister dared even to blame the language of honest indignation which might be very inconvenient to his most important political projects; and I hope I may venture to say, that no English assembly would have endured such a sacrifice of eternal justice to any miserable interest of an hour. Did the law-officers of the Crown venture to come into a court of justice to complain of the boldest of the publi-

cations of that time? They did not. I do not say that they felt any disposition to do so. I believe that they could not. But I do say that, if they had,—if they had spoken of the necessity of confining our political writers to cold narrative and unfeeling argument,—if they had informed the jury that they did not prosecute history but invective; that if private writers be permitted at all to blame great princes it must be with moderation and decorum,—the sound heads and honest hearts of an English jury would have confounded such sophistry, and declared by their verdict that moderation of language is a relative term, which varies with the subject to which it is applied; that atrocious crimes are not to be related as calmly and coolly as indifferent or trifling events; that if there be a decorum due to exalted rank and authority, there is also a much more sacred decorum due to virtue and to human nature, which would be outraged and trampled under foot by speaking of guilt in a lukewarm language falsely called moderate.

Soon after, gentlemen, there followed an act, in comparison with which all the deeds of rapine and blood perpetrated in the world are innocence itself—the invasion and destruction of Switzerland; that unparalleled scene of guilt and enormity; that unprovoked aggression against an innocent country, which had been the sanctuary of peace and liberty for three centuries; respected as a sort of sacred territory by the fiercest ambition; raised, like its own mountains, beyond the region of the storms which raged around on every side; the only war-



like people that never sent forth armies to disturb their neighbours; the only government that ever accumulated treasures unstained by the tears of the poor; the inviolate patrimony of the commonwealth, which attested the virtue of a long series of magistrates, but which at length caught the eye of the spoiler, and became the occasion of their ruin! Gentlemen, the destruction of such a country—its cause so innocent, and its fortune so lamentable—made a deep impression on the people of England. I will ask my learned friend, if we had then been at peace with the French Republic, whether we must have been silent spectators of the foulest crime that ever blotted the face of humanity? whether we must, like cowards and slaves, have repressed the compassion and indignation with which that horrible scene of tyranny had filled our hearts? Let me suppose, gentlemen, that ALOYS REDING, who has displayed in our times the simplicity, magnanimity, and piety of ancient heroes, had, after his glorious struggle, honoured this kingdom by choosing it as his refuge,—that, after performing prodigies of valour at the head of his handful of heroic peasants on the field of Morgarten, he had selected this country to be his residence, as the chosen abode of liberty, as the ancient and inviolable asylum of the oppressed,—would my learned friend have had the boldness to have said to this hero, “that he must hide his tears” (the tears shed by a hero over the ruin of his country!), “lest they might provoke the resentment of *Renbill* or *Rapinat*; that he must smother the sorrow and the anger

with which his heart was loaded; that he must breathe his murmurs low, lest they might be overheard by the oppressor!" Would this have been the language of my learned friend? I know that it would not. I know that by such a supposition I have done wrong to his honourable feelings, to his honest English heart. I am sure that he knows, as well as I do, that a nation which should thus receive the oppressed of other countries would be preparing its own neck for the yoke. He knows the slavery which such a nation would deserve, and would speedily incur. He knows that sympathy with the unmerited sufferings of others, and disinterested anger against their oppressors, are, if I may so speak, the masters which are appointed to teach us fortitude in the defence of our own rights; that selfishness is a dastardly principle, which betrays its charge and flies from its post; and that those only can defend themselves with valour who are animated by the moral approbation with which they can survey their sentiments towards others, who are ennobled in their own eyes by the consciousness that they are fighting for justice as well as interest,—a consciousness which none can feel but those who have felt for the wrongs of their brethren. These are the sentiments which my learned friend would have felt. He would have told the hero:—"Your confidence is not deceived: this is still that England of which the history may, perhaps, have contributed to fill your heart with the heroism of liberty. Every other country of Europe is crouching under the bloody tyrants who destroyed your

country. *We* are unchanged ; we are still the same people which received with open arms the victims of the tyranny of Philip II. and Louis XIV. We shall not exercise a cowardly and clandestine humanity. Here, we are not so dastardly as to rob you of your greatest consolation. Here, protected by a free, brave, and high-minded people, you may give vent to your indignation ; you may proclaim the crimes of your tyrants ; you may devote them to the execration of mankind ; there is still one spot upon earth in which they are abhorred without being dreaded !”

SATIRICAL EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF MR.  
CANNING ON THE ADDRESS (1825).

I now turn to that other part of the honourable and learned gentleman’s\* speech, in which he acknowledges his acquiescence in the passages of the Address, echoing the satisfaction felt at the success of the liberal commercial principles adopted by this country, and at the steps taken for recognising the new states of America. It does happen, however, that the honourable and learned gentleman, being not unfrequently a speaker in this house, nor very concise in his speeches, and touching occasionally, as he proceeds, on almost every subject within the range of his imagination, as well as making some observations on the matters in hand, and having at different periods proposed and supported every in-

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\* Mr. Brougham.

novation of which the law or constitution of the country is susceptible,—it is impossible to innovate, without appearing to borrow from him. Either, therefore, we must remain for ever locked up as in a northern winter, or we must break our way out by some mode already suggested by the honourable and learned gentleman : and then he cries out, “ Ah, I was there before you ! That is what I told you to do ; but, as you would not do it then, you have no right to do it now.” In Queen Anne’s reign there lived a very sage and able critic, named Dennis, who in his old age was the prey of a strange fancy, that he had himself written all the good things in all the good plays that were acted. Every good passage that he met with in any author he insisted was his own. “ It is none of his,” Dennis would always say ; “ it is mine.” He went one day to see a new tragedy. Nothing particularly good, to his taste, occurred, till a scene in which a great storm was represented. As soon as he had heard the thunder rolling over head, he exclaimed, “ That’s my thunder ! ” So it is with the honourable and learned gentleman—*it’s all his thunder !* It will henceforth be impossible to confer any boon, or make any innovation, but he will claim it as *his thunder*.

But it is due to him to acknowledge that he does not claim everything. He will be content with the exclusive merit of the liberal measures relating to trade and commerce. Not desirous of violating his own principles, by claiming a monopoly of foresight and wisdom, he kindly throws overboard

to my honourable and learned friend \* near him, the praise of South America. I should like to know whether, in some degree, *this* also is not his thunder. He thinks it right in itself; but, lest we should be too proud if he approved our conduct *in toto*, he thinks it wrong in point of time. I differ from him essentially: for, if I pique myself on anything in this affair, it is on the time. That, at some time or other, states which had separated themselves from the mother-country should be admitted to the rank of independent nations is a proposition to which no possible dissent could be given. The whole question was one of time and mode. There were two modes: one a reckless and headlong course, by which we might have reached our object at once, but at the expense of drawing upon us consequences not lightly to be incurred; the other was more strictly guarded in point of principle; so that, while we pursued our own interests, we took care to give no just cause of offence to other powers, while we acted in obedience to a sound and enlightened policy.

AGAINST "PAINE'S AGE OF REASON."†—ERSKINE.

BUT it seems this is an *Age of Reason*, and the

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\* Sir J. Mackintosh.

† The irony with which Erskine ridicules Paine's pretensions to superior wisdom, in this speech, must be distinctly marked. This extract is therefore a good practice on *Compound Inflection*. (See *Compound Inflections*.)

time, and the person, are at last arrived, that are to dissipate the errors which have overspread the past generations of ignorance. The believers in Christianity are many, but it belongs to the few that are wise to correct their credulity. Belief is an act of reason, and superior reason may, therefore, dictate to the weak. In running the mind along the long list of sincere and devout Christians, I cannot help lamenting that Newton had not lived to this day, to have had his *shallowness* filled up with this new flood of light.

But the subject is too awful for irony. — I will speak plainly and directly. Newton was a Christian! Newton, whose mind burst forth from the fetters fastened by Nature upon our finite conceptions—Newton, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy — not those visionary and arrogant presumptions which too often usurp its name, but philosophy resting on the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, cannot lie—Newton, who carried the line and rule to the uttermost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which all created matter exists and is held together.

But this extraordinary man, in the mighty reach of his mind, overlooked, perhaps, the errors, which a minuter investigation of the created things on this earth might have taught him. What, then, shall be said of the great Mr. Boyle,—who looked into the organic structure of all matter, even to the inanimate substances which the foot treads upon?—Such a man may be supposed to have been equally

qualified with Mr. Paine, to look up through Nature to Nature's God ! Yet the result of all *his* contemplations was the most confirmed and devout belief in all which the other holds in contempt as despicable and drivelling superstition.

But this error might, perhaps, arise from a want of due attention to the foundations of human judgment, and the structure of that understanding which God has given us for the investigation of truth. — Let that question be answered by Mr. Locke, who, to the highest pitch of devotion and adoration, was a Christian ! — Mr. Locke, whose office it was to detect the errors of thinking, by going up to the very fountain of thought ; and to direct into the proper tract of reasoning the devious mind of man, by showing him its whole process, from the first perceptions of sense, to the last conclusions of ratiocination : — putting a rein upon false opinion, by practical rules for the conduct of human judgment.

But these men, it may be said, were only deep thinkers, and lived in their closets, unaccustomed to the traffic of the world, and to the laws which practically regulate mankind. — Gentlemen, in the place where we now sit to administer the justice of this great country, the never-to-be-forgotten Sir Mathew Hale presided ; — whose faith in Christianity is an exalted commentary upon its truth and reason, and whose life was a glorious example of its fruits : — whose justice, drawn from the pure fountain of the Christian dispensation, will be, in all ages, a subject of the highest reverence and admiration.

But it is said by the author, that the Christian *fable* is but the tale of the more ancient superstitions of the world, and may be easily detected by a proper understanding of the mythologies of the Heathens.—Did Milton understand those mythologies? — was he less versed than Mr. Paine in the superstitions of the world? No; — they were the subject of his immortal song; and, though shut out from all recurrence to them, he poured them forth from the stores of a memory rich with all that man ever knew, and laid them in their order as the illustration of a real and exalted faith; — the unquestionable source of that fervid genius which has cast a kind of shade upon all the other works of man.

He pass'd the bounds of flaming space,  
Where angels tremble while they gaze —  
He saw — till blasted with excess of light,  
He closed his eyes in endless night !

But it was the light of the *body* only, that was extinguished; “the *celestial light* shone inward, and enabled him to justify the ways of God to man.” — The result of his thinking was, nevertheless, not quite the same as that of the author before us. The mysterious incarnation of our blessed Saviour (which this work blasphemes, in words so wholly unfit for the mouth of a Christian, and the ears of a court of justice, that I dare not, and will not give them utterance) Milton made the grand conclusion of his *Paradise Lost*, the rest from his



finished labours, and the ultimate hope, expectation, and glory of the world.

A Virgin is his mother, but his Sire,  
The power of the Most High ; He shall ascend  
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign  
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heavens !

Thus you find all that is great, or wise, or splendid, or illustrious, amongst created beings—all the minds gifted beyond ordinary nature, if not inspired by its universal Author, for the advancement and dignity of the world, — though divided by distant ages, and by clashing opinions, yet joining, as it were, in one sublime chorus, to celebrate the truths of Christianity, and laying upon its holy altars the never-fading offerings of their immortal wisdom.

PERORATION OF LORD BROUGHAM'S SPEECH  
ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM, 1831.

My Lords, I do not disguise the intense solicitude which I feel for the event of this debate, because I know, full well, that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. I cannot look without dismay at the rejection of the measure. But, grievous as may be the consequences of a temporary defeat, — temporary it can only be, for its ultimate, and even speedy success is certain,—nothing now can stop it. Do not suffer yourselves to be persuaded that, even if the present ministers were driven from the helm, any one could steer you

through the troubles which surround you, without reform. But our successors would take up the task under circumstances far less auspicious. Under them you would be fain to grant a bill, compared with which the one we now proffer you is moderate indeed. Hear the parable of the Sibyl; for it contains a wise and wholesome moral. She now appears at your gate and offers you mildly the volumes—the precious volumes—of wisdom and peace. The price she asks is reasonable—to restore the franchise; which, without any bargain, you ought voluntarily to give: you refuse her terms—her moderate terms,—she darkens the porch no longer. But soon, for you cannot do without her wares, you call her back. Again she comes, but with diminished treasures; the leaves of the book are in part torn away by lawless hands, in part defaced with characters of blood. But the prophetic maid has risen in her demand: it is Parliaments by the year—it is vote by the ballot—it is suffrage by the million! From this you turn away indignant, and for the second time she departs. Beware of her third coming; for the treasure you must have, and what price she may next demand who shall tell? It may even be the mace which rests on that woolsack. What may follow your course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I cannot take upon me to predict; nor do I wish to conjecture. But this I know full well, that, as sure as man is mortal, and to err is human, justice deferred enhances the price at which you must purchase safety and peace; nor can you expect to gather in

another crop than they did who went before you, if you persevere in their utterly abominable husbandry of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion.

But, among the awful considerations which now bow down my mind, there is one which stands pre-eminent above the rest. You are the highest judicature in the realm; you sit here as judges, and decide all causes, civil and criminal, without appeal. It is a judge's first duty never to pronounce sentence in the most trifling cause without hearing. Will you make this the exception? Are you really prepared to determine, but not to *hear*, the mighty cause upon which hang a nation's hopes and fears? You are? Then beware of your decision! Rouse not, I beseech you, a peace-loving, but a resolute people; alienate not from your body the affections of a whole empire. As your friend, as the friend of my order, as the friend of my country, as the faithful servant of my Sovereign, I counsel you to assist with your uttermost efforts in preserving peace, and upholding and perpetuating the Constitution. Therefore I pray and exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold most dear—by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you, — I warn you, — I implore you, — yea, *on my bended knees* I supplicate you, — reject not this bill!

# MISCELLANEOUS POETICAL EXTRACTS.

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## THE PROGRESS OF POESY.—GRAY.

### A PINDARIC ODE.

#### I.

**AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,**  
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings!  
 From Helicon's harmonious springs,  
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take;  
 The laughing flowers that round them blow  
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,  
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
 Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign:  
 Now rushing down the steep amain,  
 Headlong, impetuous see it pour;  
 The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar!

Oh! sovereign of the willing soul,  
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,  
 Enchanting shell! the sullen cares  
 And frantic passions hear thy soft control.  
 On Thracia's hills the lord of war  
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,  
 And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command:  
 Perching on the sceptred hand



Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king  
 With ruffled plumes and flagging wing :  
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber, lie  
 The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

Thou the voice, the dance obey,  
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay ;  
 O'er Idalia's velvet green  
 The rosy-crowned loves are seen  
 On Cytherea's day,  
 With antic sports and blue-ey'd pleasures.  
 Frisking light in frolic measures :  
 Now pursuing, now retreating,  
 Now in circling troops they meet ;  
 To brisk notes, in cadence beating,  
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
 Slow, melting strains their Queen's approach declare ;  
 Where'er she turns the graces homage pay,  
 With arts sublime, that float upon the air ;  
 In gliding state she wins her easy way :  
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom, move  
 The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

## II.

Man's feeble race what ills await,—  
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!  
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,  
 And justify the laws of Jove.  
 Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?  
 Night, and all her sickly dews,  
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,  
 He gives to range the dreary sky:  
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar,  
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,  
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,  
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom  
To cheer the natives' dull abode.  
And oft, beneath the odorous shade  
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,  
In loose numbers wildly sweet,  
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.  
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,  
Glory pursues, and generous shame,  
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
Isles that crown the Ægean deep,  
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,  
Or where Mæander's amber waves  
In lingering labyrinths creep,  
How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?  
Where each old poetic mountain  
Inspiration breath'd around,  
Every shade and hallow'd fountain  
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:  
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,  
Left their Parnassus for the Latin plains;  
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power;  
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains;  
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

## III.

Far from the sun and summer-gale  
In thy green lap was Nature's darling\* laid,

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\* Shakspeare.

What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,  
 To him the mighty mother did unveil  
 Her awful face; the dauntless child  
 Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd.  
 "This pencil take," she said, "whose colours clear  
 Richly paint the vernal year:  
 Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!  
 This can unlock the gates of joy;  
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,  
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

Nor second he\*, that rode sublime  
 Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,  
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.  
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time;  
 The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,  
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,  
 He saw; but blasted with excess of light,  
 Closed his eyes in endless night!

Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car  
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear  
 Two coursers of ethereal race,  
 Their necks in thunder cloth'd, and long resounding pace.†  
 Hark, his hands the lyre explore!  
 Bright-eyed Fancy hov'ring o'er,  
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn  
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn!  
 But ah! 'tis heard no more—  
 Oh lyre divine! what daring spirit  
 Wakes thee now? Though he inherit  
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion  
 That the Theban eagle bear,

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\* Milton.

† Expressive of the majestic sound of Dryden's verse.

Sailing with supreme dominion  
Through the azure deep of air;  
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,  
With orient hues unborrow'd of the sun:  
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,—  
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

## THE CHARMS OF HOPE.—CAMPBELL.

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
Why to yon mountains turns the musing eye,  
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?  
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.  
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey  
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;  
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene  
More pleasing seems than all the past have been,  
And every form that Fancy can repair  
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye  
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?  
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,  
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?  
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—  
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;  
Or, if she hold a pleasure to the view,  
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.  
With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heavenly light,  
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:



Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,  
That calls each slumbering passion into play.  
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,  
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,  
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,  
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval Hope, the Aëonian Muses say  
When Man and Nature mourned their first decay,—  
When every form of death, and every woe,  
Shot from malignant stars to earth below,—  
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War  
Yoked the red dragons of his iron car,—  
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,  
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again,—  
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,  
But HOPE, the charmer, linger'd still behind!

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare  
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,  
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,  
Dropt on the world — a sacred gift to man!

Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow  
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;  
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,  
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;  
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,  
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore  
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore:  
Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields  
His bark, careering o'er unfathom'd fields;  
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,  
Where Andes, giant of the western star,  
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,

Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world !  
Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,  
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles ;  
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,  
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow ;  
And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar,  
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.  
Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,  
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form !  
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay ;  
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But Horn can here her moonlight vigils keep,  
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep :  
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,  
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul ;  
His native hills, that rise in happier climes,  
The grot that heard his song of other times,  
His cottage-home, his bark of slender sail,  
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,  
Rush on his thought ; he sweeps before the wind,  
Treads the lov'd shore he sigh'd to leave behind ;  
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,  
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace ;  
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,  
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear !  
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,  
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,  
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)  
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave ! in peril's darkest hour  
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power ;  
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,  
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields :  
When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,  
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line :

When all is still on Death's devoted soil,  
 The march-worn soldier mingles for the toll:  
 As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high  
 The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,  
 Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,  
 And hears thy stormy music in the drum!

#### LADY HERON'S SONG.—SCOTT.

OH! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
 Thro' all the wide border his steed was the best,  
 And save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,  
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone!  
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

He stay'd not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,  
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;—  
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate  
 The bride had consented,—the gallant came late:  
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of young Lochinvar!

So, boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
 Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;—  
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word!)  
 "Oh! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied:  
 Love swells like the Solway—but ebbs like its tide:  
 And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,  
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine!  
 There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,  
 Who would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!"

The bride kiss'd the goblet, — the knight took it up, —  
 He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
 She look'd down to blush, — and she look'd up to sigh —  
 With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye !  
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar —  
 " Now tread we a measure ! " said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely his face,  
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;  
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume :  
 And the bride-maidens whisper'd, " 'Twere better by far,  
 To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear  
 When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near ;  
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,  
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !  
 " She is won ! we are gone — over bank, bush, and scaur, —  
 They'll have swift steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grames of the Netherby clan,  
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran ;  
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,  
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see. —  
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar !

#### ST. PETER'S AT ROME — THE VATICAN. — BYRON.

Bur lo ! the dome — the vast and wondrous dome,  
 To which Diana's marvel was a cell —  
 Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb !  
 I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle —  
 Its columns strew the wilderness ; and dwell

The hydra and the jackal in their shade;  
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell  
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have survey'd  
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem pray'd;

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,  
Standest alone, — with nothing like to thee, —  
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.  
Since Zion's desolation, when that He  
Forsook his former city, what could be  
Of earthly structures, in his honour piled,  
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,  
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aided  
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;  
And why? It is not lessen'd; but thy mind,  
Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
Has grown colossal, and can only find  
A fit abode, wherein appear enshrined  
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou  
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined  
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now  
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

Thou movest — but increasing with the advance,  
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise, —  
Deceived by its gigantic elegance;  
Vastness which grows, but grows to harmonise —  
All musical in its immensities;  
Rich marbles — richer paintings — shrines where flame  
The lamps of gold — and haughty dome which vies  
In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame  
Sits on the firm-set ground — and this the clouds must claim.

Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must break,  
To separate contemplation, the great whole;

And as the Ocean many bays will make,  
That ask the eye — so here condense thy soul  
To more immediate objects, and control  
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart  
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll  
In mighty graduations, part by part,  
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,—

Not by its fault, but thine: Our outward sense  
Is but of gradual grasp; and as it is  
That what we have of feeling most intense  
Outstrips our faint expression, even so this  
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice  
Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great  
Defies at first our nature's littleness,  
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate  
Our spirits to the size of what they contemplate.

Then pause and be enlighten'd; there is more  
In such a survey than the sating gaze  
Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore  
The worship of the place, or the mere praise  
Of art and its great masters, who could raise  
What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan;  
The fountain of sublimity displays  
Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man  
Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see  
Laocoön's torture dignifying pain —  
A father's love, and mortal's agony,  
With an immortal's patience blending: — Vain  
The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain  
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,  
The old man's clench: the long, envenom'd chain  
Rivets the living links; the enormous asp  
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

Or, view the Lord of the unerring bow,  
 The god of life, and poesy, and light —  
 The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow  
 All radiant from his triumph in the fight:  
 The shaft hath just been shot — the arrow bright  
 With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye  
 And nostril, beautiful disdain, and might,  
 And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,  
 Developing in that one glance the deity!

#### THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.\*—POPE

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,  
 Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame!  
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,—  
 O the pain — the bliss of dying!  
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,—  
 "Sister spirit, come away!"  
 What is this absorbs me quite,—  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?—  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes, it disappears,  
 Heav'n opens on my eyes,—my ears

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\* The difficulty of delivering this exquisite little piece with proper effect, is that of preserving the feeble and failing tone of the *dying man*, and yet conveying the *enthusiastic* confidence of the hopeful *Christian*. The reader must bear in mind these two *phases* of expression.

With sounds seraphic ring !  
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly !  
O death, where is thy sting, —  
O grave, where is thy victory ?

## SAUL.—BYRON.

## I.

“THOU whose spell can raise the dead,  
Bid the prophet's form appear.”—  
“Samuel, raise thy buried head !  
King, behold the phantom seer !”  
Earth yawn'd ; he stood, the centre of a cloud ;  
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.  
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye ;  
His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry ;  
His foot, in bony whiteness glitter'd there,  
Shrunk and sinewless, and ghastly bare ;  
From lips that moved not, and unbreathing frame,  
Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.  
Saul saw, and fell to earth ; — as falls the oak,  
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke !

## II.

“Why is my sleep disquieted ?  
Who is he that calls the dead ?  
Is it thou, O king ? Behold,  
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold :  
Such are mine : and such shall be  
Thine to-morrow, when with me :  
Ere the coming day be done,  
Such shalt thou be, such thy son !  
Fare thee well ! but for a day ;  
Then we mix our mouldering clay ;



Then thy race lie pale and low,  
 Pierced by shafts of many a bow;  
 And the falchion by thy side  
 To thy heart thy hand shall guide;  
 Crownless, breathless, headless, fall —  
 Son and sire — the house of Saul!"

#### MODERN GREECE.—BYRON.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead,  
 Ere the first day of death is fled,  
 The first dark day of nothingness,  
 The last of danger and distress —  
 Before Decay's effacing fingers  
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers —  
 And mark'd the mild, angelic air,  
 The rapture of repose that's there,  
 The fix'd yet tender traits that streak  
 The languor of the placid cheek,  
 And — but for that sad shrouded eye,  
     That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now, —  
     And, but for that chill, changeless brow,  
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy  
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
 As if to him it could impart  
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon : —  
 Yes, but for these, and these alone,  
 Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,  
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power;  
 So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,  
 The first, last look by death reveal'd !  
 Such is the aspect of this shore ;  
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !  
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
 We start, for soul is wanting there.

Her's is the loveliness in death,  
That parts not quite with parting breath;  
But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
The farewell beam of feeling past away,—  
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,  
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

Climo of the unforgotten brave!  
Whose land, from plain to mountain cave,  
Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave,—  
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,  
That this is all remains of thee?  
Approach, thou craven, crouching slave:  
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?  
These waters blue that round you lave,—  
Oh servile offspring of the free —  
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?—  
The gulf, the rock of Salamis.

These scenes, their story not unknown,  
Arise, and make again your own;  
Snatch from the ashes of your sires  
The embers of their former fires:  
And he who in the strife expires,  
Will add to theirs a name of fear,  
That tyranny shall quake to hear;  
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
They too will rather die than shame:  
For, Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won.  
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page!  
Attest it many a deathless age!

While kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
Have left a nameless pyramid,  
Thy heroes, though the general doom  
Hath swept the column from their tomb,  
A mightier monument command,—  
The mountains of their native land!

A POETESS'S PICTURE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.—  
JOANNA BAILLIE.

Ev'n now, methinks,  
Each little cottage of my native vale  
Swells out its earthen sides, upheaves its roof,  
Like to a hillock moved by labouring mole,  
And with green trail-weeds clambering up its walls,  
Roses, and every gay and fragrant plant,  
Before my fancy stands a fairy bower;  
Aye, and within it, too, do fairies dwell.  
Peep through its wreathed window, if, indeed,  
The flowers grow not too close; and there within,  
Thou'lt see some half a dozen rosy brats,  
Eating from wooden bowls their dainty milk—  
Those are my mountain elves. Seest thou not  
Their very forms distinctly?—

I'll gather round my board  
All that heav'n sends to me of way-worn folks,  
And noble travellers and neighbouring friends,  
Both young and old. Within my ample hall  
The worn-out man of arms shall o' tip-toe tread,  
Tossing his gray locks from his wrinkled brow  
With cheerful freedom, as he boasts his feats  
Of days gone by. Music we'll have, and oft  
The bickering dance upon our oaken floors

Shall, thundering loud, strike on the distant ear  
Of 'nighted travellers, who shall gladly bend  
Their doubtful footsteps towards the cheering din.  
Solemn, and grave, and cloister'd and demure,  
We shall not be: but every season  
Shall have its suited pastime: even winter,  
In its deep noon, when mountains piled with snow,  
And choked-up valleys, to our mansion bar  
All entrance, and nor guest nor traveller  
Sounds at our gate, the empty hall forsaken,  
In some warm chamber by the crackling fire  
We'll hold our little, snug, domestic court,  
Plying our work with song and tale between.

## BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.—F. HEMANS.

THE warrior bow'd his crested head, and tamed his heart of  
fire,  
And sued the haughty king to free his long imprison'd sire;  
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train,  
I bring thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh, break my father's  
chain!"

"Rise, rise! ev'n now thy father comes, a ransom'd man this  
day,  
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his  
way."  
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,  
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy  
speed.

And lo! from far, as on they press'd, there came a glittering  
band,  
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the  
land;

"Now haste, Bernardo, haste ! for there in very truth is he,  
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearn'd so long to  
see."

His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heav'd, his cheek's  
blood came and went ;  
He reach'd that grey-hair'd chieftain's side, and there dis-  
mounting bent ;  
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,—  
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook ?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropp'd from his  
like lead,—  
He look'd up to the face above,—the face was of the dead !  
A plume wav'd o'er the noble brow, the brow was fix'd and  
white ;  
He met at last his father's eyes,—but in them was no sight !

Up from the ground he sprung, and gaz'd, but who could  
paint that gaze ?  
They hush'd their very hearts that saw its horror and amaze ;  
They might have chain'd him, as before that stony form he  
stood,  
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip  
the blood,

"Father !" at length, he murmur'd low, and wept like child-  
hood then :—  
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike  
men !  
He thought on all his glorious hopes, on all his young re-  
nown,  
He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-glov'd hands his darkly  
mournful brow,  
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for  
now—

My king is false, my hope betray'd, my father—oh ! the  
the worth,  
The glory, and the loveliness, are pass'd away from earth !

“ I thought to stand where banners wav'd, my sire ! beside  
thee yet,  
I would that *there* our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had  
met ;  
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then,—for thee my fields  
were won,  
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as if thou hadst no  
son.”

Then starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,  
Amidst the pale and wilder'd looks of all the courtier train ;  
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the raging war-horse  
led,  
And sternly set them face to face,—the king before the dead !

“ Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to  
kiss ?  
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king ! and tell me what is  
this ?  
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where  
are they ?  
If thou wouldst clear thy perjur'd soul, send life through this  
cold clay ?

“ Into these glassy eyes put light,—be still ! keep down thine  
ire  
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this *earth* is not my  
sire !  
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was  
shed,  
Thou canst not—and a king ? His dust be mountains on  
thy head !”

He loos'd the steed ; his slack hand fell ;—upon the silent  
face  
He cast one long, deep, troubled look,—then turn'd from that  
sad place :  
His hope was crush'd, his after-fate untold in martial  
strain,  
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain !

THE VOICE OF THE GRAVE.—MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;  
They softly lie and sweetly sleep  
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky  
No more disturbs their deep repose,  
Than summer's evening's latest sigh  
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head  
And aching heart beneath the soil,  
To slumber in that dreamless bed  
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,  
And cast me helpless on the wild :  
I perish : O, my mother Earth,  
Take home thy child !

On thy dear lap, these limbs, reclined,  
Shall gently moulder into thee,  
Nor leave one wretched trace behind  
Resembling me.

Hark ! a strange sound affrights mine ear ;

My pulse, my brain runs wild—I rave :

Ah ! who art thou whose voice I hear ?

“ I am the Grave !

“ The Grave, that never spoke before,

Hath found, at length, a tongue to chide ;

O listen ! I will speak no more :

Be silent, Pride !

“ Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn.

The victim of consuming care ;

Is thy distracted conscience torn

By fell Despair ?—

“ Do foul misdeeds of former times

Wring with remorse thy guilty breast ;

And ghosts of unforgiven crimes

Murder thy rest ?—

“ Lashed by the furies of the mind,

From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee ?—

Ah ! think not, hope not, fool ! to find

A friend in me.

“ By all the terrors of the tomb,

Beyond the power of tongue to tell ;—

By the dread secrets of my womb,

By death and hell,—

“ I charge thee live ! repent and pray ;

In dust thine infamy deplore ;

There yet is mercy ; go thy way,

And sin no more !

“ Art thou a mourner ? Hast thou known

The joy of innocent delights ;

Endearing days for ever flown

And tranquil nights ?—



" O live ! and deeply cherish still  
The sweet remembrance of the past :  
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will  
For peace at last.

" Art thou a wanderer ? Hast thou seen  
Overwhelming tempests drown thy bark ;—  
A shipwreck'd sufferer, hast thou been  
Misfortune's mark ?—

" Tho' long of winds and waves the sport,  
Condemned in wretchedness to roam ;—  
Live ! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,  
A quiet home.

" To friendship didst thou trust thy fame ;  
And was thy friend a deadly foe,  
Who stole into thy heart to aim  
A surer blow ?—

" Live ! and repine not o'er his loss,—  
A loss unworthy to be told :  
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross  
For friendship's gold.

" Go seek that treasure, seldom found,  
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,  
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound  
With heavenly balm !

" Whate'er thy lot, whoe'er thou be,  
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,  
And in thy chastening sorrows see  
The hand of God.

" A bruised reed He will not break ;  
Afflictions all his children feel ;  
He wounds them for his mercy's sake ;  
He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath his mighty hand,  
 Prostrate his providence adore :  
 Tis done !—Arise ! He bids thee stand,  
 To fall no more."

Now, traveller in the vale of tears,  
 To realms of everlasting light,  
 Through time's dark wilderness of years  
 Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,  
 A rest for weary pilgrims found ;  
 And while the mould'ring ashes sleep  
 Low in the ground,—

The soul, of origin divine,—  
 God's glorious image freed from clay,—  
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,  
 A star of day !

The sun is but a spark of fire,  
 A transient meteor in the sky ;  
 The soul, immortal as its Sire,  
 Shall never die !

#### TEN YEARS AGO.—A. A. WATTS.

Ten years ago, ten years ago,  
 Life was to us a fairy scene ;  
 And the keen blasts of worldly woe  
 Had seared not then its pathway green.  
 Youth, and its thousand dreams were ours,—  
 Feelings we ne'er can know again ;  
 Unwither'd hopes, unwasted powers,  
 And frames unworn by mortal pain.  
 Such was the bright and genial flow  
 Of life with us—ten years ago !

Time has not blanched a single hair  
That clusters round thy forehead now ;  
Nor hath the cankering touch of care  
Left ev'n one furrow on thy brow.  
Thine eyes are blue as when we met,  
In love's deep truth, in earlier years ;  
Thy cheek of rose is blooming yet,  
Though sometimes stained by secret tears;—  
But where, oh where's the spirit's glow  
That shone through all—ten years ago ?

I, too, am changed,—I scarce know why—  
Can feel each flagging pulse decay ;  
And youth, and health, and visions high,  
Melt like a wreath of snow away :  
Time cannot sure have wrought the ill ;  
Though worn in this world's sickening strife,  
In soul and form, I linger still  
In the first summer morn of life ;  
Yet journey on my path below,  
Oh ! how unlike—ten years ago !

But look not thus ; I would not give  
The wreck of hopes that thou must share,  
To bid those joyous hours revive  
When all around me seem'd so fair.  
We've wander'd on in sunny weather,  
When winds were low, and flowers in bloom,  
And hand in hand we've kept together ;  
And still we keep, 'mid storm and gloom ;  
Endeared by ties we could not know  
When life was young—ten years ago !

Has fortune frowned ?—Her frowns were vain ;  
For hearts like ours she could not chill :  
Have friends proved false ?—Their love might wane,  
But ours grew fonder, firmer still.

Twin barks on this world's changing wave,  
Steadfast in calms, in tempests tried,  
In concert still our fate we'll brave,  
'Together cleave life's fitful tide ;  
Nor mourn, whatever winds may blow,  
Youth's first wild dreams—ten years ago !

Have we not knelt beside his bed,  
And watched our first-born blossom die ?—  
Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,  
Then wept till feeling's fount was dry ?  
Was it not sweet, in that dark hour,  
To think, mid mutual tears and sighs,  
Our bud had left its early bower,  
And burst to bloom in Paradise ?  
What to the thought that soothed that woe  
Were heartless joys—ten years ago !

Yes, it is sweet, when heaven is bright,  
To share its sunny beams with thee ;  
But sweeter far, mid clouds and blight,  
To have thee near to weep with me.  
Then dry those tears—though something changed  
From what we were in earlier youth,  
Time, that hath hopes and friends estranged,  
Hath left us love in all its truth ; —  
Sweet feelings we would not forego,  
For life's best joy's—ten years ago !

#### HALLOWED GROUND.—CAMPBELL.

WHAT's hallowed ground ? Has earth a clod  
Its Maker meant not should be trod  
By man, the image of his God,  
Erect and free,

Unscourged by Superstition's rod  
To bow the knee?

That's hallow'd ground where, mourn'd and miss'd,  
The lips repose our love has kiss'd :—  
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't  
Yon churchyard's bowers ?  
No ! in ourselves their souls exist,  
A part of ours !

A kiss can consecrate the ground  
Where mated hearts are mutual bound.—  
The spot where love's first links were wound,  
That ne'er are riven,  
Is hallow'd down to earth's profound,  
And up to heaven !

For time makes all but true love old !  
The burning thoughts that then were told  
Run molten still in memory's mould,  
And will not cool  
Until the heart itself be cold  
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep ?  
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap !  
In dews that heavens far distant weep  
Their turf may bloom ;  
Or genii twine beneath the deep  
Their coral tomb.

But strew *his* ashes to the wind,  
Whose sword or voice has serv'd mankind;  
And is he *dead* whose glorious mind  
Lifts thine on high?  
To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to *die* !

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right ?  
*He's* dead alone that lacks her light ;  
And murder sullies, in Heaven's sight,  
The sword he draws.  
What can alone ennoble fight ?  
A noble cause !

Give that ! and welcome war to brace  
Her drums, and rend heaven's reeking space ;  
The colours planted face to face,  
The charging cheer,  
Though death's pale horse lead on the chase,  
Shall still be dear !

And place our trophies where men kneel  
To Heaven !—but Heaven rebukes my zeal :  
The cause of truth and human weal,  
O God above !  
Transfer it from the sword's appeal,  
To peace and love !

Peace ! Love ! the cherubim that join  
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine ;  
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,  
Where they are not !  
The heart alone can make *divine*  
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,  
And pompous rites in domes august ?  
See, mouldering stones and metal's rust  
Belle the vaunt,  
That men can bless one pile of dust  
With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man !  
Thy temples,—creeds themselves grow wan !

But there's a dome of nobler span,  
A temple given —  
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban,—  
Its space is heaven !

Its roof star-pictured nature's ceiling,  
Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,  
And, God Himself to man revealing,  
The harmonious spheres  
Make music, though unheard their pealing  
By mortal ears.

Fair stars ! are not your beings pure?  
Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure?  
Else, why so swell the thoughts at your  
Aspect above ?  
Ye must be heavens that make us sure  
Of heavenly love !

And in your harmony sublime,  
I read the doom of distant time ;  
That man's regenerate soul from crime  
Shall yet be drawn,  
And reason on his mortal clime  
Immortal dawn !

What's hallow'd ground ? 'Tis what gives birth  
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth !  
Peace ! Independence ! Truth ! Go forth,  
Earth's compass round ;  
And your high priesthood shall make earth  
All hallow'd ground !

#### THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.—L. HUNT.

KING Francis was a hearty king, and lov'd a royal sport,  
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court ;

The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side,  
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for  
whom he sigh'd :  
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,  
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts  
below.

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing jaws ;  
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went  
with their paws :  
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they roll'd on one  
another,  
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thund'rous  
smoother ;  
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing thro' the air ;  
Said Francis then, " Faith ! gentlemen, we're better here than  
there !"

De Lorge's love o'er-heard the king, a beauteous lively dame,  
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd  
the same ;  
She thought,—The Count my lover is brave as brave can  
be—  
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me :  
Kings, ladies, lovers, all look on ; the occasion is divine !  
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love ; great glory will be  
mine !

She dropp'd her glove, to prove his love, then look'd at him  
and smil'd ;  
He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among the lions wild.  
The leap was quick, return was quick—he has regain'd the  
place,—  
Then threw the glove—but not with love—right in the lady's  
face.  
" By heaven !" cried Francis, " rightly done !" and he rose  
from where he sat :  
" No love," quoth he, " but vanity, sets love a task like that !"



## PATIENCE AND HOPE. —BULWER.

UPON a barren steep,  
 Above a stormy deep,  
 I saw an angel watching the wild sea ;  
 Earth was that barren steep,  
 Time was that stormy deep,  
 And the opposing shore — Eternity !

“ Why dost thou watch the wave ?  
 Thy feet the waters lave,  
 The tide engulphs thee, if thou do remain.”  
 “ Unscath’d I watch the wave ; —  
 Time not the angel’s grave, —  
 I wait until the waters ebb again.”

Hush’d on the angel’s breast  
 I saw an infant rest,  
 Smiling on the gloomy hell below.  
 “ What is the infant prest,  
 O angel, to thy breast ? ”  
 “ The child God gave me in the long ago !

“ Mine all upon the earth —  
 The angel’s angel birth,  
 Smiling all terror from the howling wild ! ” —  
 Never may I forget  
 The dream that haunts me yet  
 Of PATIENCE nursing HOPE — the Angel and the Child !

## ABOUT BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL. —

LEIGH HUNT.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase !)  
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
 Making it rich, and like a lily bloom,  
 An angel writing in a book of gold.  
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold ;  
 And to the presence in the room he said—  
 “ What writest thou ? ” The vision rais'd its head,  
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,  
 Answer'd, “ The names of those who love the Lord ! ”  
 “ And is mine one ? ” said Abou. “ Nay, not so ; ”  
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
 But cheerly still ; and said, “ I pray thee then  
 Writes me as one that loves my fellow men.”  
 The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night  
 It came again, with a great wakening light,  
 And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd ;  
 And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

#### COXCOMBRY IN CONVERSATION.—COWPER.

THE emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,  
 In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,  
 As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,  
 Touch'd with a magnet, had attracted his.  
 His whisper'd theme, dilated and at large,  
 Proves, after all, a wind-gun's airy charge,—  
 An extract of his diary,—no more,—  
 A tasteless journal of the day before.  
 He walk'd abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,  
 Call'd on a friend, drank tea, stepp'd home again,  
 Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk  
 With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk.  
 I interrupt him with a sudden bow,—  
 “ Adieu, dear sir ! lest you should lose it now.”

I cannot talk with civet in the room,—  
 A fine puss gentleman, that's all perfume :

His odoriferous attempts to please,  
 Perhaps might prosper with a swarm of bees ;  
 But we that make no honey, though we sting,—  
 Poets,—are sometimes apt to maul the thing.  
 A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,  
 Quite as absurd, though not so light as he ;  
 A shallow brain behind a serious mask,  
 An oracle within an empty cask,  
 The solemn fop ;—significant and budge,  
 A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge ;  
 He says but little, and that little said  
 Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.  
 His wit invites you, by his looks, to come ;  
 But when you knock, it never is at home :  
 'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,  
 Some handsome present, as your hopes presage ;  
 'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove  
 An absent friend's fidelity and love,—  
 But when unpack'd, your disappointment groans,  
 To find it stuff'd with brickbats, earth, and stones.

#### YESTERDAY.—TUPPER.

SPEAK, poor almsman of to-day, whom none can assure of a  
 to-morrow,  
 Tell out with honest heart the price thou settest upon  
 yesterday.  
 Is it then a writing in the dust, traced by the finger of Idle-  
 ness,  
 Which Industry, clean housewife, can wipe away for ever ?  
 Is it as a furrow on the sand, fashion'd by the toying waves,  
 Quickly to be trampled then again by the feet of the returning  
 tide ?  
 Is it as the pale blue smoke, rising from a peasant's hovel,

That melted into limpid air, before it topp'd the larches ?  
Is it but a vision, unstable and unreal, which wise men soon  
forget ?

Is it as the stranger of the night,—gone, we heed not  
whither ?

Alas ! thou foolish heart, whose thoughts are but as these,  
Alas ! deluded soul, that hopeth thus of yesterday !

For, behold—those temples of Ellora, the Brahmin's rock-  
built shrine,

Behold—yon granite cliff, which the North Sea buffeteth in  
vain,

That stout old forest fir—these waking verities of life,  
This guest abiding ever, not strange, nor a servant, but a  
son,—

Such, O man, are vanity and dreams, transient as a rainbow  
on the cloud,

Weigh'd against that solid fact, thine ill-remember'd yester-  
day.

Come, let me show thee an ensample, where Nature shall in-  
struct us.

Luxuriantly the arguments for Truth spring native in her  
gardens ;

Seek we yonder woodman of the plain ; he is measuring his  
axe to the elm,

And anon the sturdy strokes ring upon the wintry air ;  
Eagerly the village school-boys cluster on the tighten'd rope,  
Shouting, and bending to the pull, or lifted from the ground  
elastic ;

The huge tree boweth like Sisera boweth to its foes with  
faintness,

Its sinews crack,—deep groans declare the reeling anguish of  
Goliath ;

The wedge is driven home,—and the saw is at its heart, and  
lo ! with solemn slowness,

The shuddering monarch riseth from his throne,—toppled  
with a crash,—and is fallen !

Now shall the mangled stump teach proud man a lesson ;  
Now can we from that elm-tree's sap distil the wine of Truth.  
Heed ye those hundred rings, concentric from the core,  
Eddying in various waves to the red bark's shore-like rim?  
These be the gatherings of yesterday, present all to-day,  
This is the tree's judgment,—self-history that cannot be gain-said.

Seven years ago there was a drought,—and the seventh ring  
is narrow'd,

The fifth from hence was a half deluge,—the fifth is cellular  
and broad ;—

Thus, Man, thou art a result of the growth of many yesterday,

That stamp thy secret soul with growth of weal or woe ;  
Thou art an almanac of self, the living record of thy deeds ;  
Spirit has its scars as well as body, sore and aching in their  
season :

Here is a knot,—it was a crime ; there is a canker,—selfish-  
ness ;

Lo, here the heart-wood rotten ;—lo, there, perchance, the  
sap-wood sound ;

Nature teacheth not in vain ; thy works are in thee, of thee ;  
Some present evil bent hath grown of older errors.

And what if thou be walking now uprightly ? Salve not thy  
wounds with poison,

As if a petty goodness of to-day hath blotted out the sin of  
yesterday.

It is well thou hast life and light ; and the Hower showeth  
mercy,

Dressing the root, pruning the branch, and looking for thy  
tardy fruits ;

But even here, as thou standest, cheerful belike and careless,  
The stains of ancient evil are upon thee, the record of thy  
wrong is in thee ;

For, a curse of many yesterdays is thine, many yesterdays of  
sin,

haply little heeded now, shall blast thy many morrows.

Shall then a man reck nothing, but hurl mad defiance at his  
Judge,

Knowing that less than Omnipotent cannot make the has  
been not been ?

He ought, so Satan spake ; he must, so Atheism urgeth ;  
He may, it was the libertine's thought ; he doth,—the bad  
world said it.

But thou of humbler heart, thou student wiser for simplicity,  
While Nature warneth thee betimes, heed the loving counsel  
of Religion.

True, this change is good, and penitence most precious ;  
But trust not thou thy change ; nor rest upon repentance ;  
For we all are corrupted at the core, smooth as our surface  
seemeth ;

What health can bloom in a beautiful skin, when rottenness  
hath fed upon the bones ?

And guilt is parcel of us all ; not thou, sweet nursling of  
affection,

Art spotless, though so passing fair, nor thou, wild patriarch  
of virtue ;

Behold then the better tree of Life, free unto us all for  
grafting,

Cut thee from the hollow root of self, to be budded on a richer  
vine.

Be desperate, O man, as of evil so of good ; tear that tunic  
from thee ;

The past can never be retriev'd, be the present what it may.  
Vain is the penance and the scourge, vain the fast and vigil !  
The fencer's cautious skill to-day, can this erase his scars ?

It is man's to famish as a faquir, it is man's to die a devotee ;  
Light is the torture and the toil, balanced with the wages of  
Eternity :

But, it is God's to yearn in love on the humblest, the poorest,  
and the worst ;

For he has giv'n freely, as a King, asking only thanks for  
mercy.

Look upon this noble-hearted Substitute ; seeing thy woes, he  
pitied thee ;

Bow'd beneath the mountain of thy sin and perish'd, — but  
for God-head.  
There stood the Atlas in his power, and Prometheus in his  
love is there,  
Emptying, on wretched man, the blessings earn'd from heav'n.  
Put them not away—hide them in thy breast, poor and peni-  
tent receiver;  
Be gratitude thy counsellor to good, and wholesome fear unto  
obedience:  
Remember the pruning knife is keen, cutting cankers even  
from the vine;  
Remember, twelve were chosen, and one among them liveth in  
perdition.  
Yea,—for standing unatoned, the soul is a bison on the prairie,  
Hunted by those trooping wolves the many sinful yesterdays:  
And it speedeth a terrified Deucalion, flinging back the pebble  
in his flight,—  
The pebble that must add one more to those pursuing ghosts.  
O man! there is a storm behind, should drive in thy bark to  
haven:  
The foe, the foe, is on thy track, patient, certain and avenging;  
Day by day, solemnly and silently followeth the fearful  
past,—  
His step is lame but sure; for he catcheth the present in  
eternity:  
And how to escape that foe, the present-past in future?  
How to avert that fate, living consequence of causes un-  
existent?  
Boldly we must overleap his birth, and date above his  
memories,  
Grafted on the living Tree that was before a yesterday;  
No refuge of a younger birth than one that saw creation,  
Can hide the child of time from still condemning yesterday.  
There is the Sanctuary-city, mocking at the wrath of thine  
Avenger,  
Close at hand, with its wicket on the latch; haste for thy life,  
poor hunted one!

The gladiator, Guilt, fighteth as of old, armed with net and dagger,  
Snaring in the mesh of yesterdays, stabbing with the poniard  
of to-day ;  
Fly, thy sword is broken at the hilt; fly, thy shield is shiver'd;  
Leap the barriers and baffle him; the arena of the past is his.  
The bounds of guilt are the cycles of time; thou must be safe  
within Eternity;  
The arms of God alone shall rescue thee from yesterday.

A POET'S PARTING THOUGHT.\*—MOTHERWELL.

WHEN I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,  
Life's fever o'er,  
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping  
That I am no more?  
Will there be any heart still memory keeping  
Of heretofore?

When the great winds, through leafless forests rushing,  
Sad music make;—  
When the swollen streams, o'er crag add gully gushing.  
Like full hearts break,—  
Will there then one, whose heart despair is crushing,  
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining,  
With purest ray,

---

\* These lines of Motherwell — so touching in their simple pathos, and so unselfish in the calm resignation of their close — were given to a friend by the author a day or two before his decease.



And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,  
Burst through that clay,—  
Will there be one still on that spot repining  
Lost hopes all day?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory  
On that low mound,  
And wintry storms have, with their ruins hoary,  
Its liveness crown'd,  
Will there be then one, vers'd in misery's story,  
Pacing it round?—

It may be so,—but this is selfish sorrow  
To ask such meed,—  
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow,  
From hearts that bleed,  
The wailings of to-day for what to-morrow  
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,  
Thou gentle heart;  
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,  
Let no tear start :  
It were in vain,—for time has long been dwelling ;—  
Sad one, depart !

## DIALOGUE AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

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### LOCHIEL'S WARNING.—CAMPBELL.

#### WIZARD—LOCHIEL.\*

**Wiz.**—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day  
 When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!  
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
 And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight.  
 They rally, they bleed for their kingdom and crown;  
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!  
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain!  
 But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,  
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?  
 'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,  
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.  
 A steed comes at morning; no rider is there;  
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.

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\* In this dialogue, the *tone* of the Wizard, or *Seer*—who is supposed to be gifted with *second-sight*—must be *deep*, and *solemn*; increasing in *pitch* and force as the images of *horror* crowd upon his vision, and varied occasionally by the soft tones of *grief*. The expression of the chieftain *Lochiel* must be that of bold *confidence*, *daring*, and *contempt* of the Wizard's prediction. His pitch will therefore be higher, and his *tone* louder.

Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !  
Oh weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead.  
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,  
Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

*Loc.*—Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !  
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight  
This mantle — to cover the phantoms of flight.

*Wiz.*—Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?  
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !—  
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth  
From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north ?  
Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode.  
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad :  
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !  
Ah ! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.  
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast  
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?  
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.  
Oh ! crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,  
Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,  
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn :  
Return to thy dwelling ; all lonely return !  
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,  
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood !

*Loc.*—False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshall'd my clan,  
Their swords are a thousand, their hearts are but one !  
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,  
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !  
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !  
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;  
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,  
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,  
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

*Wiz.* Lochiel, Lochiel ! beware of the day !  
 For, dark and despairing my sight I may seal,  
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal;  
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
 And coming events cast their shadows before.—  
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
 With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.  
 Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,  
 Behold where he flies on his desolate path !  
 Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight ;  
 Rise, rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !—  
 'Tis finish'd ! Their thunders are hush'd on the moors ;  
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores !  
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?—  
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,  
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?  
 Ah no ! for a darker departure is near ;  
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;  
 His death-bell is tolling ! Oh ! Mercy, dispel  
 Yon sight, that it freezes my bosom to tell !  
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.  
 Accurs'd be the faggots that blaze at his feet,  
 Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,  
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

*Loc.*—Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale :  
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,  
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.  
 Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,  
 Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,  
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
 Shall victor exult or in death be laid low—  
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !  
 And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
 Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame !

## CATO ON THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY. — ADDISON.

[CATO is seated with Plato's treatise in his hand, and beside him his sword. — The *expression* should be solemn, and the declamation of a lofty and dignified character.]

It must be so ! Plato, thou reasonest well :  
 Else whence this fond desire, this pleasing hope,  
 This longing after immortality ?  
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror  
 Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on herself, and shudders at destruction ?  
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;  
 'Tis heaven itself that points out a hereafter,  
 And intimates eternity to man ! —  
 Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought ! —  
 Through what variety of untried being,  
 Through what new forms and changes must we pass ?  
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me ;  
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
 Here will I hold — If there's a Power above, —  
 And that there is all Nature cries aloud  
 Through all her works, — He must delight in virtue ;  
 And that which He delights in must be happy :  
 But when ? or how ? — This world was made for Cæsar.  
 I'm weary of conjectures ; this must end 'em !

[*Taking up the sword.*]

Thus am I doubly arm'd : my life and death,  
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.  
 This, in a moment, brings me to an end ;  
 But this assures me I shall never die !  
 The soul, secure in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
 The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself

Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years,—  
 Thou still shalt flourish in eternal youth,  
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds !

MARC ANTONY'S APOSTROPHE\* TO CÆSAR'S  
 BODY.—SHAKESPEARE.

O PARDON me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !  
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
 That ever lived in the tide of times !  
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !  
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—  
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,  
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;  
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife  
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;  
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
 And dreadful objects so familiar,  
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold  
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;—  
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds ;—  
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
 With *Até*† by his side, come hot from hell,  
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,

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\* This *apostrophe* is a fine practice in *intonation* and powerful and *impassioned declamation*. The speaker should commence in the deep, solemn tone of grief ; making a *burst of passion* as he *prophesies* the *curse* that is to follow ; and increase in *energy* till he reach the *climax* at the close.

† Pronounced *Até*<sup>26</sup>—the goddess of *discord*.

Cry Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men groaning for burial !

SCENE FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

BRUTUS—CASSIUS.

*Cas.*—Will you go see the order of the course ?

*Bru.*—Not I.

*Cas.*—I pray you, do.

*Bru.*—I am not gamesome; I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires:

I'll leave you.

*Cas.*—Brutus, I do observe you now of late;  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,  
And show of love, as I was wont to have:  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand  
Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.*—Cassius,  
Be not deceived: If I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,  
Of late, with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;  
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved;  
Among which number, Cassius, be you one;  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cas.*—Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;  
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried  
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.—  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

*Bru.*—No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,  
But by reflection, by some other thing's.

*Cas.*—'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirror, as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
Where many of the best respect in Rome—  
Except immortal Cæsar—speaking of Brutus,—  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.*—Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me?

*Cas.*—Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:  
And, since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:  
Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protester: if you know  
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
And, after, scandal them: or if you know  
That I profess myself in banquetting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous,

*Bru.*—What means this shouting?—I do fear the people  
Choose Cæsar for their king.

*Cas.*—Aye, do you fear it?  
Then must I think, you would not have it so.

*Bru.*—I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—  
But, wherefore do you hold me here so long?  
What is it that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently:



For let the gods so speed me, as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Cas.*—I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward favour.  
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—  
I cannot tell, what you and other men  
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,  
I had as lief not be, as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :  
We both have fed as well ; and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he ;  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,  
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now,  
Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point ?"—Upon the word,  
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,  
And bade him follow ; so, indeed, he did.  
The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
But, ere we could arrive the point proposed,  
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."  
I—as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulder,  
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber,  
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man  
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is  
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake ; 'tis true, this god did shake ;  
His coward lips did from their colour fly ;  
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
Did lose its lustre : I did hear him groan :

Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"  
As a sick girl. Ye gods ! it doth amaze me,  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone.

*Bru.* — Another general shout !  
I do believe, that these applauses are  
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

*Cas.* — Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus ; and we, petty men,  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
Men at some times are masters of their fates :  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
Brutus and Cæsar : What should be in that Cæsar ?  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?  
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;  
Weigh them, it as heavy ; conjure with 'em,  
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.—  
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he hath grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed ;  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was famed with more than with one man !  
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?  
Oh ! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his seat in Rome,  
As easily as a king.

*Bru.* — That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;  
What you would work me to I have some aim :

How I have thought of this, and of these times,  
I shall recount hereafter ; for this present  
I would not — so with love I might entreat you —  
Be any further moved. What you have said  
I will consider ; what you have to say  
I will with patience hear ; and find a time  
Both meet to hear and answer such high things. —  
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this ;  
Brutus had rather be a villager ;  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome,  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

SHYLOCK TO ANTONIO.—SHAKSPEARE.

[The *expression* should be of bitter *sarcasm*.]

SIGNOR Antonio, many a time and oft  
In the Rialto you have rated me  
About my monies, and my usances :  
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;  
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe :  
You call me — misbeliever, cut-throat, dog,  
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine ;  
And all for use of that which is mine own.  
Well, then, it now appears you need my help :  
Go to, then — you come to me, and you say,  
“ Shylock, we would have monies.” You say so ;  
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard.  
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur  
Over your threshold : monies is your suit.  
What should I say to you ? Should I not say  
“ Hath a dog money ? Is it possible  
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? ” Or  
Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman’s key,

With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,  
 Say this —  
 "Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;  
 You spurn'd me such a day; another time  
 You call'd me — dog; and for these courtesies  
 I'll lend you thus much monies."

HENRY IV.'s APOSTROPHE TO SLEEP.—  
 SHAKESPEARE.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects  
 Are at this hour asleep! O Sleep, O gentle Sleep,  
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness!  
 Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
 Under the canopies of costly state,  
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?  
 Oh thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,  
 In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,  
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?  
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,  
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
 In cradle of the rude, imperious surge,  
 And in the visitation of the winds,  
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deafning clamours in the slippery shrouds  
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?  
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;

And, in the calmest and most stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

#### THE SEVEN AGES. — SHAKESPEARE.

ALL the world's a stage;  
 And all the men and women merely players.  
 They have their exits and their entrances,  
 And one man, in his time, plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:  
 Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,  
 And shining morning face, creeping, like snail,  
 Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then, a soldier;  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;  
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation,  
 Ev'n in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;  
 In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws, and modern instances;  
 And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;  
 His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound:—Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange, eventful history,  
 And childishness, and mere oblivion;  
 Th, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything!

SCENE FROM THE TRAGEDY OF "ION." —  
TALFOURD.

*The Royal Chamber—ADRASTUS on a couch, asleep.*

*Enter ION, with a knife.*

*Ion.*—Why do I creep thus stealthily along  
With trembling steps? Am I not arm'd by Heaven,  
To execute its mandate on a king  
Whom it hath doom'd! And shall I falter now,  
While every moment that he breathes may crush  
Some life else happy? Can I be deceived  
By some foul passion crouching in my soul,  
Which takes a radiant form to lure me on?  
Assure me, gods!—Yes; I have heard your voices  
For I dare pray ye now to nerve my arm  
And see me strike! [*He goes to the couch.*]

He's smiling in his slumber,  
As if some happy thought of innocent days  
Play'd at his heart-strings: must I scare it thence  
With Death's sharp agony? He lies condemn'd  
By the high judgment of supernal Powers,  
And he shall know their sentence. Wake, Adrastus!  
Collect thy spirits and be strong to die!

*Adras.*—Who dares disturb my rest? Guards! Soldiers!  
Recreants!

Where tarry ye? Why smite ye not to earth  
This bold intruder? Ha! no weapon here!—  
What wouldst thou with me, ruffian? [*Rising.*]

*Ion.*—I am none;  
But a sad instrument in Jove's great hand,  
To take thy life, long forfeited—Prepare!  
Thy hour is come!

*Adras.*—Villains! does no one hear?

*Ion.*—Vex not the closing minutes of thy being  
With torturing hope or idle rage; thy guards,  
Palsied with revelry, are scatter'd senseless,  
While the most valiant of our Argive youths  
Hold every passage by which human aid  
Could reach thee. Present death is the award  
Of Powers who watch above me while I stand  
To execute their sentence.

*Adras.*—Thou!—I know thee—  
The youth I spared this morning, in whose ear  
I pour'd the secrets of my bosom. Kill me,  
If thou dar'st do it; but bethink thee first  
How the grim memory of thy thankless deed  
Will haunt thee to the grave!

*Ion.*—It is most true;  
Thou spar'dst my life, and therefore do the gods  
Ordain me to this office, lest thy fall  
Seem the chance forfeit of some single sin  
And not the great redress of Argos. Now—  
Now, while I parley—spirits that have left,  
Within this hour, their plague-tormented flesh  
To rot untomb'd, glide by, and frown on me,  
Their slow avenger,—and the chamber swarms  
With looks of Furies.—Yet a moment wait,  
Ye dreadful prompters! If there is a friend,  
Whom dying thou wouldst greet by word or token,  
Speak thy last bidding.

*Adras.*—I have none on earth.  
If thou hast courage, end me!

*Ion.*—Not one friend!  
Most piteous doom!

*Adras.*—Art melted?

*Ion.*—If I am,  
Hope nothing from my weakness; mortal arms,  
And eyes unseen that sleep not, gird us round,  
And we shall fall together. Be it so!

*Adras.*—No; strike at once; my hour is come: in thee

I recognise the minister of Jove,  
And, kneeling thus, submit me to his power. [*Adrastus kneels.*]

*Ion.*—Avert thy face!

*Adras.*—No; let me meet thy gaze:  
For breathing pity lights thy features up  
Into more awful likeness of a form  
Which once shone on me;—and which now my sense  
Shapes palpable—in habit of the grave,  
Inviting me to the sad realm where shades  
Of innocents, whom passionate regard  
Link'd with the guilty, are content to pace  
With them the margin of the inky flood,  
Mournful and calm;—'tis surely there;—she waves  
Her pallid hand in circle o'er thy head,  
As if to bless thee—and I bless thee too,  
Death's gracious angel; Do not turn away.

*Ion.*—Gods! to what office have ye doom'd me!—Now!

[*ION raises his arm to stab ADRASTUS, who is kneeling,  
and gazes steadfastly upon him. The voice of  
MEDON is heard without, calling "Ion! Ion!"—  
ION drops his arm.*]

*Adras.*—Be quick, or thou art lost!

[*MEDON rushes in behind them.*]

*Medon.*—Ion, forbear!  
Behold thy son, Adrastus!

[*ION drops the knife and stands stupified with horror.*]

*Adras.*—What strange words  
Are these which call my senses from the death  
They were composed to welcome?—Son! 'tis false—  
I had but one—and the deep wave rolls o'er him!

*Medon.*—That wave received, instead of the fair nurseling.  
One of the slaves who bore him from thy sight  
In wicked haste to slay; I'll give thee proofs!

*Adras.*—Great Jove, I thank thee!—proofs!  
Are there not here the lineaments of her  
Who made me happy once—the voice, now still,



That bade the long-seal'd fount of love gush out,  
 While with a prince's constancy he came  
 To lay his noble life down : and the sure,  
 The dreadful proof, that he whose guileless brow  
 Is instinct with her spirit, stood above me,  
 Arm'd for the traitor's deed ?—It is my child !

[*ION sinks on one knee before ADRASTUS.*]

*Ion.*—Father !

[*A noise without.*]

*Medon.*—The clang of arms !

*Ion (starting up).*—They come ! they come !  
 They who are leagued with me against thy life.  
 Here let us fall !

*Adras.*—I will confront them yet.  
 Within I have a weapon which has drunk  
 A traitor's blood ere now ; — there will I wait for them.  
 No power less strong than death shall part us now !

[*They go in together.*]

QUARREL SCENE FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."—  
 SHAKESPEARE.

[In this dialogue the manner of *Brutus* should be dignified and sarcastic ; while that of *Cassius* should be quick, impetuous, and passionate.]

CASSIUS AND BRUTUS.

*Cas.*—That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this :  
 You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella  
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians.—  
 Wherein, my letters, praying on his side  
 (Because I knew the man), were slighted off.

*Bru.*—You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

*Cas.*—In such a time as this, it is not meet  
 That every nice offence should bear his comment.

*Bru.*—Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself

Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Cas.*—I an itching palm !—  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, that speech were else your last.

*Bru.*—The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.*—Chastisement !

*Bru.*—Remember March—the ides of March remember !  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?  
What villain touch'd his body that did stab,  
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
But for supporting robbers—shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.*—Brutus, bay not me,  
I'll not endure it ; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.*—Go to ; you're not, Cassius.

*Cas.*—I am.

*Bru.*—I say, you are not.

*Cas.*—Urge me no more ; I shall forget myself :  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

*Bru.*—Away, slight man !

*Cas.*—Is't possible ?

*Bru.*—Hear me, for I will speak.—  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?  
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares ?

*Cas.*—Ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all this ?

*Bru.*—All this ? aye, more.—Fret till your proud heart  
break.—

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch?  
Under your testy humour! By the gods!  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth—yea, for my laughter—  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.*—Is it come to this?

*Bru.*—You say you are a better soldier:  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.*—You wrong me, every way you wrong me, Brutus;  
I said, an elder soldier, not a better;—  
Did I say better?

*Bru.*—If you did I care not.

*Cas.*—When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

*Bru.*—Peace, peace: you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cas.*—I durst not?

*Bru.*—No.

*Cas.*—What? durst not tempt him?

*Bru.*—For your life, you durst not.

*Cas.*—Do not presume too much upon my love;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.*—You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me as the idle wind  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;  
For I can raise no money by vile means:  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me. Was that done like *Cassius*?  
Should I have answer'd Caius *Cassius* so?—  
When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces!

*Cas.*—I denied you not.

*Bru.*—You did.

*Cas.*—I did not.—He was but a fool  
That brought my answer back.—*Brutus* hath rived my heart:  
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,  
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.*—I do not,—till you practise them on me.

*Cas.*—You love me not.

*Bru.*—I do not like your faults.

*Cas.*—A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.*—A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.*—Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius* come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on *Cassius*,  
For *Cassius* is aweary of the world:  
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;  
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,  
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast: within, a heart  
Dearer than *Plutus*' mine, richer than gold:  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:  
Strike, as thou didst at *Cæsar*: for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better  
Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*.

*Bru.*—Sheath your dagger:  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O, *Cassius*, you are yoked with a lamb

That carries anger, as the flint bears fire :  
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
 And straight is cold again.

*Cas.*—Hath Cassius lived  
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
 When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

*Bru.*—When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.

*Cas.*—Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

*Bru.*—And my heart too! [ *They embrace.* ]

*Cas.*—O, Brutus!

*Bru.*—What's the matter?

*Cas.*—Have not you love enough to bear with me,  
 When that rash humour which my mother gave me  
 Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.*—Yes, Cassius; and henceforth,  
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

#### BOBADIL'S MILITARY TACTICS.—BEN JONSON.

[With the *bombastic* expression of an empty braggart.]

I WILL tell you, sir, by the way of private and under seal,  
 I am a gentleman, and live here obscure and to myself; but  
 were I known to his majesty and the lords, observe me I  
 would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public  
 benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his  
 subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts  
 of his yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy  
 soever. And how would I do it, think you? Why thus, sir.  
 I would select nineteen more to myself; gentlemen they should  
 be, of a good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would  
 choose them by an *instinct*, a character that I have: and I  
 would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your Punto,  
 your Reverso, your Stoccato, your Imbrocato, your Passado,

your Montanto\*; till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us! Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill *them*; twenty more, kill *them*; twenty more, kill them too: and thus would we kill, every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand: forty thousand—forty times five, five times forty,—two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentleman-like carcase to perform (provided there be no treason practised upon us), by discreet manhood, that is, civilly, by the sword.

MARC ANTONY'S ORATION.—SHAKESPEARE.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;  
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
 The evil that men do lives after them;  
 The good is oft interred with their bones;  
 So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
 Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;  
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault;  
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.  
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—  
 (For Brutus is an honourable man,  
 So are they all, all honourable men)—  
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me:  
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

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\* Terms of the fencing-school.

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious !  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff—  
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see that, on the Lupercal,  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man!  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause ;  
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?  
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason !— Bear with me :  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me,  
    But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters ! if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men :  
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar ;  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :  
Let but the commons hear his testament,  
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood :  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills  
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
Unto their issue.—

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
 You all do know this mantle ; I remember  
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;  
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,—  
 That day he overcame the Nervii :—  
 Look, in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through :  
 See what a rent the envious Casca made :  
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;  
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,  
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no !  
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :  
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !  
 This was the most unkindest cut of all :  
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
 Quite vanquished him : then burst his mighty heart ;  
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.—  
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel  
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops ;  
 Kind souls ! What, weep you, when you but behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here.  
 Here is himself, marr'd as you see, with traitors.—  
 Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
 They that have done this deed are honourable ;  
 What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,  
 That made them do it : They are wise and honourable :  
 And will, no doubt, with reasons, answer you.  
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :  
 I am no orator, as Brutus is ;



But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,  
 That love my friend : and that they know full well  
 That gave me public leave to speak of him ;  
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech  
 To stir men's blood. I only speak right on ;  
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;  
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor dumb mouths,  
 And bid them speak for me : But, were I Brutus,  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Cæsar that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny !

FOUR SCENES FROM SIR E. L. B. LYTTON'S PLAY  
 OF "RICHELIEU, OR THE CONSPIRACY."

FIRST SCENE.—*A room in the Palais Cardinal; the walls  
 hung with arras.*

RICHELIEU seated at a table with papers before him. He rings  
 a small bell. HUGUET (an officer of Richelieu's guard)  
 enters.

*Hug.*—The Chevalier de Mauprat waits below.

*Rich.*—He struggled not, nor murmur'd ?

*Hug.*—No : proud and passive.

*Rich.*—Bid him enter.—Hold ;

Look that he hide no weapon.

When he has enter'd,

Glide round unseen ; place thyself yonder (*pointing to the  
 arras*) ; watch him ;

If he show violence—(let me see thy carbine ;

So, a good weapon) ; if he play the lion,

Why—the dog's death.

[*Exit HUGUET ; RICHELIEU seats himself at the table, and slowly arranges the papers before him. Enter DE MAUPRAT, preceded by HUGUET, who then retires behind the arras.*]

*Rich.*—Approach, sir. Can you call to mind the hour,  
Now three years since, when in this room, methinks,  
Your presence honoured me?

*De Maup.*—It is, my lord,  
One of my most—

*Rich. (dryly.)*—Delightful recollections.

*De Maup. (aside.)*—St. Denis ! doth he make a jest of axe  
And headsman ?

*Rich. (sternly.)*—I did then accord you  
A mercy ill-requited—you still live ?

*De Maup.*—To meet death face to face at last.

*Rich.*—Your words  
Are bold.

*De Maup.*—My deeds have not belied them.

*Rich.*—Deeds !

O miserable delusion of man's pride !

Deeds ! cities sack'd, fields ravaged, hearths profaned,  
Men butcher'd ! In your hour of doom behold  
The *deeds* you boast of ! From rank showers of blood  
And the red light of blazing roofs, you build  
The rainbow glory, and to shuddering conscience  
Cry : "Lo, the bridge to heaven ?"

*De Maup.*—If war be sinful,  
Your hand the gauntlet cast.

*Rich.*—It was so, sir.

Note the distinction : I weigh'd well the cause,  
Which made the standard holy ; raised the war  
But to secure the peace. France bled—I groan'd ;  
But look'd beyond ; and in the vista saw  
France saved ; and I exulted. You—but you  
Were but the tool of slaughter—knowing naught,  
Foreseeing naught, naught hoping, naught lamenting,

And for naught fit,—save cutting throats for hire.  
Deeds, marry, deeds !

*De Maup.*—If you deign to speak  
Thus to your armies ere they march to battle,  
Perchance your eminence might have the pain  
Of the throat-cutting to yourself.

*Rich. (aside).*—He has wit,  
This Mauprat.—(*Aloud.*) There is against you  
What you can less excuse. Messire de Mauprat,  
Doom'd to sure death, how hast thou since consumed  
The time allotted thee for serious thought  
And solemn penance?

*De Maup. (embarrassed).*—The time, my lord?

*Rich.*—Is not the question plain? I'll answer for thee.  
Thou hast sought nor priest, nor shrine; no sackcloth chafed  
Thy delicate flesh. The rosary and the death's-head  
Have not, with pious meditation, purged  
Earth from the carnal gaze. What thou hast *not* done  
Brief told; what done, a volume ! Wild debauch.  
Turbulent riot :—for the morn the dice-box—  
Noon claim'd the duel—and the night the wassail:  
These, *your* most holy, pure preparatives  
For death and judgment ! Do I wrong you, sir?

*De Maup.*—I was not always thus:—if changed my nature,  
Blame that which changed my fate. Alas, my lord,  
There is a brotherhood which calm-eyed reason,  
Can wot not of, betwixt Despair and Mirth.  
My birthplace mid the vines of sunny Provence,  
Perchance the stream that sparkles in my veins  
Came from that wine of passionate life which erst  
Glow'd in the wild heart of the Troubadour:  
And danger, which makes steadier courage wary,  
But fevers me with an insane delight;  
As one of old who on the mountain crags  
Caught madness from a Mænad's haunting eyes.  
Were you, my lord, whose path imperial power  
And the grave cares of reverend wisdom guard

From all that tempts to folly meaner men,—  
 Were you accursed with that which you inflicted,—  
 By bed and board dogg'd by one ghastly spectre,  
 The while within you youth beat high, and life  
 Grew lovelier from the neighbouring frown of death—  
 Were this your fate, perchance,  
 You would have erred like me !

*Rich.*—I might, like you,  
 Have been a brawler and a reveller ;—not,  
 Like you, a trickster and a thief.—

*De Maup.* (*advancing threateningly.*)—Lord Cardinal!  
 Unsay those words!—

[*HUGUET advances and deliberately raises his carbine.*]

*Rich.* (*waving his hand.*)—Not quite so quick, friend  
 Huguet;

Messire De Mauprat is a patient man,  
 And he can wait !

[*HUGUET retires.*]

You have outrun your fortune ;

I blame you not that you would be a beggar—  
 Each to his taste! But I do charge you, sir,  
 That, being beggar'd, you would coin false monies  
 Out of that crucible called DEBT. To live  
 On means not yours—be brave in silks and laces,  
 Gallant in steeds, splendid in banquets ;—all  
 Not *yours*—ungiven—unherited—unpaid for;—  
*This* is to be a trickster ; and to filch  
 Men's art and labour, which to them is wealth,  
 Life, daily bread, — quitting all scores with—" Friend,  
 You're troublesome ! " Why this, forgive me.  
 Is what, when done with a less dainty grace,  
 Plain folks call "*Theft!*" You owe eight thousand pistoles  
 Minus one crown, two liards!

*De Maup.* (*aside.*)—The old conjurer!

*Rich.*—This is scandalous,  
 Shaming your birth and blood.—I tell you, sir,  
 That you must pay your debts —

*De Maup.*—With all my heart,  
 My lord. Where shall I borrow, then, the money?  
*Rich. (aside and laughing).*—A humorous dare-devil!  
 —the very man

To suit my purpose—ready, frank, and bold!  
 Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel;  
 I am not; I am *just*! I found France rent asunder,—  
 The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;  
 Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;  
 Brawls festering to rebellion; and weak laws  
 Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.—  
 I have re-created France; and, from the ashes  
 Of the old feudal and decrepit carcase,  
 Civilisation on her luminous wings  
 Soars, phoenix-like, to Jove! What was my art?  
 Genius, some say,—some fortune,—Witchcraft, some:  
 Not so;—my art was JUSTICE! Force and fraud  
 Misname it cruelty—you shall confute them!  
 My champion you! You met me as your foe,  
 Depart my friend.—You shall not die—France needs you.  
 You shall wipe off all stains,—be rich, be honour'd,  
 Be great!

SECOND SCENE—*In the same Palace.*

*Richelieu (calls).*—François.

*Enter FRANÇOIS.*

Follow this fair lady, François.  
 (Find him the suiting garments, Marion); take  
 My fleetest steed: arm thyself to the teeth;  
 A packet will be given you, with orders,—  
 No matter what! The instant that your hand  
 Closes upon it—clutch it, like your honour.  
 Which death alone can steal or ravish; set  
 Spurs to your steed—be breathless till you stand

Again before me.—Stay, sir.—You will find me  
Two short leagues hence,—at Ruelle, in my castle.  
Young man, be blithe! for, note me, from the hour  
I grasp that packet, think your guardian star  
Rains fortune on you.

*Fran.*—If I fail—?

*Rich.*—Fail, — fail?

In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves  
For a bright manhood, there is no such word  
As—*fail*!—You will instruct him further, Marion.  
Follow her—but at distance;—speak not to her,  
Till you are housed;—farewell, boy! Never say  
“*Fail*” again.

*Fran.*—I will not!

*Rich.* (*patting his locks.*)—There’s my young hero!

[*Exeunt FRANCOIS and MARION.*]

So, they would seize my person in this place?  
I cannot guess their scheme:—but my retinue  
Is here too large!—a single traitor could  
Strike impotent the fate of thousands;—Joseph,  
Art sure of Huguet?—Think—we hang’d his father!

*Joseph.*—But you have bought his son; heap’d favours on  
him!

*Rich.*—Trash!—favours past—that’s nothing! In his hours  
Of confidence with you, has he named the favours  
To come he counts on?

*Joseph.*—Yes; a colonel’s rank,  
And letters of nobility.

*Rich.*—What! Huguet!—

[*Here HUGUET enters as to address the Cardinal, who  
does not perceive him.*]

*Hug.*—My own name, soft! [Glides behind the arras.]

*Rich.*—Colonel and nobleman!

My bashful Huguet — that can never be!  
We have him not the less — we’ll promise it!

And see the king withholds! Ah, kings are oft  
 A great convenience to a minister!  
 No wrong to Huguet either!—Moralists  
 Say hope is sweeter than possession!—Yes—  
 We'll count on Huguet! Favours *past* do gorge  
 Our dogs—leave service drowsy—dull the scent—  
 Slacken the speed;—favours to *come*, my Joseph,  
 Produce a lusty, hungry gratitude,  
 A ravenous zeal, that of the commonest cur  
 Would make a Cerberus. You are right, this treason  
 Assumes a fearful aspect:—but, once crush'd,  
 Its very ashes shall manure the soil  
 Of power, and ripen such full sheaves of greatness,  
 That all the summer of my fate shall seem  
 Fruitless beside the autumn!

[HUGUET holds up his hand menacingly, and creeps out.]

*Joseph.*—The saints grant it!

*Rich. (solemnly.)*—Yes—for sweet France, Heaven grant it!

O my country,

For thee—thee only—though men deem it not—  
 Are toil and terror my familiars!—I  
 Have made thee great and fair—upon thy brows  
 Wreath'd the old Roman laurel:—at thy feet  
 Bow'd nations down. No pulse in my ambition  
 Whose beatings were not measured from thy heart!  
 In the old times before us patriots lived  
 And died for liberty—

*Joseph.*—As you would live  
 And die for despotry—

*Rich.*—False monk, not so!  
 Not for the purple and the power wherein  
 State clothes herself. I love my native land,—  
 Not as Venetian, Englisher, or Swiss.  
 But as a noble and a priest of France;  
 "All things for France"—lo, my eternal maxim!  
 The vital axle of the restless wheels

That bear me on! With her I have entwined  
 My passions and my fate—my crimes, my virtues—  
 Hated and loved, and schemed, and shed men's blood,  
 As the calm crafts of Tuscan sages teach  
 Those who would make their country great. Beyond  
 The map of France my heart can travel not,  
 But fills that limit to its farthest verge;  
 And while I live—Richelieu and France are one.  
 Yes,  
 In thy unseen and abstract majesty,  
 My France—my country, I have bodied forth  
 A thing to love. What are these robes of state,  
 This pomp, this palace? Perishable baubles!  
 In this world two things only are immortal—  
 Fame and a people!

*Enter HUGUET.*

*Hug.*—My Lord Cardinal,  
 Your eminence bade me seek you at this hour.

*Rich.*—Did I?—True, Huguet. So—you overheard  
 Strange talk amongst these gallants? Snares and traps  
 For Richelieu?—Well—we'll balk them; let me think.  
 The men at arms you head—how many?

*Hug.*—Twenty,  
 My Lord.

*Rich.*—All trusty?

*Hug.*—Yes, for ordinary  
 Occasions—if for great ones, I would change  
 Three-fourths at least!

*Rich.*—Aye, what are great occasions?

*Hug.*—Great bribes!

*Rich. (to JOSEPH.)*—Good lack, he knows some paragons  
 Superior to great bribes.

*Hug.*—True gentlemen,  
 Who have transgress'd the laws—and value life,  
 And lack not gold; your eminence alone  
 Can grant them pardon. *Ergo*, you can trust them!



*Rich.*—Logic! So be it—let this *honest* twenty  
Be arm'd and mounted. — (*Aside.*) So they meet at mid-  
night,

The attempt on me to-morrow.—Ho! we'll strike  
'Twixt wind and water.—(*Aloud.*) Does it need much time  
To find these ornaments to human nature?

*Hug.*—My Lord, the trustiest are not birds  
That love the daylight. I do know a haunt  
Where they meet nightly.

*Rich.*—Ere the dawn be grey  
All could be arm'd, assembled, and at Ruelle  
In my old hall?

*Hug.*—By one hour after midnight.

*Rich.*—The castle's strong. You know its outlets, Huguet?  
Would twenty men, well posted, keep such guard  
That not one step (and murder's step is stealthy)  
Could glide within unseen?

*Hug.*—A triple wall—  
A drawbridge and portcullis—twenty men,  
Under my lead, a month might hold that castle  
Against a host.

*Rich.*—They do not strike till morning,  
Yet I will shift the quarter.—Bid the grooms  
Prepare the litter.—I will hence to Ruelle  
While daylight last; and one hour after midnight  
You and your twenty saints shall seek me thither!  
You're made to rise!—You are, sir;—eyes of lynx,  
Ears of the stag, a footfall like the snow;—  
You are a valiant fellow;—yea, a trusty,  
Religious, exemplary, incorrupt,  
And precious jewel of a fellow, Huguet!  
If I live long enough,—aye, mark my words—  
If I live long enough, you'll be a colonel—  
Noble, perhaps! One hour, sir, after midnight.

*Hug.*—You leave me dumb with gratitude, my lord;  
I'll pick the trustiest (*aside*) Marion's house can furnish.

[*Exit HUGUET.*]

*Rich.*—How like a spider shall I sit in my hole,  
And watch the meshes tremble.

*Joseph.*—But, my lord,  
Were it not wiser still to man the palace,  
And seize the traitors in the act?

*Rich.*—No; Louis,  
Long chafed against me; he'll say I hatch'd the treason,  
Or scout my charge. He half desires my death:  
But the despatch to Bouillon, some dark scheme  
Against *his* crown—*there* is our weapon, Joseph!  
With that all safe—without it all is peril!  
Meanwhile to my old castle; *you* to court,  
Diving with careless eyes into men's hearts.  
Good—all favours,  
If François be but bold, and Huguet honest.  
Huguet—I half suspect—he bowed too low—  
'Tis not his way.

*Joseph.*—This is the curse, my lord,  
Of your high state; suspicion of all men.

*Rich. (sadly.)*—True; true; my leeches bribed to poison—  
pages

To strangle me in sleep—my very king  
(This brain, the unresting loom, from which was woven  
The purple of his greatness) leagued against me—  
Old—childless—friendless—broken—all forsake—  
All—all—but—

*Jos.*—What?

*Rich.*—The indomitable heart  
Of Armand Richelieu.

*Jos.*—And Joseph——

*Rich. (after a pause.)*—You——  
Yes, I believe you—yes; for all men fear you—  
And the world loves you not. And I, friend Joseph,  
I am the only man who could, my Joseph,  
Make you a bishop. Come, we'll go to dinner,  
And talk the while of methods to advance  
Our Mother Church. Ah, Joseph,—*Bishop Joseph.* [*Exeunt.*

## THIRD SCENE.—MIDNIGHT.

*RICHIEU's Castle at Ruelle—A Gothic chamber—Moonlight at the window, occasionally obscured.*

*Rich. (reading.)*—"In silence and at night the conscience feels

That life should soar to nobler ends than power."

So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!

But wert thou tried? Sublime Philosophy,

Thou art the Patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,

And bright with beck'ning angels, but, alas!

We see thee, like the patriarch, but in dreams,

By the first step—dull slumbering on the earth.

I am not happy!—

When I am dust my name shall, like a star,

Shine through wan space a glory—and a prophet,

Whereby pale seers shall from their æry towers

Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,

That make the potent astrologue of kings.

But shall the future judge me by the ends

That I have wrought, or by the dubious means

Through which the stream of my renown hath run

Into the many-voiced, unfathomed Time?

Foul in its bed lie weeds, and heaps of slime,

And with its waves, when sparkling in the sun,

Of-times the secret rivulets that swell

Its might of waters, blend the hues of blood.

Yet are my sins not those of CIRCUMSTANCE,

That all pervading atmosphere, wherein

Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take

The tints that colour, and the food that nurtures?

O! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands

In the unvar'd silence of a student's cell;—

Ye, whose untempted hearts have never toss'd  
 Upon the dark and stormy tides where life  
 Gives battle to the elements,—and man  
 Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose weight  
 Will bear but one—while round the desperate wretch  
 The hungry billows roar—and the fierce Fate,  
 Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the surf,  
 Waits him who drops;—ye safe and formal men,  
 Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand  
 Weigh in nice scales the motives of the great,—  
 Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!  
 History preserves only the fleshless bones  
 Of what we are—and by the mocking skull  
 The would-be wise pretend to guess the features!  
 Without the roundness and the glow of life  
 How hideous is the skeleton! Without  
 The colourings and humanities that clothe  
 Our errors, the anatomists of schools  
 Can make our memory hideous!

I have wrought

Great uses out of evil tools—and they  
 In the time to come may bask beneath the light  
 Which I have stolen from the angry gods,  
 And warn their sons against the glorious theft,  
 Forgetful of the darkness which it broke.  
 I have shed blood—but I have had no foes  
 Save those the state had.—If my wrath was deadly,  
 'Tis that I felt my country in my veins,  
 And smote her sons as Brutus smote his own.  
 And yet I am not happy—blanch'd and sear'd  
 Before my time—breathing an air of hate,  
 And seeing daggers in the eyes of men,  
 And wasting powers that shake the thrones of earth  
 In contests with the insects—bearding kings  
 And braved by lackies—murder at my bed;  
 And lone amidst the multitudinous web,  
 With the dread Three—that are the Fates who hold

The woof and shears—the Monk, the Spy, the Headsman.  
And this is power ! Alas ! I am not happy.

[*After a pause.*]

And yet the Nile is fretted by the weeds  
Its rising roots not up: but never yet  
Did one last barrier by a ripple vex  
My onward tide, unswept in sport away.  
Am I so ruthless, then, that I do hate  
Them who hate me? Tush, tush! I do not hate ;  
Nay, I forgive. The statesman writes the doom,  
But the priest sends the blessing. I forgive them,  
But I destroy ; forgiveness is mine own,  
Destruction is the state's ! For private life,  
Scripture the guide,—for public, Machiavel.  
Would fortune serve me if the Heaven were wroth?  
For chance makes half my greatness. I was born  
Beneath the aspect of a bright-eyed star,  
And my triumphant adamant of soul  
Is but the fix'd persuasion of success.  
Oh !—here !—that spasm—again!—How life and death  
Do wrestle for me momentarily!  
O ! beautiful—all golden—gentle youth!  
Making thy palace in the careless front  
And hopeful eye of man—ere yet the soul  
Hath lost the memories which (so Plato dream'd)  
Breath'd glory from the earlier star it dwelt in—  
O! for one gale from thine exulting morning!  
Could I recall the past,—or had not set  
The prodigal treasures of the bankrupt soul  
In one slight bark upon the shoreless sea!  
The yoked steer, after his day of toil,  
Forgets the goad, and rests :—to me alike  
Or day or night. Ambition has no rest!  
Shall I resign ?—Who can resign himself ?  
For custom is ourself !—As drink and food  
Become our bone and flesh—the aliments  
Of our nobler part, the mind—thoughts, dreams,

Passions and aims, in the revolving cycle  
Of the great alchemy—at length are made  
Our mind itself ! and yet the sweets of leisure—  
An honoured home,—far from these base intrigues,—  
An eyrie on the heaven-kiss'd heights of wisdom—

[*Taking up the book.*]

Speak to me, moralist ! I'll heed thy counsel.  
Were it not best——

*Enter FRANÇOIS hastily, and in part disguised.*

*Rich.* (*flinging away the book.*)—Philosophy, thou liest!  
Quick—the despatch !—Power—empire ! Boy—the packet !

*Fran.*—Kill me, my lord !

*Rich.*—They knew thee—they suspected—  
They gave it not——

*Fran.*—He gave it—*he*—the Count  
De Baradas ; with his own hand he gave it !

*Rich.*—Baradas ! Joy ! out with it !

*Fran.*—Listen,  
And then dismiss me to the headsman.

*Rich.*—Ha !

Go on.

*Fran.*—They led me to a chamber. There  
Orleans and Baradas — and some half-score,  
Whom I knew not — were met ——

*Rich.*—Not more !

*Fran.*—But from  
Th' adjoining chamber broke the din of voices,  
The clattering tread of armed men : — at times  
A shriller cry, that yelled out, “Death to Richelieu !”

*Rich.*—Speak not of *me* ; thy *country* is in danger !  
Th' adjoining room — So, so — a *separate* treason !  
The one thy ruin, France ! — the meaner crime,  
Left to their tools — my murder !

*Fran.*—Baradas

Questioned me close — demurr'd — until, at last,  
O'erruled by Orleans — gave the packet — told me  
That life and death were in the scroll. — This gold —

*Rich.*—Gold is no proof —

*Fran.*—And Orleans promised thousands,  
When Bouillon's trumpets in the streets of Paris  
Rang out the shrill answer: hastening from the house,  
My footstep in the stirrup, Marion stole  
Across the threshold, whispering, "Lose no moment  
Ere Richelieu have the packet: tell him, too —  
Murder is in the winds of night, and Orleans  
Swears, ere the dawn the Cardinal shall be clay."  
She said, and trembling fled within: when lo!  
A hand of iron griped me! Thro' the dark  
Gleam'd the dim shadow of an armed man:  
Ere I could draw, the prize was wrested from me,  
And a hoarse voice gasp'd — "Spy, I spare thee, for  
This steel is virgin to thy lord!" — with that  
He vanish'd. — Scared, and trembling for thy safety,  
I mounted, fled, and, kneeling at thy feet,  
Implore thee to acquit my faith — but not,  
Like him, to spare my life,

*Rich.*—Who spake of life?

I bade thee grasp that treasure as thine *honour* —  
A jewel worth whole hecatombs of lives!  
Begone! redeem thine honour! Back to Marion —  
Or Baradas — or Orleans — track the robber —  
Regain the packet — or crawl on to age —  
Age and gray hairs like mine — and know, thou hast lost  
That which had made thee great and saved thy country.  
See me not till thou'st bought the right to seek me.  
Away! Nay, cheer thee! thou hast not fail'd yet —  
*There's no such word as "fail!"*

*Fran.*—Bless you, my Lord,  
For that one smile! I'll wear it on my heart  
To light me back to triumph.

[*Erit.*]

*Rich.*—The poor youth!  
 An elder had ask'd life! I love the young!  
 For as great men live not in their own time  
 But the next race,—so in the young my soul  
 Makes many Richelieus. He will win it yet!

FOURTH SCENE. — *Gardens of the Louvre.*

*Enter FRANÇOIS.*

*Fran.*—All search, as yet, in vain for Mauprat! Not  
 At home since yesternoon — a soldier told me  
 He saw him pass this way with hasty strides;  
 Should he meet Baradas they'd rend it from him —  
 And then — benignant Fortune smile upon me!  
 I am thy son! If thou desert'st me now,  
 Come Death, and snatch me from disgrace. But no!  
 There's a great Spirit ever in the air  
 That from prolific and far-spreading wings  
 Scatters the seeds of honour— yea, the walls  
 And moats of castled forts, the barren seas,  
 The cell wherein the pale-eyed student holds  
 Talk with melodious science — all are sown  
 With everlasting honours, if our souls  
 Will toil for fame as boors for bread —

*Enter DE MAUPRAT.*

*De Maup.*—Oh, let me —  
 Let me but meet him foot to foot — I'll dig  
 The Judas from his heart; — albeit the King  
 Should o'er him cast the purple!

*Fran.*—Mauprat! hold: —  
 Where is the —

*De Maup.*—Well! What would'st thou?

*Fran.*—The despatch!  
 The packet. LOOK ON ME — I serve the Cardinal —



You know me. Did you not keep guard last night  
By Marion's house?

*De Maup.*—I did:—no matter now!

They told me *he was here!*

*Fran.*—O joy! quick—quick—

The packet thou didst wrest from me?

*De Maup.*—The packet?

What, art thou he I deem'd the Cardinal's spy  
(Dupe that I was)—and overhearing Marion—

*Fran.*—The same—restore it! haste!

*De Maup.*—I have it not:

Methought it but revealed our scheme to Richelieu,  
And, as we mounted, gave it to——

*Enter BARADAS.*

Stand back!

Now, villain! now, I have thee!

(*To Francois.*)—Hence, sir! *Draw!*

*Fran.*—Art mad? the King's at hand! leave *him* to  
Richelieu!

Speak—the despatch—to whom—

*De Maup.* (*Dashing him aside, and rushing to BARADAS.*)—

Thou triple slanderer!

I'll set my heel upon thy crest!

*Fran.*—Fly—fly!

The King!

*Enter, at one side, LOUIS, ORLEANS, DE BERINGHEN,  
courtiers, &c., at the other, the guards hastily.*

*Louis.*—Swords drawn, before our very palace!

Have our laws died with Richelien?

*Bar.*—Pardon, sire,—

*My crime but self-defence.*—(*Aside to KING.*) It is *De  
Mauprat!*

*Louis.*—Dare he thus brave us?

[*BARADAS goes to the guard and gives a warrant.*]

*De Maup.*—Sire in the Cardinal's name—

*Bar.*—Seize him — disarm — to the Bastille!

[*DE MAUPRAT seized, struggles with the guard—FRANCOIS restlessly endeavouring to pacify and speak to him—when the gates open.*]

*Enter RICHELIEU and JOSEPH, followed by arquebusiers.*

*Bar.*—The dead  
Return'd to life!

*Louis.*—What! a mock death! this tops  
The infinite of insult.

*De Maup.* (*breaking from guards.*)—Priest and hero!  
For you are both—protect the truth!

*Rich.*—What's this?

[*Taking the writ from guard.*]

*De Ber.*—Fact in philosophy. Foxes have got  
Nine lives as well as cats!

*Bar.*—Be firm, my liege.

*Louis.*—I have assumed the sceptre—I will wield it!

*Joseph.*—The tide runs counter—there 'll be shipwreck  
somewhere.

[*BARADAS and ORLEANS keep close to the KING—whispering and prompting him, when RICHELIEU speaks.*]

*Rich.*—High treason—Faviaux! still that stale pretence!  
My liege, bad men (aye, Count, most *knavish* men!)  
Abuse your royal goodness. For this soldier  
France hath none braver— and his youth's hot folly,  
Mialed (by whom *your Highness* may conjecture!)—  
Is long since cancell'd by a loyal manhood.  
I, sire, have pardoned him.

*Louis.*—And we do give.  
Your pardon to the winds. Sir, do your duty!

*Rich.*—What, sire? you do not know—Oh, pardon me—  
You know not yet, that this brave, honest heart,  
Stood between mine and murder! Sire! for my sake—

For your old servant's sake—undo this wrong.

See, let me rend the sentence.

*Louis.*—At your peril !

This is too much.—Again, sir, do your duty !

*Rich.*—Speak not, but go :—I would not see young Valour  
So humbled as grey Service !

*De Maup.*—Fare you well !

Save Julie, and console her.

*Fran.* (*aside to De Mauprat.*)—The despatch !

Your fate, foes, life, hang on a word ! to whom ?

*De Maup.*—To Huguet.

*Fran.* Hush—keep council ! silence !—hope !

[*Exeunt DE MAUPRAT and guard.*]

*Bar.* (*aside to François.*)—Has he the packet ?

*Fran.*—He will not reveal—

(*Aside.*) Work, brain ! beat, heart ! “ *There's no such word  
as fail.*” [Exit FRANÇOIS.]

*Rich.* (*fiercely.*)—Room, my lords, room ! The minister  
of France

Can need no intercession with the King.

[*They fall back.*]

*Louis.*—What means this false report of death, Lord Car-  
dinal ?

*Rich.*—Are you then anger'd, sire, that I live still ?

*Louis.*—No ; but such artifice—

*Rich.*—Not mine :—look elsewhere !

*Louis.*—my castle swarm'd with the assassins.

*Bar.* (*advancing.*)—We have punish'd them already.

Huguet now

In the Bastille. Oh ! my Lord, *we* were prompt

To avenge you—*we* were—

*Rich.*—*WE* ? Ha ! ha ! you hear,

My liege !—What page, man, in the last court grammar

Made you a plural ? Count, you have seized the *hireling* :—

Sire, shall I name the *master* ?

*Louis*.—Tush ! my lord,  
The old contrivance :—ever does your wit  
Invent assassins,—that ambition may  
Slay rivals—

*Rich*.—Rivals, sire ! in what ?  
Service to France ! *I have none !* Lives the man  
Whom Europe, paled before your glory, deems  
Rival to Armand Richelieu ?

*Louis*.—What, so haughty ?  
Remember, he who made can unmake.

*Rich*.—Never !  
Never ! Your anger can recall your trust,  
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,  
Rifle my coffers,—but my name—my deeds,  
Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre !  
Pass sentence on me, if you will ; from kings,  
Lo, I appeal to Time ! Be just, my liege—  
I found your kingdom rent with heresies  
And bristling with rebellion ; lawless nobles  
And breadless serfs ; England fomenting discord ;  
Austria—her clutch on your dominion ; Spain  
Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind  
To armed thunderbolts. The arts lay dead,  
Trade rotted in your marts, your armies mutinous,  
Your treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke  
Your trust ? so be it ! and I leave you sole,  
Supremest monarch of the mightiest realm,  
From Ganges to the Icebergs. Look without—  
No foe not humbled ! Look within ! the arts  
Quit, for our schools, their old Hesperides,  
The golden Italy ! while throughout the veins  
Of your vast empire flows, in strengthening tides,  
TRADE, the calm health of nations ! Sire, I know  
Your smoother courtiers please you best—nor measure  
Myself with them,—yet sometimes I would doubt  
If statesmen rock'd and dandled into power  
Could leave such legacies to kings !

*Louis.*—Enough !

Your eminence must excuse a longer audience.  
To your own palace.—For our conference this  
Nor place—nor season.

*Rich.*—Good, my liege, for *Justice*,  
All place a temple, and all season, summer !  
Do you deny me justice? Saints of heaven !  
He turns from me ! *Do you deny me justice ?*  
For fifteen years, while in these hands dwelt empire,  
The humblest craftsman—the obscurest vassal—  
The very leper shrinking from the sun,  
Tho' loathed by charity, might ask for justice !  
Not with the fawning tone and crawling mien  
Of some I see around you—counts and princes—  
Kneeling for *favours* ;—but, erect and loud,  
As men who ask man's rights ! my liege, my Louis,  
Do you refuse me justice—audience even—  
In the pale presence of the baffled Murther ?

*Louis.*—Lord Cardinal—one by one you have sever'd from  
me

The bonds of human love—all near and dear  
Mark'd out for vengeance—exile or the scaffold.  
You find me now amidst my trustiest friends,  
My closest kindred ;—you would tear them from me ;  
They murder *you* forsooth, since *me* they love.  
Enough of plots and treasons for one reign !  
Home ! Home ! and sleep away these phantoms !

*Rich.*—Sire !

I—patience, Heaven ! sweet Heaven ! Sire, from the foot  
Of that great throne these hands have raised aloft  
On an Olympus, looking down on mortals  
And worshipp'd by their awe—before the foot  
Of that high throne,—spurn you the grey-hair'd man  
Who gave you empire—and now sues for safety ?

*Louis.*—No ;—when we see your eminence in truth  
At the *foot* of the throne—we'll listen to you.

[*Exit Louis.*]

*Orleans.*—Saved !

*Bar.*—For this, deep thanks to Julie and to Mauprat!

*Rich.*—My Lord de Baradas—I pray your pardon—  
You are to be my successor ! your hand, sir !

*Bar. (aside.)*—What can this mean ?

*Rich.*—It trembles, see ! it trembles !

The hand that holds the destinies of nations  
Ought to shake less ! Poor Baradas ! poor France !

*Bar.*—Insolent——

[*Exeunt DE BARADAS and Court.*]

*Rich.*—Joseph—Did you hear the King ?

*Joseph.*—I did—there's danger ! Had you been less  
haughty——

*Rich.*—And suffer'd slaves to chuckle—"See the Car-  
dinal—

How meek his eminence is to-day"—I tell thee

This is a strife in which the loftiest look

Is the most subtle armour——

*Joseph.*—But——

*Rich.*—No time

For ifs and buts—I will accuse these traitors !

François shall witness that De Baradas

Gave him the secret missive for De Bouillon,

And told him life and death were in the scroll.

I will—I will——

*Joseph.*—Tush ! François is your creature ;

So they will say, and laugh at you !—*your witness*

*Must be that same despatch.*

*Rich.*—Away to Marion !

*Joseph.*—I have been there—she is seized—removed—im-  
prisoned——

By the count's orders.

*Rich.*—Goddess of bright dreams,

My country, shalt thou lose me now, when most

Thou need'st thy worshipper ? My native land !

Let me but ward this dagger from thy heart,

And die—but on thy bosom !

## SCENE FROM THE COMEDY OF "MONEY." —

BULWER.

[In dialogues like the following, which are supposed to be copies of the conversation of ordinary life, the style of the speaker should be *easy*, animated, unrestrained, and free from effort and declamation. Practice of this kind will tend to give grace and variety to his elocution.]

SCENE — EVELYN'S house in London.

EVELYN, a rich man of fashion — STOUT and GLOSSMORE, violent politicians of opposite parties — SHARP, a lawyer.

*Enter EVELYN, meeting STOUT, who comes in out of breath, with haste — SHARP is seated at a desk.*

*Evelyn.* — Stout, you look heated !

*Stout (with great eagerness, but pompously).* — I hear you've just bought the great Groginhole property.

*Evelyn.* — It is true. Sharp says it's a bargain.

*Stout.* — Well, my dear friend Hopkins, member for Groginhole, can't live another month — excellent creature, the dearest friend I have in the world — but the interests of mankind forbid regret for individuals ! Popkins intends to start for the borough the instant Hopkins is dead ! — your interest will secure his election. Now is your time ! put yourself forward in the march of enlightenment ! — By all that's bigoted, here comes Glossmore !

*Enter GLOSSMORE.*

*Gloss. (eagerly).* — So lucky to find you at home ! Hopkins, of Groginhole, is not long for this world. Popkins, the brewer, is already canvassing underhand (so very ungentleman-like !). Keep your interest for young Lord Cipher — a most valuable candidate. This is an awful moment — the constitution depends on his return ! Vote for Cipher !

*Stout.*—Popkins is your man.

*Evelyn (musing).*—Cipher and Popkins—Popkins and Cipher. Enlightenment and Popkins—Cipher and the Constitution! I am puzzled! Stout, I am not known at Grog-inhole.

*Stout.*—Your *property's* known there!

*Evelyn.*—But purity of election—independence of voters.—

*Stout.*—To be sure: Cipher bribes *abominably*. Frustrate his schemes—preserve the liberties of the borough—turn every man out of his house who votes against enlightenment and Popkins.

*Evelyn.*—Right! down with those who take the liberty to admire any liberty except *our* liberty! That *is* liberty!

*Gloss.*—Cipher has a stake in the country—will have fifty thousand a-year—Cipher will never give a vote without considering beforehand how people of fifty thousand a-year will be affected by the motion.

*Evelyn.*—Right: for as without law there would be no property, so to be the law for property is the only proper property of law! That *is* law!

*Stout.*—Popkins is all for economy: there's a sad waste of the public money—they give the Speaker five thousand a-year, when I've a brother-in law who takes the chair at the vestry, and who assures me confidentially he'd consent to be Speaker for half the money.

*Gloss.*—Enough, Mr. Stout. Mr. Evelyn has too much at stake for a leveller.

*Stout.*—And too much sense for a bigot.

*Gloss.*—A bigot, sir!

*Stout.*—Yes, a bigot!

[*Puts his hat on, and with his hands in his pockets looks fiercely at GLOSSMORE.*]

*Evelyn (laughing).*—Mr. Evelyn has no politics at all. Did you ever play at *battledore*?

*Both.*—Battledore!

*Evelyn.*—Battledore—that is, a contest between two parties: both parties knock about something with singular skill



—something is kept up—high—low—here—there—everywhere—nowhere! How grave are the players! how anxious the bystanders! how noisy the battledores! But, when this something falls to the ground, only fancy—it's nothing but cork and feather!—Go and play by yourselves—I'm no hand at it.

*Stout (aside).*—Sad ignorance! Aristocrat!

*Gloss. (aside).*—Heartless principles! Parvenu!

*Stout.*—Then you don't go *against* us? I'll bring Popkins to-morrow.

*Gloss.*—Keep yourself free till I present Cipher to you.

*Stout.*—I must go to inquire after Hopkins. The return of Popkins will be an era in history. [Goes out.]

*Gloss.*—I must go to the club: the eyes of the country are upon Groginhole. If Cipher fail, the constitution is gone. [Goes out.]

*Evelyn.*—All parties alike! nothing but money! Money *versus* Man!—Sharp, come here—let me look at you. (*Sharp rises from the desk.*)—You are my agent, my lawyer, my man of business. I believe you honest;—but what is honesty?—where does it exist? in what part of us?

*Sharp.*—In the heart, I suppose, sir.

*Evelyn.*—Mr. Sharp, it exists in the breeches' pocket! Observe, I lay this piece of yellow earth on the table—I contemplate you both;—the man there—the gold here. Now, there is many a man in those streets as honest as you are, who moves, thinks, feels, and reasons as well as we do; excellent in form, imperishable in soul; who, if his pockets were three days empty, would sell thought, reason, body, and soul too, for that little coin! Is that the fault of the man? No! it is the fault of mankind. God made man; behold what mankind has made a god! By the bye, Sharp, send a hundred pounds to the poor bricklayer whose house was burnt down yesterday.

*Sharp.*—Yes, sir.

*Evelyn.*—Well, man, don't stand gaping there: have you no bowels? Go and see to it immediately.

[*They go out at opposite sides.*]

SCENE FROM "THE POOR GENTLEMAN."—

COLMAN.

[To this dialogue, the same observations as those which preceded the last apply ; with this addition, that the *eccentric* peculiarities of OLLAPOD must be marked by a *brisk* utterance and a *comic* manner.]

*Characters* : SIR CHARLES CROPLAND—WARNER, *his*  
Steward—OLLAPOD.

*War.*—Your honour is right welcome into Kent. I am proud to see Sir Charles Cropland on his estate again. I hope you mean to stay on the spot for some time, Sir Charles ?

*Sir C.*—A very tedious time—three days, Mr. Warner.

*War.*—Ah, good sir ! things would prosper better if you honoured us with your presence a little more. I wish you lived entirely upon the estate, Sir Charles.

*Sir C.*—Thank you, Warner ; but modern men of fashion find it devilish difficult to live upon their estates.

*War.*—The country about you so charming !

*Sir C.*—Look ye, Warner : I must hunt in Leicestershire—for that's the thing. In the frosts, and the spring months, I must be in town, at the clubs—for that's the thing. In summer, I must be at the watering-places—for that's the thing. Now, Warner, under these circumstances, how is it possible for me to reside upon my estate ? For my estate being in Kent—

*War.*—The most beautiful part of the country !

*Sir C.*—Hang beauty ! We don't mind that in Leicestershire. My estate, I say, being in Kent—

*War.*—A land of milk and honey !

*Sir C.*—I hate milk and honey !

*War.*—A land of fat !

*Sir C.*—Melt your fat ! Listen to me : my estate being in Kent—

*War.*—So woody !

*Sir C.*—Burn the wood ! No, that's wrong—for it's convenient—I am come on purpose to cut it

*War.*—Ah! I was afraid so! Dice on the table, and then, the axe to the root! Money lost at play, and then, good lack! the forest groans for it.

*Sir C.*—But you are not the forest, and why the deuce do you groan for it?

*War.*—I heartily wish, Sir Charles, you may not encumber the goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity.

*Sir C.*—And I shall have views for my posterity: I shall take especial care the trees sha'n't intercept their prospect. In short, Mr. Warner, I must have three thousand pounds in three days. Fell timber to that amount, immediately. 'Tis my peremptory order, sir.

*War.*—I shall obey you, Sir Charles; but 'tis with a heavy heart. Forgive an old servant of the family, if he grieves to see you forget some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you.

*Sir C.*—What do you mean by duties?

*War.*—Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfil: such as to support the dignity of an English landholder, for the honour of old England; to promote the welfare of his honest tenants; and to succour the industrious poor, who naturally look up to him for assistance. But I shall obey you, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*]

*Sir C.*—A tiresome old blockhead!—But where is this Ollapod? His jumble of physic and shooting may enliven me; and to a man of gallantry, in the country, his intelligence is by no means uninteresting, nor his services inconvenient.

*Enter OLLAPOD.*

Ah! Ollapod!

*Oll.*—Sir Charles, I have the honour to be your slave! Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here—sore throats were plenty—so were woodcocks. Flushed four couple one morning, in a half-mile walk from our town, to cure Mrs. Quarles of a quinsy. May coming on soon, Sir Charles—season of delight, love, and campaigning! Hope

you come to sojourn, Sir Charles. Shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. (*Laughing.*) He! he! he! Do you take, good sir? do you take?

*Sir C.*—Oh, yes, I take. But, by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

*Oll.*—He! He! Yes, Sir Charles. I have now the honour to be cornet in the volunteer association corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop, on a sudden; like the going off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

*Sir C.*—Explain.

*Oll.*—Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter.—You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's Head over the door—new gilt him last week, by the bye—looks as fresh as a pill.

*Sir C.*—Well, no more on that head now. Proceed.

*Oll.*—On that head! (*Laughing.*) He! he! he! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one!—Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion, from eating three pounds of measly pork at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient; when who should strut into the shop but Lieutenant Grains, the brewer, sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle! I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him, as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardour.

*Sir C.*—Inoculated! I hope your ardour was of a favourable sort.

*Oll.*—Ha! ha! That's very well—very well, indeed!—Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! We first talked of shooting—he knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him, the day before, I had killed six brace of birds. I thumped on at the mortar.—We then talked of physic; I told him, the day before, I had killed—lost, I mean, six brace of patients. I thumped on at the mortar, eyeing him all the while; for he looked devilish flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical and military

both deal in death, you know—so, 'twas natural. He! he!—Do you take, good sir? do you take?

*Sir C.*—Take!—Oh, nobody can miss.

*Oll.*—He then talked of the corps itself; said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of the association, dose the men, and drench the horses, he could, perhaps, procure him a cornetcy.

*Sir C.*—Well, you jumped at the offer?

*Oll.*—Jumped! I jumped over the counter; kicked down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of Lieutenant Grains' smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle; embraced him and his offer; and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary, at the Galen's Head, of the Association Corps of Cavalry, at your service!

*Sir C.*—I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distil water for the shop from the laurels you gather in the field.

*Oll.*—Water for—Oh! laurel-water. He! he! Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

*Sir C.*—A mistake!

*Oll.*—Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle, on a grand field-day, I clapped a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet-drink into one of my holsters, intending to proceed to the patient, after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground, and jalaped—galloped, I mean—wheeled, and flourished, with great *éclat*; but when the word "Fire!" was given, meaning to pull out my pistol, in a deuce of a hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being, unfortunately, fermented, by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork, with a prodigious pop, full in the face of my gallant commander.

*Sir C.*—Ha! ha! ha! A mistake, indeed.

*Oll.*—Rather awkward!—But, Sir Charles, excuse me—your servant! I must march—patients impatient. You take?

*Sir C.*—O yes; and so will they, I fancy, before you've done with them.

*OLL.*—Ha! physic—certainly! Salts, rhubarb, senna, coliquintida, scammony, gamboge. Good, good! thank you, good sir; I owe you one. [*They go out on opposite sides.*]

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON LIFE AND DEATH.—  
SHAKSPEARE.

[In the deep tone of solemn reflection.]

To BE—or not to be?—that is the question!  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,—  
Or, to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them!—To die?—to sleep:  
No more: and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to:—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd!—To die,—to sleep:—  
To sleep?—perchance to dream: aye, there's the rub:  
For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause! There's the respect  
Which makes calamity of so long life:  
For who would bear the whips and scorns o' the time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
Which patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin?—Who would fardles bear,  
To groan and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death—  
That undiscover'd country from whose bourne  
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,

Than fly to others that we know not of.—  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.

# NIGHT SOLILOQUY IN VENICE.—BYRON.

SCENE—*Palace of the Patrician LIONI.*

LIONI, *laying aside his cloak and mask.*

I WILL to rest, right weary of this revel,  
 The gayest we have held, for many moons.  
 And yet, I know not why, it cheer'd me not;  
 There came a heaviness across my heart,  
 Which, in the lightest movement of the dance,  
 Oppress'd me,  
 And through my spirit chilled my blood, until  
 A damp, like death, rose o'er my brow; I strove  
 To laugh the thought away, but 'twould not be;  
 So that I left the festival before  
 It reached its zenith, and will woo my pillow  
 For thoughts more tranquil, or forgetfulness.—

I will try  
 Whether the air will calm my spirits: 'tis  
 A goodly night: the cloudy wind which blew  
 From the Levant, hath crept into its cave,  
 And the broad moon has brightened.—What a stillness!  
 And what a contrast with the scene I left;  
 Where the tall torches' glare, and silver lamps'  
 More pallid gleam along the tap'stried walls,  
 Spread over the reluctant gloom which haunts  
 Those vast and dimly-latticed galleries,  
 A dazzling mass of artificial light,  
 Which showed all things, but nothing as they were!  
 Around me are the stars and waters,—

Worlds mirrored in the ocean, goodlier sight  
 Than torches glared back by a gaudy glass;  
 And the great element, which is to space  
 What ocean is to earth, spreads its blue depths,  
 Softened with the first breathing of the spring;  
 The high moon sails upon her beauteous way,  
 Serenely smoothing o'er the lofty walls  
 Of those tall piles, and sea-girt palaces,  
 Whose porphyry pillars, and whose costly fronts,  
 Fraught with the orient spoil of many marbles,  
 Like altars ranged along the broad canal,  
 Seem each a trophy of some mighty deed,  
 Rear'd up from out the waters, scarce less strangely  
 Than those more massy and mysterious giants  
 Of architecture, those Titanian fabrics,  
 Which point in Egypt's plains to times that have  
 No other record. All is gentle: nought  
 Stirs rudely; but, congenial with the night,  
 Whatever walks, is gliding like a spirit.  
 The tinkling of some vigilant guitars  
 Of sleepless lovers to a wakeful mistress,  
 And cautious opening of the casement, showing  
 That he is not unheard; while her young hand,—  
 Fair as the moonlight, of which it seems part,  
 So delicately white, it trembles in  
 The act of opening the forbidden lattice,  
 To let in love through music—makes his heart  
 Thrill like his lyre-strings at the sight;—the dash  
 Phosphoric of the oar, or rapid twinkle  
 Of the far lights of skimming gondolas,  
 And the responsive voices of the choir  
 Of boatmen, answering back, with verse for verse—  
 Some dusky shadow, chequering the Rialto—  
 Some glimmering palace-roof, or tapering spire—  
 Are all the sights and sounds which here pervade  
 The ocean-born and earth-commanding city.  
 How sweet and soothing is the hour of calm!



I thank thee, Night ! for thou hast chased away  
 Those horrid bodements, which, amidst the throng,  
 I could not dissipate, and—with the blessing  
 Of thy benign and quiet influence—  
 Now will I to my couch, although to rest  
 Is almost wronging such a night as this.

TRIAL—SCENE FROM "THE MERCHANT OF  
 VENICE."—SHAKESPEARE.

SCENE—*A Court of Justice in Venice.*

*The DUKE, Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO,  
 and SHYLOCK.*

*Duke.*—Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
 That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
 To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought,  
 Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse, more strange  
 Than is thy strange apparent cruelty :  
 And, where thou now exact'st the penalty  
 (Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),  
 Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,  
 But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
 Forgive a moiety of the principal :  
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
 That have of late so huddled on his back ;  
 Enough to press a royal merchant down,  
 And pluck commiseration of his state  
 From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,  
 From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd  
 To offices of tender courtesy.—  
 We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.*—I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose ;  
 And by our holy sabbath have I sworn,  
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond :  
 If you deny it, let the danger light  
 Upon your charter and your city's freedom.  
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have

A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
 Three thousand ducats ; I'll not answer that ;  
 But say, it is my humour : is it answered ?  
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
 And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats  
 To have it baned :—what are you answered yet ?  
 Some men there are love not a gaping pig :  
 Some, that are mad if they behold a cat ;  
 Now for your answer :  
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;  
 Why he a harmless, necessary cat ;  
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
 More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,  
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
 A losing suit against him. Are you answered ?

*Bass.*—This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,

To excuse the current of thy cruelty,

*Shy.*—I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*Bass.*—Do all men kill the things they do not love ?

*Shy.*—Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

*Bass.*—Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shy.*—What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice ?

*Ant.*—I pray you, think you question with the Jew :

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;  
 You may as well use question with the wolf,  
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;  
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;  
 You may as well—do any thing most hard,  
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder ?)—  
 His Jewish heart : therefore I do beseech you,  
 Make no more offers, use no further means,  
 But, with all brief and plain conveniency,  
 Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*Bass.*—For thy three thousand ducats here are six.

*Shy.*—If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
I would not draw them ; I would have my bond.

*Duke.*—How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none ?

*Shy.*—What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?  
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,  
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,  
You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
Because you bought them :—shall I say to you,  
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs :  
Why sweat they under burdens ?—let their beds  
Be made as soft as yours, let their palates  
Be season'd with such viands ? You will answer,  
The slaves are ours :—So do I answer you :  
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it :  
If you deny me, fie upon your law.  
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.  
I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have it ?  
*Duke.*—Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,  
Unless a learned doctor,  
Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
Come here to-day.—  
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a Doctor of Laws.*

*Duke.*—Are you acquainted with the difference  
That holds this present question in the court ?

*Por.*—I am informed thoroughly of the cause.  
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

*Duke.*—Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

[*They stand forth.*]

*Por.*—Is your name Shylock ?

*Shy.*—Shylock is my name.

*Por.*—Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;  
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.  
You stand within his danger, do you not?

*Ant.*—Aye, so he says.

*Por.*—Do you confess the bond?

*Ant.*—I do.

*Por.*—Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.*—On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

*Por.*—The quality of mercy is not strain'd;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,  
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown:  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above the sceptred sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice: therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy.—I have spoke thus much,  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shy.*—My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.*—Is he not able to discharge the money?

*Bass.*—Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;  
Yea, thrice the sum; if that will not suffice,  
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart;  
If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth. And, I beseech you,  
Wrest once the law to your authority ;  
To do a great right, do a little wrong :  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.*—It must not be ; there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established :  
'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;  
And many an error, by the same example,  
Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

*Shy. (in an ecstasy of delight.)*—A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !—

O wise young judge, how do I honour thee !

*Por.*—I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.*—Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is. [*Gives it.*]

*Por.*—Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Shy.*—An oath, an oath ; I have an oath in heaven.

Shall I lay perjury on my soul ?

No, not for Venice.

*Por.*—Why, this bond is forfeit ;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart :—Be merciful ;  
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

*Shy.*—When it is paid according to the tenor.—  
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge ;  
You know the law, your exposition  
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment ; by my soul I swear  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me ; I stay here on my bond.

*Ant.*—Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgment.

*Por.*—Why, then, thus it is.

You must prepare your bosom for his knife :—

*Shy.*—O, noble judge ! O, excellent young man !

*Por.*—For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty,  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shy.*—"Tis very true : O, wise and upright judge !  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

*Por.*—Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

*Shy.*—Ay, his breast :

So says the bond :—Doth it not, noble judge ?—  
Nearest his heart ; those are the very words.

*Por.*—It is so. Are there balance here to weigh  
The flesh ?

*Shy.*—I have them ready.

[*Produces the scales out of the folds of his cloak.*]

*Por.*—Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

*Shy.*—Is it so nominated in the bond ?

*Por.*—It is not so express'd ; but what of that ?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

*Shy.*—I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.

*Por.*—Come, merchant, have you any thing to say ?

[*Portia takes a seat near the Duke—Shylock stands musing.*]

*Ant.*—But little ; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.

Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;  
For herein fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom : it is still her use,  
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,  
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance  
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,  
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;  
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Shy.*—We trifle time : I pray thee, pursue sentence.

*Por.* (*comes forward.*)—A pound of that same merchant's  
flesh is thine ;

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shy.*—Most rightful judge!

*Por.*—And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;  
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shy.*—Most learned judge!—a sentence; come, prepare.

*Por.*—Tarry a little; there is something else.—  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;  
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh;  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;  
But, in the cutting of it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

*Gra.*—O, upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—a learned judge!

*Shy.* (*tremulously.*)—Is that the law?

*Por.*—Thyself shall see the act:  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

*Gra.*—O, learned judge!—Mark, Jew!—a learned judge!

*Shy.*—I take this offer, then;—pay the bond thrice,  
And let the Christian go.

*Bass.*—Here is the money.

*Por.*—Soft:  
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;—  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.*—O, Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

*Por.*—Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.  
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,  
But just a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more,  
Or less, than a just pound—be it but so much  
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple! nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair—  
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.*—A second Daniel! a Daniel, Jew!  
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*Por.*—Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

*Shy.*—Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bass.*—I have it ready for thee; here it is.

*Por.*—He hath refus'd it in the open court;  
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

*Gra.*—A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel! —  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shy.*—Shall I not barely have my principal?

*Por.*—Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shy.*—Why then the devil give him good of it!  
I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.*—Tarry, Jew:  
The law hath yet another hold on you.  
It is enacted in the laws of Venice—  
If it be prov'd against an alien,  
That by direct or indirect attempts,  
He seek the life of any citizen,  
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,  
Shall seize on half his goods; the other half  
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;  
And the offender's life lies in the mercy  
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.  
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:  
For it appears by manifest proceeding,  
That, indirectly, and directly too,  
Thou hast contrived against the very life  
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd  
The danger formerly by me rehears'd. —  
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

[*Retires to the Duke.*]

*Gra.*—Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:  
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,  
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;  
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

*Duke.*—That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit:  
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.  
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;



The other half comes to the general state,  
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.

*Por.* (*seated by the DUKE.*)—Aye, for the state; not for Antonio.

*Shy.*—Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:  
You take my house, when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house: you take my life,  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Por.*—What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

*Gra.*—A halter gratis; nothing else, for heaven's sake.

*Ant.*—So please my lord the duke, and all the court,  
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;  
I am content, so he will let me have  
The other half in use—to render it,  
Upon his death, unto the gentleman  
That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more—that, for this favour,  
He presently become a Christian;  
The other, that he do record a gift,  
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,  
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

*Duke.*—He shall do this; or else I do recant  
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

*Por.*—Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

*Shy.*—I am content.—

I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;  
I am not well; send the deed after me,  
And I will sign it.

*Duke.*—Get thee gone, but do it.

*Gra.*—In christening thou shalt have two godfathers;  
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,  
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

*Duke.*—Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

[*To PORTIA.*]

*Por.*—I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;  
I must away this night toward Padua,  
And it is meet I presently set forth.

*Duke.*—I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.  
*Antonio*, gratify this gentleman,  
 For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.  
 [ *The Court breaks up—all go out.* ]

SCENE FROM "HENRY VIII."—SHAKESPEARE.

[The tone of *WOLSEY* should be that of a *proud* spirit,  
 broken, but not subdued; and at last agonised with *remorse*.  
 That of *CROMWELL* should mark the *humble*, but faithful and  
*sympathising* friend.]

*WOLSEY*—(*alone*).

FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my greatness!—  
 This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;  
 And—when he thinks, good easy man! full surely  
 His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,  
 And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,  
 Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,  
 These many summers in a sea of glory;  
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,  
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.  
 Vain pomp, and glory of the world, I hate ye!  
 I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched  
 Is that poor man that hangs on prince's favours!  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than war or women have;

D D

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer.  
Never to hope again !—

*Enter CROMWELL.*

*Wol.*—Why, how now, Cromwell?

*Crom.*—I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.*—What, amazed

At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder,  
A great man should decline? Nay, an' you weep,  
I'm fallen indeed.

*Crom.*—How does your grace?

*Wol.*—Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
I know myself now; and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience.

*Crom.*—I'm glad your grace has made that right use of it.

*Wol.*—I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks,  
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,  
To endure more miseries and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.—  
What news abroad?

*Crom.*—The heaviest and worst  
Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.*—God bless him!

*Crom.*—The next is that Sir Thomas More is chosen  
Lord Chancellor in your place.

*Wol.*—That's somewhat sudden:—

But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice,  
For truth's sake and his conscience, that his bones,  
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them!—  
What more?

*Crom.*—That Cranmer is return'd with welcome.  
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.*—That's news indeed!

*Crom.*—Last, that the lady Anne,  
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
This day was viewed in open as his queen,  
Going to chapel: and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation.

*Wol.*—There was the weight that pull'd me down! O Cromwell!

The king has gone beyond me; all my glories,  
In that one woman, I have lost for ever:  
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
On my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell!  
I am a poor, fall'n man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master: seek the king:  
I have told him  
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:  
Some little memory of me will stir him  
(I know his noble nature) not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish too:—go, Cromwell!

*Crom.*—O, my lord,  
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego  
So good, so noble, and so true a master?—  
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord!—  
The king shall have my service, but my prayers  
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours!

*Wol.*—Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,  
Out of my honest truth, to play the woman.—  
Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;  
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of—say I taught thee—  
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—  
Found thee a way out of his wreck to rise in;

A sure and safe one, tho' thy master miss'd it !  
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:  
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,  
 The image of his maker, hope to win by't?  
 Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ;  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not:  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's and truth's: then, if thou fall'st,  
 O Cromwell; thou fall'st a blessed martyr! —  
 Lead me in ;  
 There, take an inventory of all I have,  
 To the last penny—'tis the king's : my robe,  
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all  
 I dare now call mine own.—O Cromwell, Cromwell!  
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
 I served my king, He would not, in mine age,  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies!

*Crom.*—Good sir, have patience.

*Wol.*—So I have.—Farewell

The hopes of court ! My hopes in heaven do dwell !

[*They go out together.*]

#### CATO'S SPEECH OVER HIS DEAD SON.—ADDISON.

[With a heroic, but dignified expression.]

THANKS to the gods ! my boy has done his duty.—  
 Welcome, my son! Here set him down, my friends,  
 Full in my sight ; that I may view at leisure  
 The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.  
 How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!  
 Who would not be that youth ?—what pity is it  
 That we can die but once to serve our country !  
 Why sits this sadness on your brow, my friends?  
 I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood

Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.—  
 Porcius, behold thy brother ! and remember,  
 Thy life is not thy own when Rome demands it !  
 When Rome demands !—but Rome is now no more !  
 The Roman empire's fall'n !—(Oh ! curs'd ambition !)—  
 Fall'n into Cæsar's hands ! Our great forefathers  
 Had left him nought to conquer but his country.—  
 \* Porcius, come hither to me !—Ah ! my son,  
 Despairing of success,  
 Let me advise thee to withdraw, betimes,  
 To our paternal seat, the Sabine field,  
 Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,  
 And all our frugal ancestors were bless'd  
 In humble virtues and a rural life.  
 There live retired: content thyself to be  
 Obscurely good.  
 When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,  
 The post of honour is a private station ! \*  
 Farewell, my friends ! If there be any of you  
 Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,  
 Know, there are ships prepar'd by my command—  
 Their sails already op'ning to the winds,—  
 That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.  
 The conqueror draws near—once more, farewell !  
 If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet  
 In happier climes, and on a safer shore,  
 Where Cæsar never shall approach us more !  
 There, the brave youth with love of virtue fired,  
 Who greatly in his country's cause expired,  
 Shall know he conquer'd ! The firm patriot there,  
 Who made the welfare of mankind his care,  
 Tho' still by faction, vice and fortune cross'd,  
 Shall find the generous labour was not lost.

---

\* In recitation, the pupil may omit the lines between asterisks.



# INDEX.

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	Page
INTRODUCTION - - - - -	1—17
ACCENT —	
Its connection with Pronunciation - - -	44
Correct application of the word and its <i>popular</i> acceptation ( <i>see</i> Note) - - -	73
Its Force - - - - -	82
Its connection with Emphasis - - -	82
ACCENTUATION —	
False - - - - -	45
Rhythmical—in Verse and Music - - -	174—178
AFFIRMATIVE SENTENCES —	
Rule of Inflection on - - - - -	77
ALTERNATIVE of a Question —	
Inflection - - - - -	79
ANTITHESIS - - - - -	
Single Antithesis, and examples - - -	117—122 - 117



	Page
Rules for Inflection on	117
Examples	117
Double Antithesis	118
Implied Antithesis	119
Emphasis of	120
Series of	137
Pause in	138
Compound Inflections in	140
APPOSITION	115
Rule of Inflection	115
ARTICULATION	19—51
Tables of Articulation	46—51
ATONICS	23
Table of	31
Exercise on	34, 35
CADENCE	183—186
Harmonic	184
CÆSURAL PAUSE	181
COMPOUND INFLECTIONS	140—146
Rising and falling	140
In Antithesis	145
CONDITIONAL SENTENCES	125
CUMULATIVE EMPHASIS	148—150
DRAMATIC POETRY	182—208
Remarks on the Reading of	182
Main Characteristics	182
Expression in	183
What requisite to the Actor	183
Passionate Expression in	183

	Page
DYNAMICS, or Powers of <i>Sound</i> - - -	200
Terms, Sign, and Explanation of - - -	200
Their Force and Use - - -	201
ELEMENTARY SOUNDS - - -	20
Distinction between <i>Signs</i> and <i>Sounds</i> -	21
<i>Tonics</i> — <i>Subtonics</i> — <i>Atonics</i> -	23—35
Diphthongal Sounds - - -	25
Table of <i>Tonic</i> Elements - - -	27
Exercise on the Tonic Sounds - - -	29
Table of Sub-Tonics and Atonics - - -	31
Exercise on the Subtonics and Atonics	34, 35
Value of the Elementary Sounds - - -	36
ELOCUTION —	
<i>Elements</i> of - - - - -	19
<i>Principles</i> of - - - - -	151
An imitative Art - - - - -	152
First Object of - - - - -	152
<i>Poetical</i> Elocution - - - - -	167
<i>Rhythmical</i> Elocution - - - - -	181
<i>Dramatic</i> Elocution - - - - -	182
EMPHASIS - - - - -	81—92
Definition of - - - - -	81
Different kinds of - - - - -	86
Of <i>Sense</i> - - - - -	86
Rule for - - - - -	87
Antithetical - - - - -	88
Of <i>Force</i> - - - - -	88
<i>Double</i> - - - - -	91
Excess of Emphasis of Force - - -	91
Cumulative - - - - -	91. 148—150
ENERGY, or Force - - - - -	196—204
Emphasis of Expression - - - - -	196
<i>Energetic manner</i> to be acquired - - -	196

	Page
Effects and Manifestations of Energy -	- 197
In Narration - - - -	- 201
Examples for Exercise - -	202, 203
Energy, Intonation, and Expression are kindred	
graces - - - -	- 202
Their Climax is <i>Passion</i> - -	- 203
<b>EXCLAMATION</b> - - - -	- 123
Inflections on - - - -	- 123
<b>EXPRESSION, or Pause of Force</b> - -	146—148
Feeling and Passion - -	- 150
Example in Brutus' Speech - -	165. 198
Depends chiefly on <i>Pitch</i> - -	- 187
The vocal Imitation of Passion - -	- 187
Of Monotone - - - -	- 188
Explanation of Musical Terms and Figures used	
to mark <i>Pitch, Force, and Time</i> for Expression - -	- 200
Exercise in - - - -	- 212
Of different Sentiments and Affections -	213—221
Energetic - - - -	- 221
<b>FORCE (see ENERGY).</b>	
<b>GESTURE</b> - - - -	227—234
Observations on - - - -	- 227
For the Pulpit and the Bar - -	230—233
Active - - - -	- 232
Demonstrative - - - -	- 232
Position of the Body - - - -	- 232
Motion of the Limbs - - - -	232. 234
Expression of Face - - - -	232. 234
Attitude - - - -	- 233
Table of - - - -	- 234
Remarks - - - -	- 234

	Page
GYMNASTICS ( <i>see</i> VOCAL GYMNASTICS).	
HARMONIC CADENCE - - -	184
INFLECTION - - -	72—81
<i>Simple</i> Inflections - - -	72—75
How marked - - -	73
How to be distinguished by the Ear - -	74
Inflections to mark the Sense - - -	76
<i>General Rules</i> for - - -	77
Affirmative sense - - -	77
Negative - - -	77
Imperative - - -	79
Interrogative - - -	79
Suspension of Voice - - -	92—95
<i>Special Rules</i> of Inflection - - -	96. 115
Perspicuity - - -	113—115
Apposition - - -	115
Antithesis - - -	117. 145
Double Antithesis - - -	118
Implied Antithesis - - -	119
Emphasis of Antithesis - - -	120
Exclamation - - -	123
Exclamatory Sentence - - -	123
Inverted Sentences - - -	123
Conditional Sentences - - -	125
Serial Sentences - - -	125
Rules for Inflection of Series - - -	126
<i>Compound Inflections</i> - - -	140—146
How marked, and their Use and Force -	140
<i>Melody</i> of Inflection (in Poetry) - -	183
Cadence of - - -	184
Smoothness - - -	185
Alternation of - - -	185
Harmonic Cadence by - - -	185

	Page
<b>INTERROGATIVE SENTENCES —</b>	
Inflection on - - - - -	79
Exceptions - - - - -	79
 <b>INTONATION - - - - -</b>	 <b>162—169</b>
Exercise on Intonation - - -	105
Process of - - - - -	163
Exercise in - - - - -	165
Intonation of <i>Poetry</i> - - -	166
Of poetical Prose - - - -	167
<i>Orotund</i> - - - - -	169
 <b>INVERTED SENTENCES - - - -</b>	 <b>123, 124</b>
Inflection on Members of - -	123
 <b>LISPING —</b>	
What, and its Cure - - - -	36
 <b>LOOSE SENTENCES - - - - -</b>	 <b>92 — 102</b>
To give Compactness to - -	99
 <b>MELODY AND CADENCE - - - -</b>	 <b>183 — 186</b>
Of Rhythm in reading Poetry -	181
Cadence - - - - -	184
Harmonic Cadence - - - -	184
 <b>MONOTONE - - - - -</b>	 <b>188 — 190</b>
Definition of - - - - -	188
Its Expression - - - - -	188
Exercise in - - - - -	188
 <b>MUSIC —</b>	
Of the Voice - - - - -	74
Of Inflection - - - - -	184
Of Cadence - - - - -	184

	Page
<b>MUSICAL —</b>	
Score to denote Inflections, Rhythm, &c.	84. 141— 143. 176. 179. 188
Cadence of Inflection - - -	184
Terms and Marks used - - -	200, 201
Dynamics, &c. - - -	201
<b>NEGATIVE SENTENCES —</b>	
Inflection on - - - - -	77
Series - - - - -	135
<b>OROTUND - - - - -</b>	169—171
What - - - - -	169
Exercise in - - - - -	170
Its adaptation to Scriptural Reading, &c.	171
<b>PARENTHESIS- - - - -</b>	103—106
Parenthetical matter - - -	104
How read - - - - -	104
Rules for Inflection of - - -	104
<b>PASSION —</b>	
Power of Elocution to express Passion -	162
Expression of—in Dramatic Poetry -	183
General Expression of—by Pitch -	190
Expression of <i>particular</i> Passions -	213—221
<i>Practice (marked and noted for Tone)</i> with analysis of <i>Expression</i> proper to —	
<i>Fear</i> - - - - -	213
<i>Anger</i> - - - - -	214
<i>Despair</i> - - - - -	214
<i>Hope</i> - - - - -	215
<i>Revenge</i> - - - - -	215
<i>Pity</i> - - - - -	216
<i>Jealousy</i> - - - - -	217
<i>Melancholy</i> - - - - -	217

	Page
<i>Cheerfulness</i> - - -	218
<i>Joy</i> - - -	218
<i>Love</i> - - -	219
<i>Mirth</i> - - -	219
<i>Fierce Threatening</i> - -	221
<b>PAUSE</b> - - -	56—74
Rhetorical Pauses - -	56
Number and Value of - -	57
<i>Short</i> Pause - - -	58—62
<i>Middle</i> Pause - - -	62—65
<i>Rest, or Full</i> Pause - -	65—67
<i>Long</i> Pause - - -	68
Exercise on Pause (marked) - -	68—71
Pause of Force - - -	146
Power of, and examples - -	147
Of Feeling - - -	148
When to be used - - -	148
In Poetry, for Rhythm - -	172—181
<b>PERIODS AND LOOSE SENTENCES</b> - -	92—102
General Rules - - -	96
<b>PERSPICUITY</b> - - -	113—115
<b>PHRASES (INTERJECTIONAL)</b> - - -	123
<b>PITCH</b> - - -	190—196
The main Constituent of Expression - -	190
<i>Middle</i> Pitch - - -	192
<i>High</i> Pitch - - -	193
<i>Low</i> Pitch - - -	194
(See OROTUND.)	
<b>POETICAL EXTRACTS —</b>	
Portia's Speech on Mercy - (Shaks.) -	111

	Page
Sabbath Morn - - (Grahame)	181
Happiness - - (Pope)	185
From the Tragedy of "Ion" - (Talfourd)	189
"Breathes there the man" - (Scott)	192
Description of Prince Henry - (Shaks.)	202
Hotspur's eagerness for battle - (Shaks.)	203
Prospero's Invocation - (Shaks.)	205
Death of Sampson - (Milton)	206
Boadicea - (Cowper)	209
The Clime of the East - (Byron)	211
The Passions - (Collins)	213
Henry V. before Harfleur - (Shaks.)	221
Dying Gladiator - (Byron)	222

## POETRY — POETICAL ELOCUTION —

Intonation of - - - -	166
Imaginative Style - - - -	167
Poetical Prose - - - -	167
Examples from <i>Ossian</i> and <i>Burke</i>	157. 168
Reading Verse - - - -	172
<i>Rhythm</i> , &c. - - - -	172
Rhythmical Accentuation - - - -	173
Measure of Verse - - - -	173—182
Rhythmical Reading - - - -	181
DRAMATIC Poetry - - - -	182
Remarks on Reading - - - -	182
<i>Melody</i> and <i>Cadence</i> - - - -	183
Harmonic Cadence - - - -	184
General Instructions for the Inflection of Verse -	185
Marked Extract - - (Pope)	185
Practice in Rhythmical Reading - - - -	209

## PRACTICE ON

Articulation - - - -	46—51
Pronunciation - - - -	52—44
Pause - - - -	68—71



	Page
Pause, Inflection, and Emphasis -	103. 111
Part II. - - - -	122
Intonation - - - -	122
Antithesis - - - -	165. 205—208
Poetical Elocution - - - -	167
Orotund - - - -	170
Rhythmical Reading - - - -	181. 209—212
Monotone - - - -	188, 189
Energy and Expression - - - -	213—223
PRONOMINAL PHRASE - - - -	109—112
Common Phrase (quasi-pronominal) - - - -	109
Rules and Examples - - - -	107—111
In reply - - - -	109
Emphasis with - - - -	110
Pronominal Series - - - -	138
PRONOMINAL SERIES - - - -	138, 139
PRONOUNS - - - -	106—109
Have no <i>proper</i> Inflection - - - -	107
How governed in Inflection - - - -	109
PRONUNCIATION - - - -	43, 44
Of the Letter H - - - -	32—42
Erroneous Pronunciation - - - -	44
Practice on - - - -	52—54
PROSE EXTRACTS —	
Sense, Taste, and Genius - (Usher)	68—71
Extract from Ossian - - - -	167
QUANTITY —	
How governed in the English Language -	173
Distinction between our Language and the	
Greek and Latin - - - -	173
The same, with reference to Rhythm - - - -	175

# INDEX.

417

	Page
RHETORIC - - - - -	151—161
RHETORICAL PAUSES - - - - -	56—71
RHYME ( <i>see</i> POETRY).	
RHYTHM ( <i>see</i> POETRY).	
RHYTHMICAL READING—	
Exercise in - - - - -	209
SERIES—SERIAL SENTENCES - - - - -	125—138
What are - - - - -	125
Simple, and Compound - - - - -	125
Commencing, and Concluding - - - - -	126
Rules of Inflection on - - - - -	126
Simple Series - - - - -	126
Division of Series - - - - -	128
Compound - - - - -	131
Irregular Series - - - - -	132
Exercise on - - - - -	133
Negative - - - - -	135
Interrogative - - - - -	136
Antithetical - - - - -	137
Pronominal - - - - -	138
SENTENCES (EXCLAMATORY) - - - - -	123
Inverted - - - - -	123
Conditional - - - - -	125
Serial - - - - -	125—128
SOUND ( <i>see</i> DYNAMICS).	
STAMMERING —	
What, and its Cure - - - - -	36

	Page
<b>SUB-TONICS</b> - - - - -	23
Table of - - - - -	31
Exercise on - - - - -	34, 35
<b>SYLLABLES</b> - - - - -	38 — 41
<b>TONICS</b> - - - - -	23
List of pure Tonics - - - - -	23
Mixed or diphthongal Tonics - - - - -	25, 28
Table of Tonic Elements - - - - -	27
Exercise on the Tonics - - - - -	27
Practice on Articulation of - - - - -	29
<b>TERMINATIONS</b> - - - - -	38 — 41. 46, 51
Contrast Tables - - - - -	50, 51
<b>TIME</b> - - - - -	197. 201
<b>VERSE</b> - - - - -	172 — 223
Reading of - - - - -	172
Accented and Unaccented - - - - -	172
Latin and Greek - - - - -	173
Feet - - - - -	173
English - - - - -	175
Iambics - - - - -	176
<b>VOCAL GYMNASTICS</b> - - - - -	227 — 231
Practice recommended to strengthen the Lungs and improve the Voice - - - - -	229
<b>VOICE—</b>	
Human Voice a Musical Instrument - - - - -	72
Inflection of - - - - -	73
Suspension of - - - - -	92 — 95

# INDEX.

419

	Page
Education of - - - -	161
Practice of - - - -	161
Intonation - - - -	162
Economy of - - - -	163
<i>Weak Voices</i> - - - -	163
How improved - - - -	163
Inspiration - - - -	164
Swell of - - - -	165
Pitch - - - -	190—196

(See INTONATION, *Expression*, *Pitch*.)

VOWEL SOUNDS - - - -	20—22
Double Vowel Sounds - -	42
Practice in Articulation of - -	46—51



# INDEX TO THE APPENDIX.

---

## PROSE-READING.

Death and Character of Queen Elizabeth (Hume)	-	Page 237
Character of Mary, Queen of Scots	- (Robertson)	- 242
Marie Antoinette	- - - (Burke)	- 245
Dante — Milton	- - - (Macaulay)	- 246
Vulgarity and Affectation	- - - (Hazlitt)	- 249
Establishment of Christianity	- - - (Milman)	- 255
Literary and Political Pursuits contrasted	(Ward)	- 260
History and Fiction in Literature	- (Thackeray)-	266
Mr. Gregsbury, M.P., and the Deputation	(Dickens)	- 271

## ORATORICAL EXTRACTS.

Evidence and Precedents in Law	- (Erskine)	- 281
Extract from Mr. Mackintosh's Speech in Defence of M. Peltier	- - - - -	- 283
Satirical Extract from a Speech of Mr. Canning on the Address	- - - - -	- 290
Against Paine's "Age of Reason"	- (Erskine)	- 292
Peroration of Lord Brougham's Speech on Parliamentary Reform	- - - - -	- 297

## MISCELLANEOUS POETICAL EXTRACTS.

	Page
Progress of Poetry - - (Gray)	299
Charms of Hope - - (Campbell)	303
Lady Heron's Song - - (Scott)	306
St. Peter's at Rome—the Vatican (Byron)	307
The Dying Christian to his Soul (Pope)	310
Saul - - - - (Byron)	311
Modern Greece - - (Byron)	312
A Poetess's Picture of a Country Life (J. Baillie)	314
Bernardo del Carpio - - (Hemans)	315
The Voice of the Grave - (Montgomery)	318
Ten Years Ago - - (A. A. Watts)	321
Hallowed Ground - - (Campbell)	323
The Glove and the Lions - (L. Hunt)	326
Patience and Hope - - (Bulwer)	328
Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel (L. Hunt)	328
Coxcombry in Conversation - (Cowper)	329
Yesterday - - - - (Tupper)	330
A Poet's Parting Thought - (Motherwell)	335

## DIALOGUE AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

Lochiel's Warning - - (Campbell)	337
Cato's Soliloquy on the Soul - (Addison)	340
Antony's Apostrophe to Cæsar's Body (Shaks.)	341
Scene from "Julius Cæsar" - (Shaks.)	342
Shylock to Antonio - - (Shaks.)	346
Henry IV.'s Apostrophe to Sleep (Shaks.)	347
The Seven Ages - - - - (Shaks.)	348
Scene from the Tragedy of "Ion" (Talfourd)	349
Quarrel Scene from "Julius Cæsar" (Shaks.)	352
Bobadil's Military Tactics - (Ben Jonson)	356
Antony's Oration - - (Shaks.)	357

	Page
Four Scenes from "Richelieu" - - (Bulwer) -	360
Scene from the Comedy of "Money" - (Bulwer) -	382
Scene from the "Poor Gentleman" - (Colman) -	385
Hamlet's Soliloquy - - - (Shaks.) -	389
Night Soliloquy in Venice - - (Byron) -	390
Trial-Scene from the "Merchant of Venice"(Shaks.) -	392
Scene from "Henry VIII." - - (Shaks.) -	401
Cato's Speech over his dead Son - (Addison) -	404

THE END.



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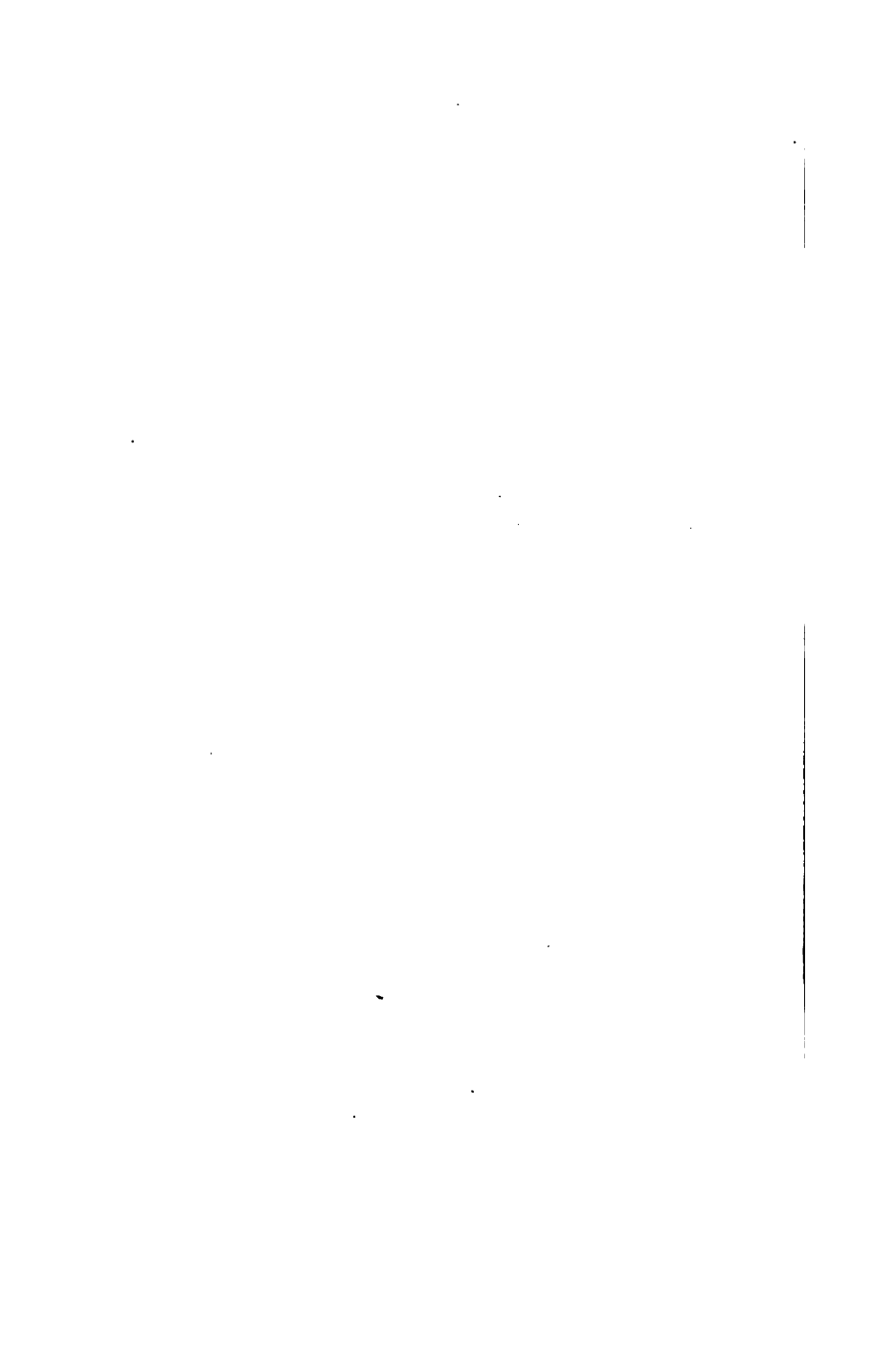
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